Saturday Review

May 21, 1966 35¢

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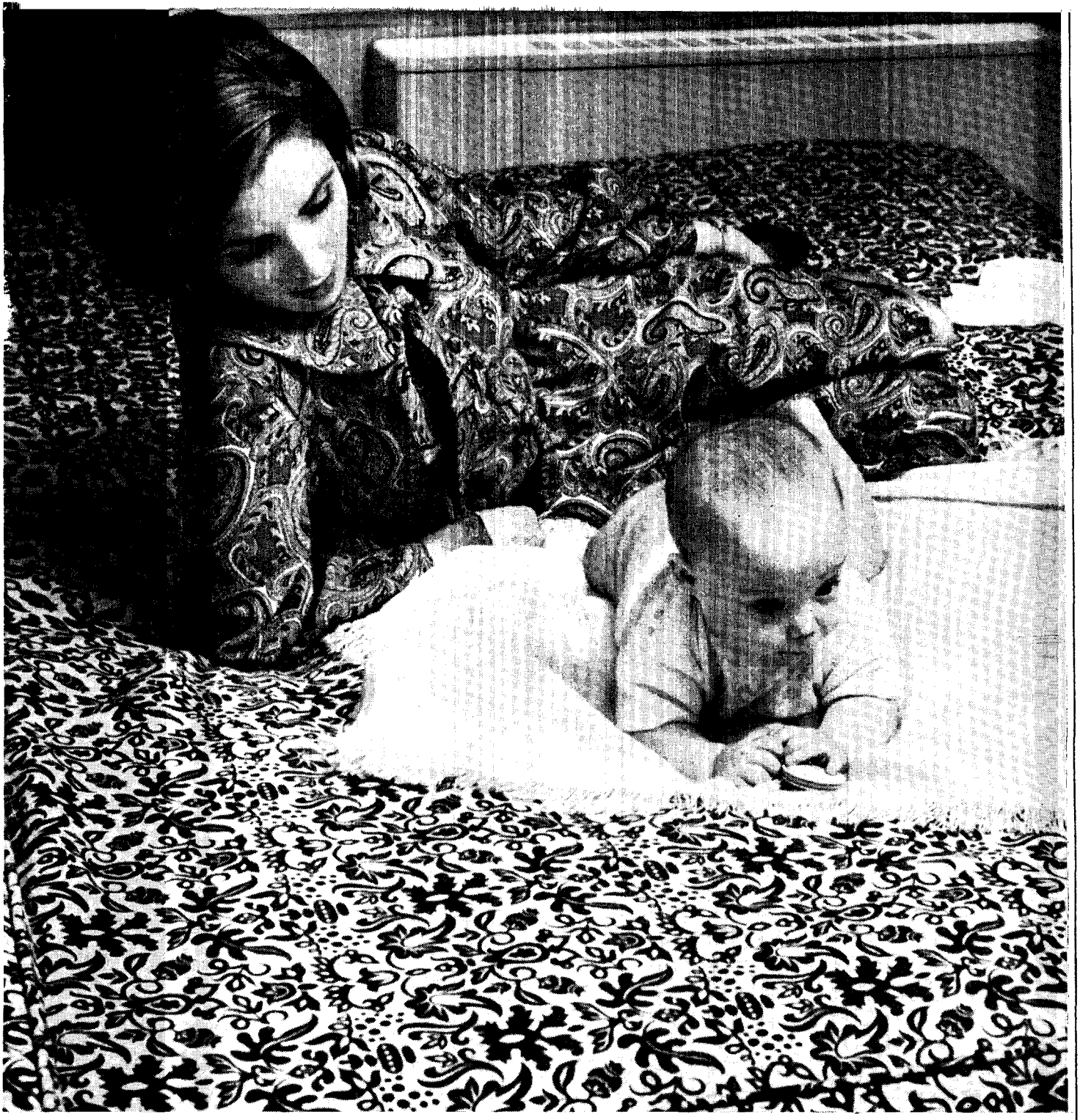

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Along about this time of year the people who manage such things for the book industry start concentrating their promotional efforts on children's books, This fact gives me an excuse for speculating as to just what a "children's book" is.

If the experience of the ten-year-old son of one of my colleagues means anything, a "children's book" is any book a child can enjoy reading. Take, for example, a recent choice of this particular child: *The Battle of Cowpens*, by Kenneth Roberts.

The late Kenneth Roberts didn't write primarily for children. In *Northwest Passage*, *Oliver Wiswell*, *Arundel*, and those other novels of his which mingled impeccably accurate history with an irresistible story, Roberts undoubtedly had an adult, or at least a mature, audience in mind. *The Battle of Cowpens* itself was originally written for *Collier's* magazine, which was never exactly *The Youth's Companion*.

But, as events show, when Roberts wrote this book back around the time its latest reader was born, he was telling a story about a crucial battle of the Revolutionary War, which can be read by a young reader with enjoyment and excitement, and by an older reader with pleasure and profit—and without embarrassment.

And this, to me, is just about the best kind of "children's book" there is.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Battle of Cowpens ($3.50), *Northwest Passage* ($5.95), *Oliver Wiswell* ($5.95), *Arundel* ($4.95), *Lydia Bailey* ($4.95), and six other Kenneth Roberts books are still in print, and continue to sell thousands of copies every year. All are published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained at your own bookseller or at one of the Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located in the Penobscot Building, Detroit, Michigan 48226.

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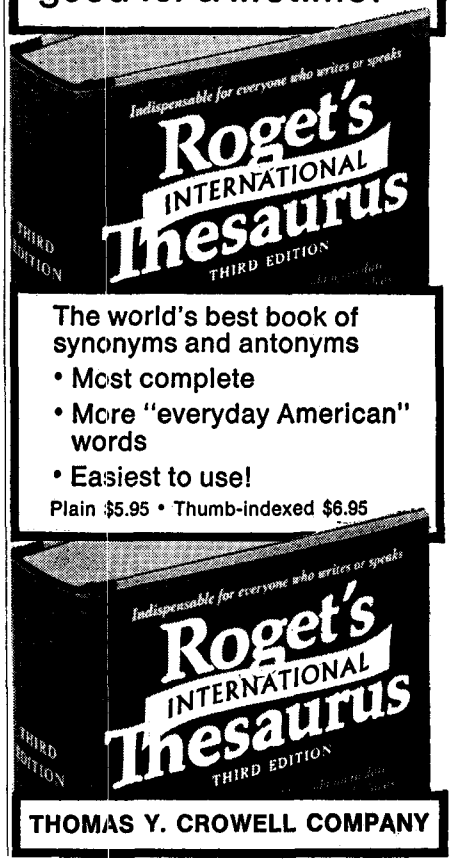

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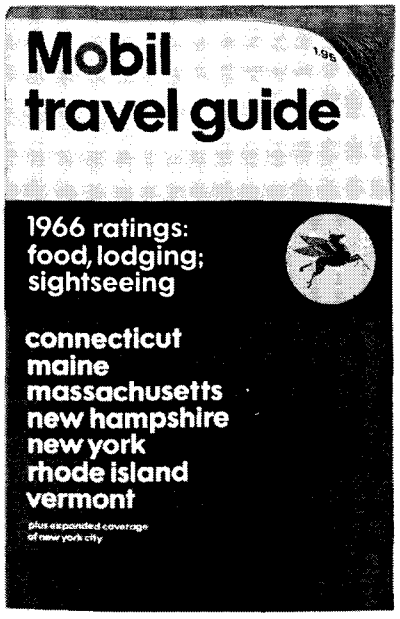

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Paris in Spring

Edited by Martin Levin

One *Même Chose* After Another

THE REAL Paris, which so many contemporary philosophers seem to be in search of, is a matter of repetition. Nothing brings out more neatly the *même chose* aspect of Paris than the ceremony of grouping known as the *apéro* (cocktail hour in English). This ceremony is one of the fixed productions of the day, it is absolutely changeless, and yet within its changelessness all is flux. Mystery of the shifting sames. Observe.

It is the end of the afternoon, quitting time of the business day. A girl waits alone at a café table, watching the passing people. Her date springs forth with another friend from work. He greets the girl with an embrace. The friend greets the girl with a handshake. They all squeeze in at the little table that is not big enough for two. They say to each other, "What's new?" But the waiter interrupts.

Somebody orders. (A *lait-grenadine*, for example.) The others automatically say "*même chose*." As the waiter goes, two girls approach the table with cries of greeting and are received with cries of welcome. One of the girl *arrivées* does not know the boy friend of the girl who was there first. Introductions are made with punctilio—one is well brought up, *quoi*! She then greets everyone else with embraces. The second girl *arrivée* doesn't know anyone, and introductions are made all around, hands shaken, and chairs are found to squeeze in the arrivals, who at last are seated.

Everyone relaxes, everyone (except the new girl) says to one another, "What's new?", and the waiter brings the first order and requests further commands from the newly arrived guests. The new girl feels a little restraint because she doesn't know anyone, so the courteous boy friend of the first girl puts her at her ease with a few words of small talk, in which he is interrupted by his girl friend pointing out that the waiter is waiting for the new girl's order, which the new girl, starting guiltily, says is "*même chose*."

At this time arrives Bobby. Everyone (except the new girl) knows Bobby. He embraces all the girls (except the new girl, to whom he is introduced), and has a wisecrack a minute, reducing everyone to such hilarity that the round of greetings lasts long enough for the waiter to make his way across the terrace bearing a cluster of chairs over his head. Everyone squeezes around the little table, and cigarettes are lighted, with a final "*Je m'en fou de ça*," delivered most drolly by Bobby to a final round of mirth.

The waiter gives up waiting for further orders and goes to another table, everyone relaxes again, and all say to each other, "What's new?" No one replies, for at this instant a bearded young man in corduroys slouches up and a shiver of excitement runs through all the girls except the girl who was there first, for this is Fred. Fred is *féroce* and famous. He has driven a woman to suicide possibly, and another to the stews of Algiers maybe, and for all anyone knows is being kept now by a gorgeous film star, and it may even be true that her new film has been delayed because Fred busted her in her priceless *visage* and lost her a tooth or two.

Fred knows everyone except the girl who was there first, to whom he is properly introduced. He is intrigued because the girl obviously has no interest in him. Her lack of interest is unfeigned. Her interest is consumed by the fact that her boy friend is pressing his leg against the leg of the new girl. The new girl's delicate foot is arching out of its shoe with *volupté*, until the girl who was there first accidentally spikes her with her heel, a veritable stiletto that would have given the new girl veritable stigmata if the new girl had been a shade less alert.

A chair is found for Fred, further orders (*même choses*) are at last rounded up by the waiter, and it is finally time for everyone to sit back and talk and enjoy the *apéro* hour. But, *alors*, the hour is over and it is time to go to dinner or go home or go to bed or do whatever is to be done with the evening.

The girl who was there first reins in her boy friend, rather brusquely, and they make their farewells, this also requiring ten minutes. The girl who was there first is still genuinely uninterested in Fred, burning deep and cherry red within, as she is, over her boy friend and the new girl, who are saying something quite casually about *numéros de téléphone*.

After the girl who was there first and her boy friend have left, Fred, his lips gleaming at the corners, perhaps from semi-concealed tusks, and his eyes appearing to be thumbtacked, is careful to get her name and address and, eventually, *numéro de téléphone* from her other friends, feminine, who

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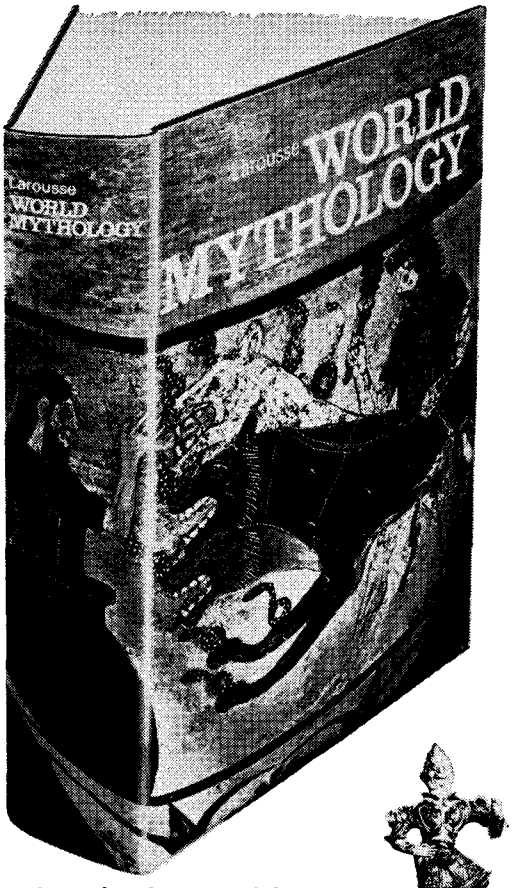

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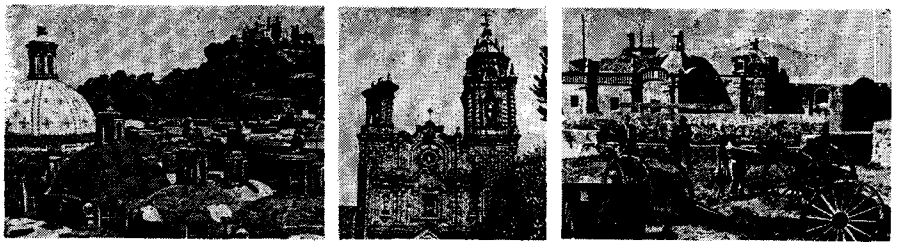

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shoot each other unbearably excited looks over trembling lipsticks.

But another couple now is rising to begin farewells. The street is deep in dusk; lights are coming on; there is a general stirring of departure at the table. The ceremony of *groupement* is concluded. Tomorrow it will be the same, and tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow—except that gradually the first girl may become the second girl, her boy friend may become Fred, Bobby may turn into anyone and anyone into Bobby, all may become good papas and mamas and go to live in the suburbs. But the table, identical except for such trifling changes as name and haircut here and there, the ceremony always identical, the moment identical, the air, the real air of Paris, always identical—all will recur and recur and remain and remain, always the same, always the *même*, always the *même chose*.

—William Brandon.

Happy Conclusions

(Being a sampling from a hobbyist's collection of endings culled from popular fiction)

"OH, VERY WELL, señora mia," he agreed grudgingly. "I suppose we can afford him now, and you seem to feel strongly about him. Send him away, for all I care, out of this world. At least he'll quit pestering me."

"How do you know," Isabella smiled, "that he won't bring back another?"

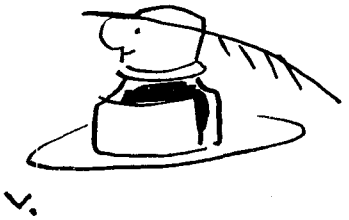
"Knowing Columbus," the marqués said soberly, "I have a feeling this new one will never end."

He looked a moment, comprehended, sympathized, and then, pressing her hand close—for he might not kiss her, as there was a load of hay coming their way—he said: "Darling!" But their eyes said more.

"Son an' lass, I'm glad to see you holdin' each other that way—as if you'd never let go. For I've grown old on the frontier, an' I've seen but little of the love you have for each other. We Westerners are a hard pioneerin' outfit. I see in you, an' Allie, an' some more of our young friends, a leanin' more to the finer, better things."

He gave my hands a little parting squeeze and ran down the steps from the platform. Turning, I saw Hank, looking like a Viking in his uniform, fighting his way toward me through the crowd, his blue eyes shining.

—F. de Sales Meyers.



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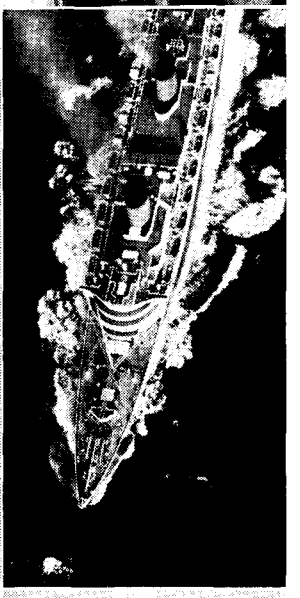

big name

Q for Queen Elizabeth. Q for Queen Mary.

Biggest names afloat. Biggest bargains afloat...with more room to give you more luxury aboard.

Begin your vacation with a vacation. 5 days of relaxing resort life to Europe. It's all in the fare: all the food you can eat, all the fun you can have. Swim. Sun. Party. Play. Go nightclubbing. Dance till dawn. The time of your life! So much so you'll wish the crossing took longer. Sail. Soon. Big.

Any Wednesday. **CUNARD QUEENS**

See your travel agent or Cunard. All Cunard liners are of British Registry.

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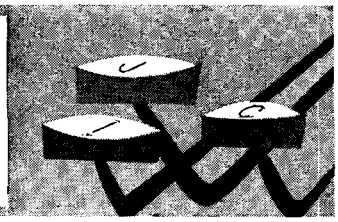
Manner of Speaking



Aphorisms and Doodles: It has been some time since I last played at aphorisms. Or rather, it is a long time since I went through my doodle pad to see what sort of pith and squiggle I had managed to jot down when nothing better was coming my mind's way. For I do play the game endlessly, though I only tot up the score at intervals of random.

The appalling thing about dallying in aphorisms is how many of them seem good enough to jot down in the delusion of their moment of arrival, as compared to how few are worth counting in any (nonfinal) scorekeeping. Aphorists with their own resources may reasonably wonder what sort of score I am keeping when I let as many as I do onto the interim tallypad. I can only beg that they judge gently. I happen to like the game, and the fact is that it is worth playing only with those who like it and who are willing to be a bit indulgent about it.

The trouble with aphorisms is that they are like poems. They are the poor relations of poems, stunted things that still like to imagine they have managed a single blossom. But like poems, they easily induce a "perfection or nothing" sort of intolerance. At one time or another, if only in a railroad station or an airport, everyone has read bad fiction with some sort of enjoyment: That Western or that whodunit or that hunk of science fiction may be worthless stuff, but the horses do gallop, the corpses do bleed, the rockets do blast off, and we are willing enough, when nothing else offers, to settle for that.

Few readers, on the other hand, are willing to tolerate a just-good-enough poem. We want it to flash toward perfection or we don't want it. And rightly so. "The minimum requirement for a good poem," as I once aphorized in an essay under pretense of writing a sentence, "is a miracle." We want nothing less, and we should settle for nothing less.

From a poem, that is. But remember, I beg, that an aphorism isn't a poem but only its poor relation. Pity such tatters as a thought must wear, and let me have my game for fun, in the hope that some of it may be fun enough to engage a reader.

A university is what a college becomes when the faculty loses interest in students.

Respectability is the pretense that no one really knows about us.

Politics is the moral man's compromise, the swindler's method, and the fool's hope.

The difference between currency and an IOU is simply a matter of who promises to pay.

Compulsory education is a federal grant to the *Daily News;* higher education is a federal grant to the *Times;* literacy is a shelved proposal to assist poets.

A Christmas gift is a wrong choice made under compulsion.

A fish is an ocean's proof that when you have enough of anything something else will add itself.

A boy is a hurry on its way to doing nothing.

New York City is the shrine to which the lords of capitalism commute in cattle cars.

Robert Wagner is what New York City had instead of purpose. John Lindsay is what it has acquired instead of hope. Robert Moses is what it is stuck with instead of taste.

Ph.D.—the long-form application for the poverty program.

A letter is what one writes instead of thinking about his friends.

A neighborhood is a residential area that is changing for the worse.

Mankind is a dog's mistake in theology. Who knows what mankind's mistake is?

A modern publishing house is a corporation designed to produce one idea a generation and 200 books a year, not necessarily in that order.

A frog pond is a temporary universe making a sound like eternity.

The Schweppes Man—George III's revenge on the rebellious colonies.

Progress—the search for the best possible product at the most possible mark-up with the shortest possible duration for the earliest possible replacement.

Empire—the authority to sign the requisition slip for someone else's paper clips.

The United States Senate—200 feet this side of Utopia.

City planning—premonition by committee.

Children—bursts of bliss that develop into pattern bombing.

Higher education—lesson less for moron more.

A poem is a tail tucking a cat on top of itself.

A landscape is what the sun does when imagination leaves it room to shine in.

Modern art is what happens when painters stop looking at girls and persuade themselves they have a better idea.

Abstraction is what the eye sees before habit sets up its categories.

Imagine being deaf from birth and then regaining your hearing in the middle of a symphony—would the music arrive as pleasure or as pain?

A work of art is a self-certifying pause of shapeliness in the blur of passage. The blur without the shapely pause of mind is always a mistake. I am not sure I mean this.

"Love" is the word used to label the sexual excitement of the young, the habituation of the middle-aged, and the mutual dependence of the old.

A prostitute is a street market in fantasy. A wife is a securities exchange.

Wisdom is the sad smile with which we recognize our own motives in a fool.

A fool is a person with short answers to long questions: he is what all cross-examiners are looking for.

Patience is the ability to care slowly.

The only real commerce is the willingness to accept one another's mistakes at a discount.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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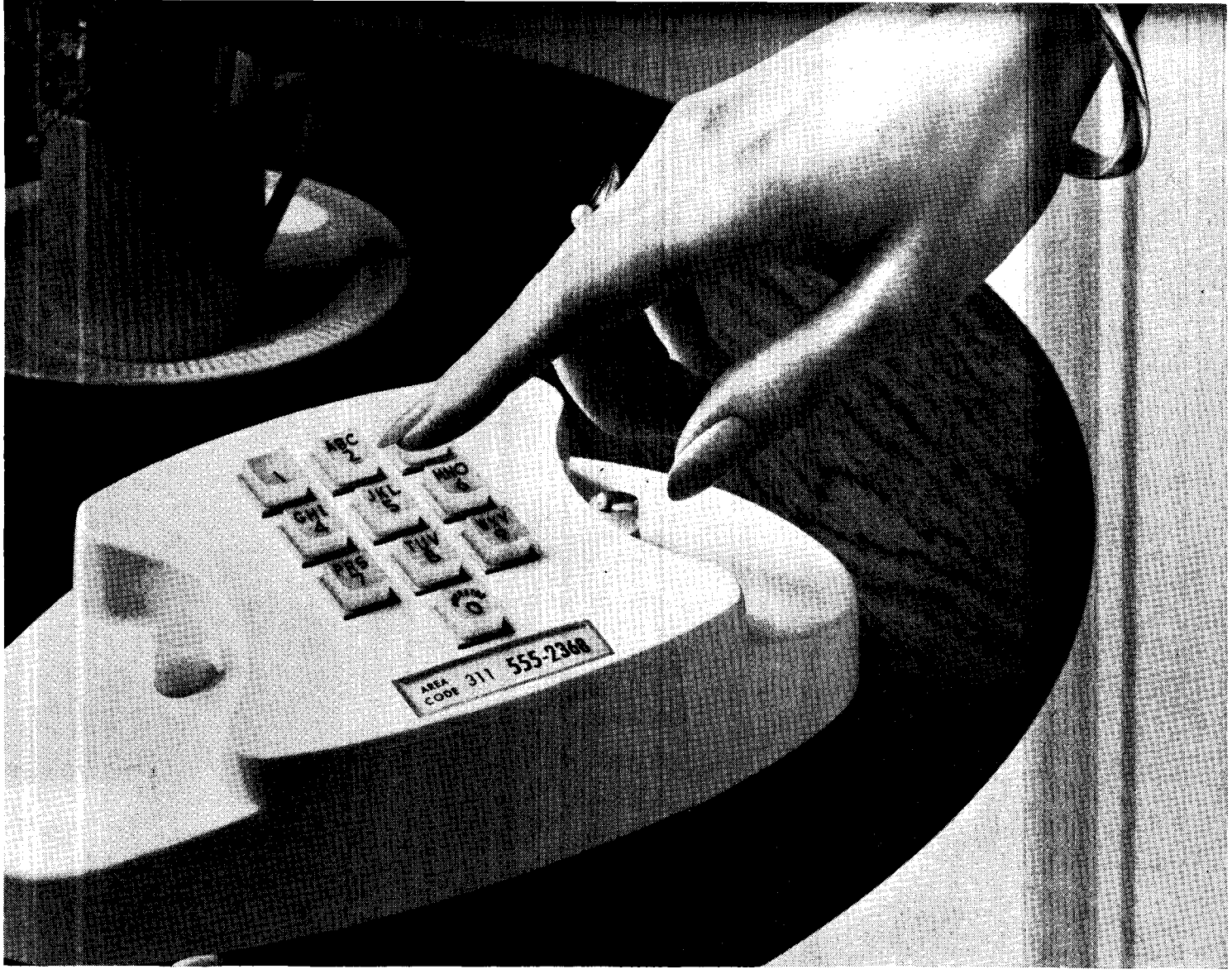

Touch-Tone push buttons are swift servants of the modern hand. With them you place calls faster and someday will "input" instructions into bank and store computers to render and pay bills, transfer money, charge purchases, verify credit and thus gain greater command of personal time and energy. Still other ways they can free you of daily drudgery are being explored.

Tomorrow's Telephone Service – A Forecast

Bell System planning now extends to the year 2000. We see possibilities that go beyond. Already, Touch-Tone® service has become a magic key to many doors.

New advances in telephone service promise to make your daily life easier, and give you still more command of your personal time and energy.

One advance is today's Touch-Tone service—the push-button means of placing calls that is now being introduced in many areas.

These buttons will not only let you call your bank, for example, but may someday put you "on line" into your bank's computer in order to pay bills, verify deposits, and use revolving credit. There are many such "input" uses for these ten little buttons.

Another big step forward is the Electronic Switching System, which in the years ahead will be handling almost all phone calls. The first ESS office went into operation last year and more are being added.

Spurred by what we have learned from Electronic Switching, we are now adapting existing equipment to test new optional services that . . . switch your calls to your host's home for the evening . . . add a third phone to a conversation . . . hold one call on your home phone while you answer another.

Picturephone* service that lets you see while you talk will add visual enjoyment to your calls.

There is no end to telephone progress. As new service needs arise, new Bell System thinking will meet them.

For the Bell System is simply people at work for other people, to make communications serve better in many more personal ways.

*Service mark of the Bell System

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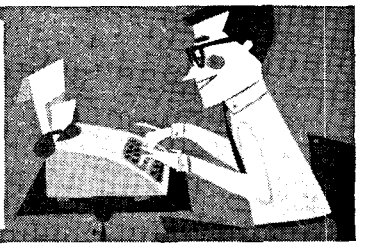
Top of My Head



Virtue Is Its Own Award

A HUE AND CRY went up from the Society of Protectors of Civil Rights for Animals claiming that the most beautiful lady in the world, Mrs. John F. Kennedy, went to see a bullfight in Spain—that she olé-ed all over the place and wouldn't leave the arena and kicked and screamed until somebody gave her the ear of the bull packed in dry ice to take home as a souvenir for the kids.

Yet not one voice was heard in behalf of human beings in protest against their subjection to the cruelty of a two-hour telecast of the Oscar awards, during which the winners raced to a stage and breathlessly spoke, and ran with their awards cradled close to their bosoms like a newborn career. This comport added little to the dignity of man. Or of Kim Novak and Debbie Reynolds.

On and on it went into the wee hours of Johnny Carson—Kim Novak and Debbie Reynolds swimming across our screens toward a podium where they stared at teleprompters, and recited the categories, and opened the envelopes, and read the names, and wondered if their Pantened coifs were holding up.

These annual Oscar television shows are actually long, loud commercials, overlayed with rounds and rounds of applause, in behalf of the neighborhood movie houses which take large, splashy newspaper space the next day advertising that they have the nominees or the winners on their screens. Even the "presenters" of the Oscars become important marquee names on this night of tripeical splendor. And up go the names of Warren Beatty and George Hamilton and, of course, Kim Novak and Debbie Reynolds.

For the first time the show was in living color. And although Bob Hope never looked livelier, the rest of the goings-on were deadly; and only because of their interminable length. In a friendly gesture to the Academy, I offer a script for next year's telecast:

'67 OSCARCAST . . . LIVE, IN COLOR

To establish the informality of the show and to preserve the non-stuffy look, we open on a montage of small neighborhood movie houses. These are the bread and butter houses of the industry—a hark back to the beginnings. Also a sprinkling of drive-ins. Aerial shot, then to a close, brief shot of one car in which a young couple is necking. Enough footage so this shot may be returned to later as a running and hilarious gag.

Over these exterior shots is heard a chorus of twelve men singing: "Take Your Girlie to the Movies." Then the camera goes into the theater and we see the twelve young men singing in the orchestra pit, with Ohman and Arden at two upright pianos back to back. All are conducted by Mitch Miller. All wear sports jackets and slacks and open-throat shirts of various shades and plaids. A show in color is no place for tails and dinner jackets and black and white ties.

While the men sing, the camera pans the audience and picks up in a medium-shot Billie Dove for one brief spurt. Then back to Mitch Miller in closeup. Then back to the audience, skipping briefly over Colleen Moore, Louise Brooks, Laura LaPlante, Dorothy Mackail, and Mary Brian.

As the men finish, the curtain rises and we see the Oscar winners standing in a line. They are dressed in colorful sports jackets and slacks and open-throat shirts. They have been secretly notified a week in advance so they may absorb the shock. All have been cautioned not to cry or laugh or any combination of the two.

The MC enters pushing a supermarket carriage loaded with Oscars. He starts at one end of the line and presents them. Names of winners and categories supered over each.

MC: Here's yours.
WINNER: Thank you.
MC: Here's yours.
WINNER: Thank you.
MC: Here's yours.
WINNER: Thank you.
(CAMERA PICKS UP THE COUPLE NECKING IN CAR, BRIEF SHOT, BACK TO STAGE)
MC: (WAITS FOR LAUGH): Here's yours.
WINNER: I want to thank all the—
MC: Here's yours.
WINNER: *Danke schoen.* (BEST FOREIGN FILM)
MC: Here's yours.
WINNER: Thank you.

And so on. Running time for the whole show: 0:2:56.

At the finish we go to the audience applauding, and the camera pans the celebrities. And for heaven's sake don't anybody say anything about this affair to Kim and Debbie. —GOODMAN ACE.

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IMPORTED
INVER HOUSE
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100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY EIGHTY PROOF IMPORTED BY INVER HOUSE DISTILLERS, LTD., PHILA.

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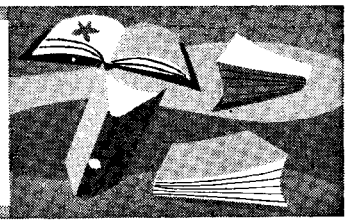
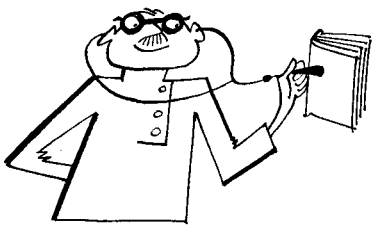
Trade Winds



Thirty years ago *Cosmopolitan* published a short story that introduced one of the most successful fictional characters ever created. The story was "Interns Can't Take Money," and it featured Dr. James Kildare. The author was Max Brand, probably the most prolific writer of our era, who wrote hundreds of fine Westerns, such as *Destry Rides Again.* Dr. Kildare was an instant success, requiring Brand to meet the demand for more adventures of the young intern with numerous magazine articles, novels and movie scripts. Today he is as popular as ever.

Max Brand's real name was Frederick Schiller Faust and, like most writers, he got his ideas from the people and things he observed around him. His inspiration for Dr. Kildare was one of his best friends, George Fish, who interned at New York's Roosevelt Hospital in the 1920s. Dr. Fish's experiences and the background of the big hospital were grist for Faust's mill, and when the time came he ground it out in the Kildare series.

The current issue of the *P&S Quarterly,* published by the Alumni Association of the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons, tells the story and points out the interesting fact that Dr. George Fish is today one of the



most eminent members of his profession. He is Consultant Surgeon in Urology at New York's Presbyterian Hospital and Professor Emeritus in Clinical Urology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. His life has been filled with adventures that make Kildare seem tame. When Faust and Fish were students at the University of California, in 1915, they headed for Hawaii and summer jobs. There they decided to join the Canadian Army, so they sailed for Vancouver on a boat that carried contraband ore. The vessel began to sink; it ran out of fuel; the crew mutinied; they were towed into port.

Fish went to France twice, once in the ambulance service and then as an aviation cadet after the United States entered the war. He was on the U.S. rugby team that won the gold medal in the 1920 Olympics. When he interned at Roosevelt, he renewed his friendship with Faust, who had become successful through the Max Brand Westerns. Faust used to sit in the accident room at Roosevelt, Dr. Fish recalls, taking mental notes of all he saw. Under more than a dozen pseudonyms, Faust wrote 25,000,000 published words, equivalent to about 350 or 400 novels. His career came to an end in 1944 when, as a war correspondent in Italy, he was killed at the age of 51.

One of the largest-selling magazines, *Playboy,* is expanding and has advertised for new staffers. Among others, it seeks writers "who think and live writing, craftsmen who are proud of their skill and derive positive pleasure from its use. A staff writer for *Playboy* must be creative and prolific, able to bring his writing talent to bear on a wide variety of subjects within set limits of time, wordage and style, a professional who writes with originality, spark and wit and who enjoys finding fresh and entertaining ways of saying things, deadlines notwithstanding."

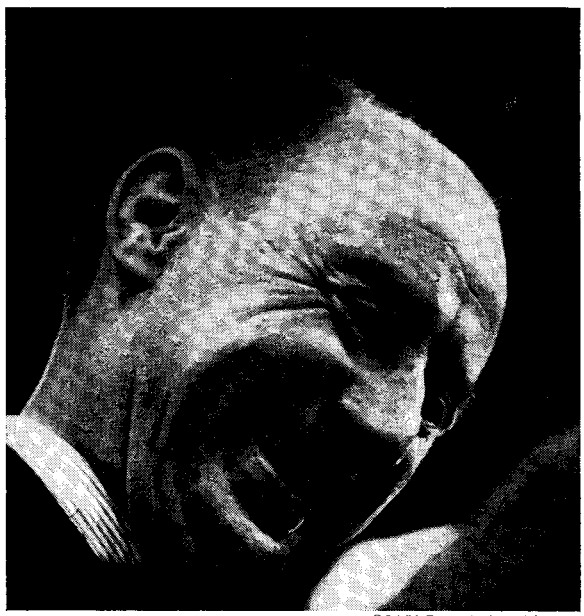
Gee whiz! It's a good thing those requirements don't prevail anyplace else in the magazine game, or we'd all be selling apples.

In the Jantzen Beach Safeway Store in Oregon, a man and his wife were doing the week's shopping a couple of months ago, when, upon reaching the

check-out line, she looked through the cart he had filled. She grabbed a carton of cigarettes and handed them to him.

"George, you idiot," she said. "Put these back. They're not fresh. They don't have the warning label on them."

In the April issue of *American Heritage* an article by John Stands in Timber throws new light on the Custer mass-



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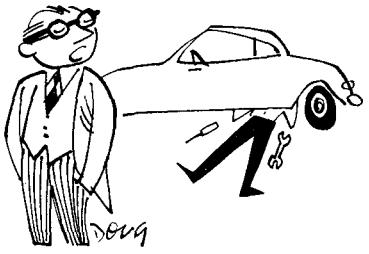
acre. Mr. Stands in Timber, whose grandfather was a Northern Cheyenne who took part in the battle, is a tribal historian whose documents are being made public for the first time. There were thousands of Sioux and Cheyennes camped along the Little Bighorn that June, 1876. The chiefs tried to prevent braves from riding out to meet the pony soldiers, but about twenty young men formed a suicide squad the night before the Custer battle and vowed to fight the next day until they were killed. They included Little Whirlwind, Cut Belly, Closed Hand, and Noisy Walking, among others. The next day, when Custer was surrounded, they rode in and fought hand-to-hand until they lost their lives. In other words, Indian *kamikazes*.

How to put an author in his place: Henry Ford II, criticizing Ralph Nader's *Unsafe at Any Speed*, said, "He can read statistics and he can look up a lot of



facts that are in the public domain, and he can write books, but I don't think he knows anything about automobiles."

Here's what I know about automobiles: The drivers to be wary of are the ones whose cars have bumper stickers on them that talk about careful driving, or the trucks with the signs that say, "This driver has gone 5,000,000 miles without an accident." Steer clear, is my motto.

A true gentleman, said Davy Crockett, is one who offers you a drink of bourbon and doesn't watch while you pour it from the bottle.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1675)

A. H. Holt:
PHRASE AND WORD ORIGINS

Pluck, in Sir Walter Scott's time an indelicate word for courage, has in recent years been completely outmoded by the equivalent "guts," at first so improper for drawing-room conversation that it had to be translated by my early* phrase "intestinal fortitude."

* In *Phrase Origins*, 1936.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Business, Economics

How Capitalism Can Succeed. By Spencer D. Pollard. Stackpole. $4.95.

The Save-by-Borrowing Technique: Building Your Fortune—From Loan to Profit. By Carl E. Person. Doubleday. $5.95.

Crime, Supense

The Man in the Tricorn Hat. By Delano Ames. Regnery. $3.95.

The Mission in Sparrow Bush Lane. By Alfred Stanford. Morrow. $3.95.

The Moonlighters. By Susan Morrow. Doubleday. $3.50.

The Private Face of Murder. By John and Emery Bonett. Doubleday. $3.50.

A Queer Kind of Death. By George Baxt. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

The Ring of Truth. By George Harmon Coxe. Knopf. $3.95.

Shoot at the Moon. By William F. Temple. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

The Terror. By John Creasey. Walker. $3.50.

Watch the Wall, My Darling. By Jane Aiken Hodge. Doubleday. $4.95.

Current Affairs

Atlantic Agricultural Unity: Is It Possible? By John O. Coppock. McGraw-Hill. $7.50.

Brazil. By Andrew Marshall. Walker. $6.50.

Highway Robbery. By Sam Crowther and Irwin Winehouse. Stein & Day. $4.95.

The Long, Long War: Counterinsurgency in Malaya and Vietnam. By Richard L. Clutterbuck. Praeger. $5.95.

Look East, Look West: The Socialist Adventure in Yugoslavia. By David Tornquist. Macmillan. $6.95.

Mission to Hanoi. By Herbert Aptheker. International. Hardbound, $3.75. Paperback, $1.25.

Red China Today. By Hugo Portisch. Quadrangle. $6.95.

Education

New Universities in the Modern World. Edited by Murray G. Ross. St. Martin's. $5.

Fiction

All Green Shall Perish. A Collection of Novellas and Tales by Eduardo Mallea. Knopf. $7.95.

The Crystal World. By J. G. Ballard. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.50.

Despair. By Vladimir Nabokov. Putnam. $5.

His First Minute After Noon. By Sally Daniels. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.75.

The Homecoming. By Paul Eldridge. Barnes. $4.50.

The Jubjub Bird. By William M. Hardy. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

The Last Poor Man. By Edward Hyams. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

Memories of the Future. By Paul Horgan. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.95.

The Millstone. By Margaret Drabble. Morrow. $3.95.

My Friends from Cairnton. By Jane Duncan. St. Martin's. $4.95.

Orpheus on Top. By Edward Stewart. Putnam. $5.95.

The Premier and The Train. By Georges Simenon. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.95.

The Seasons Hereafter. By Elisabeth Ogilvie. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

Tai-Pan. By James Clavell. Atheneum. $6.95.

Who Do You Love? By Maria B. Fogelin. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

Government, Politics

The Party That Lost Its Head. By George F. Gilder and Bruce K. Chapman. Knopf. $6.95.

Private Power and American Democracy. By Grant McConnell. Knopf. $6.95.

The Revolutionary Internationals, 1864-1943. Edited by Milorad M. Drachkovitch. Published for the Hoover Institution by Stanford Univ. Press. $6.95.

History

Ancient India. By D. D. Kosambi. Pantheon. $6.95.

The Devil's Brigade. By Robert H. Adelman and Col. George Walton. Chilton. $4.95.

A History of Postwar Russia. By R. W. Pethybridge. New American Library. $5.95.

The Icon and the Axe: An Interpretive History of Russian Culture. By James H. Billington. Knopf. $15.

Lodestone and Evening Star: The Epic Voyages of Discovery, 1493 B.C.—1896 A.D. By Ian Cameron. Dutton. $6.95.

Pioneer America. By John R. Alden. Knopf. $6.95.

San Francisco's Reign of Terror. By John Myers Myers. Doubleday. $5.95.

1066: The Story of a Year. By Denis Butler. Putnam. $5.95.

Literary Criticism

Dylan Thomas: A Collection of Critical Essays. Edited by C. B. Cox. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.95.

Miscellany

The Commentary Reader: Two Decades of Articles and Stories. Edited by Norman Podhoretz. Atheneum. $12.50.

Horror. By Drake Douglas. Macmillan. $6.95.

The John F. Kennedy Memorial Miniatures. Random House. 4 vols., boxed. $2.95.

A Layman's Guide to Negro History. By Erwin A. Salk. Quadrangle. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, $1.45.

New Uses for Old Cannonballs: And Other Novel Decorative Arrangements. By David B. Van Dommelen. Funk & Wagnalls. $4.95.

The Pope John Memorial Miniatures. Random House. 4 vols., boxed. $2.95.

The Times-Index Gazetteer of the World. Houghton Mifflin. $50.

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TREASURE OF KENYA. By Malcolm MacDonald. Putnam. $17.95.

Personal History

ANDRE MALRAUX: The Indochina Adventure. By Walter G. Langlois. Praeger. $5.95.

AN UNDERSTANDING OF ALBERT SCHWEITZER. By George N. Marshall. Philosophical Library. $4.

THE ART OF VICTORY: The Life and Achievements of Field Marshal Suvorov. By Philip Longworth. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $7.50.

BETWEEN WIND AND WATER. By Gerald Warner Brace. Norton. $4.95.

C. G. JUNG AND HERMANN HESSE: A Record of Two Friendships. By Miguel Serrano. Schocken. $4.95.

THE COUNT OF VIRTUE: Giangaleazzo Visconti, First Duke of Lombardy. By E. R. Chamberlin. Scribners. $5.95.

EVEREST DIARY: Based on the Personal Diary of Lute Jerstad. By John D. McCallum. Follett. $4.95.

FIGHTING AIRMEN. By Curt Anders. Putnam. $5.95.

I LAUGHED, I CRIED, I LOVED: A News Analyst's Love Affair with the World. By Dorothy Fuldheim. World. $5.95.

KEATON. By Rudi Blesh. Macmillan. $8.95.

LOVE IN THE SHADOWS. By W. J. Weatherby. Stein & Day. $4.95.

MOSCOW SUMMER. By Mihajlo Mihajlov. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Paperback, $1.95.

ORDEAL BY FIRE: An American Woman's Terror-Filled Trek Through War-Torn Germany. By Ann Whale as told to Roul Tunley. World. $4.50.

A VERY EASY DEATH. By Simone de Beauvoir. Putnam. $3.95.

WILD APPLES AND NORTH WIND. By Lorna Beers. Wood engravings by Stefan Martin. Norton. $4.95.

Religion, Philosophy

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JOHN, I-XII. Translated by Raymond E. Brown, S. S. Doubleday. $7.

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Saturday Review
May 21, 1966

Man Is More than a Statistic

Mass media must be operated for higher motives than profit alone, or both Man and the media may be hopelessly debased.

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ROBERT SOUTHEY once said (if my blurred recollections are correct) that the two greatest mysteries *in* this world or *out* of it were: 1) the Holy Trinity and 2) what makes a book sell. He then went on to express the opinion that God simply doesn't want men to know how the second question might be answered. I agree for an obvious reason. Many books that don't sell nevertheless deserve publication.

Many publishers on the other hand would like to be able to answer the question with that scientific accuracy now so much more in fashion than God's will. Some of them, no doubt, actually do have traffic with those practitioners of a dubious black art who predict, on the basis of their samplings, just what the public acceptance of a new product will be. But it is just as well that, even now, they do not depend entirely upon any rating system analogous to that to which the television tycoons submit so abjectly. Had they done so in the past, *Moby Dick*, for example, would never have been published. Fortunately, however, some publishers still rely upon a thing as unscientific as a hunch, and a few may be even reckless enough to accept a book just because they believe it to be a good one.

Not long ago there was criticism of that most awesome of horses' mouths, the A. C. Nielsen Company, on the ground that its estimates were not sufficiently accurate because they were based upon too small a sample. My own chief objection is not that the rating systems are not good enough, but that, even if not perfect, they are too good.

That opinion surveys are not perfect is obvious. For one thing, they do not, in many instances, measure the attitudes and behavior of the whole community but only those members who are willing to respond. And I am sure that the tastes and temperaments of the kind of persons who toss questionnaires into the wastebasket are very different from those of the kind who take the time to answer them.

In the second place, responses certainly are not always honest. Not long ago the magazine *Printer's Ink* innocently asked a group of human guinea pigs to name the magazines they read regularly and an astonishing 8 per cent of the responses named *Collier's*—which had suspended publication several years before the question was asked. With malice aforethought, another researcher put a number of fictitious titles in a list of books, and asked a group of high school history teachers to check the names of those they had recently read. Some of the non-existent books turned out to be prime favorites. And that proved not only that surveys are not completely reliable, but also that cheating is now popular among teachers as well as among pupils.

However accurate or inaccurate public opinion polls may be, moreover, they all too often encourage those who employ them (advertisers, in particular) to base their appeals on that low estimate of human nature and public taste which the polls seem usually to encourage. Considering many of the published findings of the surveys, one is tempted to say that if what they seem to demonstrate is true, then it would be better if the truth were not known.

Consider, for example, the United Press International account of a report proudly issued by NBC for the purpose of encouraging a certain type of very profitable advertiser to sponsor broadcasts in color. Here are some of the characteristics which the report alleges, distinguish the average owner of a color set from people still making do with black and white: They tend to use "aerosol products over bottle version of the same product; movie film rather than still picture film; electric toothbrushes, and so forth . . ." They are "especially heavy users of shoe polish in spray cans . . . below average in the use of paste shoe polish." They are said to buy more new automobiles than the average citizen and they "have a tendency to buy products with a 'status symbol' aura . . . Have a high degree of interest in buying wall-to-wall carpeting . . . Are much more likely to use Scotch and Bourbon rather than Rye"—which last is described as a "non-status" whiskey.

LEARNING these facts or alleged facts can have only one result. It will encourage advertisers to intensify still further the practice of addressing almost exclusively just the sort of persons described, and to use every effort to cultivate the same characteristics in those who have not yet developed them.

No other even quasi-intellectual or artistic enterprise (not even the movies) has ever been directed with so nearly exclusive a reliance on the "survey," and no other has ever occupied so large a proportion of the general public's time as does television. According to *TV Guide*, American homes have a TV set in operation on an average of six hours a day. Whatever may be said about the supposed increase in reading in the United States, it is obvious that a household that spends six hours a day on television can hardly spare much time for any other leisure activity. At least sixty-five minutes of these six hours, *TV Guide* has further stated, are devoted to commercial "messages," which means ninety

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separate pitches per day, 630 per week, or more than 32,000 per year.

The point of *TV Guide*'s article is to raise the question, "Does Advertising Make You Buy?" It asks whether the advertisers who pay approximately $2.5 billion for those 32,000 messages "get their money's worth," and it admits that "oddly enough, nobody knows." Some of us may hope that they don't and that their wiles are ineffectual. But the real point here is something different. Not only the sixty-five minutes a day but also nearly all the remaining five hours worth of material is chosen almost exclusively on the basis of reports– accurate or inaccurate–of the actual state of the mass audience.

MARXISM notwithstanding, the profit motive is both legitimate and useful as a motive so long as it is not the *only* motive. Or to put it somewhat differently, the writer, the publisher, and the television company may quite properly want their respective enterprises to pay. In fact, the publisher and television company always, and the writer very often, would simply have to turn to some other activity if their enterprises didn't pay. And, on the whole, I think this economic pressure less unfortunate in its effects than the kind of bureaucratic pressure that, sooner or later, almost inevitably accompanies government-sponsored artistic projects, though I see no reason why such government-sponsored projects should not exist alongside of those that do have to make money. But to say this is not to say that the writer, the publisher, or even the TV official need assume that the *only* question he will ever ask is not merely, "Will this be profitable?" but, "Will this be more profitable than anything else I could possibly write, publish, or produce?"

It is discouraging to observe that the newest medium of communication comes nearest to accepting the profit motive as the *only* motive, and the great difference between television networks and publishers is simply that many publishers do take some pride in being responsible for things which they themselves, as well as the public, admire. The networks, on the other hand, despite occasional boasts about this or that sacrifice in the public interest, come much closer in profession as well as practice to saying simply, "We consider it our business to ask nothing except whether this or that program will win the largest possible audience and therefore most please the most profitable advertiser." Here, for example, is a pronouncement from Julius Babbathan, vice president and general manager of ABC, as quoted in *Newsweek*, November 11, 1963:

> What do you mean by "caliber programs"? I'll tell you what it means to me. It means a guy sitting there in front of a TV, with a hero sandwich in his hand and a glass of beer, saying, "That's a program I'd like to watch."

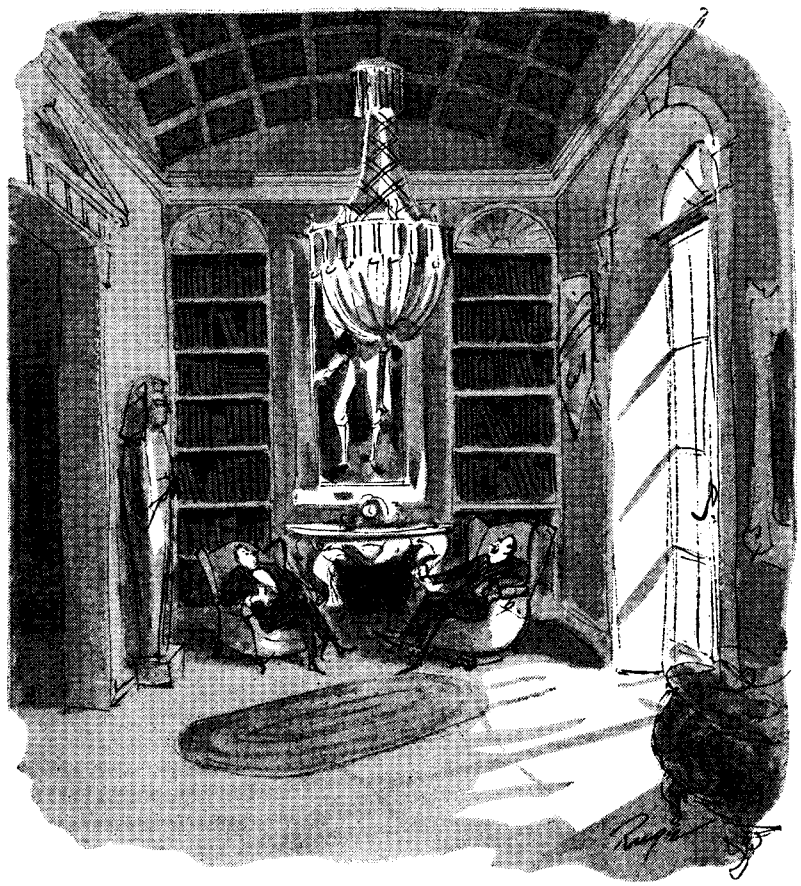
There is no free competition in commercial television. The national government has granted a few monopolies, which it protects. No one would protest more than these corporations if the government did not protect those who express horror at government interference with free enterprise or free expression –except when such interference protects their own monopoly.

Since the government *does* guarantee these fabulously profitable monopolies, would it be an unwarranted interference with what is actually a monopoly–not a business engaged in free competition– if a price were placed on this protection: That the monopoly, on pain of revocation of its license, should not operate on the assumption that the only criterion in preparing programs will be, "Will it produce a larger profit than any other?" After all, there is a sizable body of citizens with at least minority rights in the air waves who are not completely typified by "a guy with a hero sandwich in his hand and a glass of beer."

There is, moreover, a regulation which has often been proposed and which a government agency might impose without exercising any actual editorial control. It would certainly relieve the pressure of the advertisers and it opens no possible objections other than the fact that it might well make broadcasting somewhat less profitable–while leaving it quite profitable enough. That often proposed regulation is simply the requirement that the advertiser should sponsor the network program as a whole, not any one program of its choice.

UTOPIA? Perhaps it is, now that the sponsor has become so thoroughly accustomed to dictating and the broadcaster to so supinely accepting that dictation. But if this is true, it is simply another example of the way in which the newest commercial enterprises tend to be those which are the most crassly opportunist and the most abjectly determined to plan only in terms of what they believe to be the lowest common denominator–which, alas, the all-too-good rating systems enable them to do with what they regard as an adequate degree of accuracy.

Can you imagine a newspaper or a magazine run in this way, with each story, article, or editorial individually



"The early Byzantine shield is a stereophonic speaker. The amplifier and woofer are in the mummy case. The base speaker is behind the bound Emerson's Essays, and the turn-table is in the sarcophagus in the hall."

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sponsored by the advertiser and not printed until such a sponsor could be found? Some magazines and some newspapers are accused (justly, no doubt) of being to some extent subservient to their advertisers. But no publication of any kind above the very lowest level has ever operated as the broadcasting industry does. Even news broadcasts and public service programs are likely to be sponsored if a sponsor can be found for them. But what newspaper would dare to interrupt both its news stories and editorials with the all too familiar "and now a word . . ."? Would any be willing either so to annoy its readers or so clearly advertise the fact that its advertisers are everywhere in control?

NO one ever went broke by underestimating the taste of the American public, said H. L. Mencken, and this has been often quoted. If this is true, then it would be better for all of us if we didn't know just how low public taste actually is. If we didn't know, some chief of programing might overestimate that public taste just enough to raise the level of his network a bit and give his audience something a little better than what they would choose. Moreover, if there is anything in education, he might even raise the level of the public taste an equal amount.

Classical scholars have held different opinions concerning the question cynics sometimes ask: "Would the audience of fifth-century Athens really have liked less exalted dramas better than the works of Aeschylus, Sophocles, *et al.*?" Audiences certainly did flock to them, but then they had no choice, except to the extent that the satyr plays which followed the tragedies were an alternate choice. And even they, though they certainly were less exalted in sentiment, are still considered to have been, in their own way, no less admirable as literature. So far as I know, the question was never asked door-to-door in Athens.

And even if, as some scholars argue, the very exceptional audience of Periclean Athens would have turned up its nose at works offered by anyone who believes Mencken, the fact remains that a few centuries later the Roman emperors decided to try to keep the populace manageably docile by giving them precisely what they wanted, and then the drama gave way to musical vaudeville, and finally almost entirely to gladiatorial and wild beast combats.

John Stuart Mill (certainly not one to look with favor upon government interference with either business enterprise or free speech) once wrote in an essay an observation not sufficiently pondered by those who urge us to have unbounded faith in "the people," and who identify "the people" primarily with those who like to settle down in front of a TV set with a hero sandwich and a glass of beer:

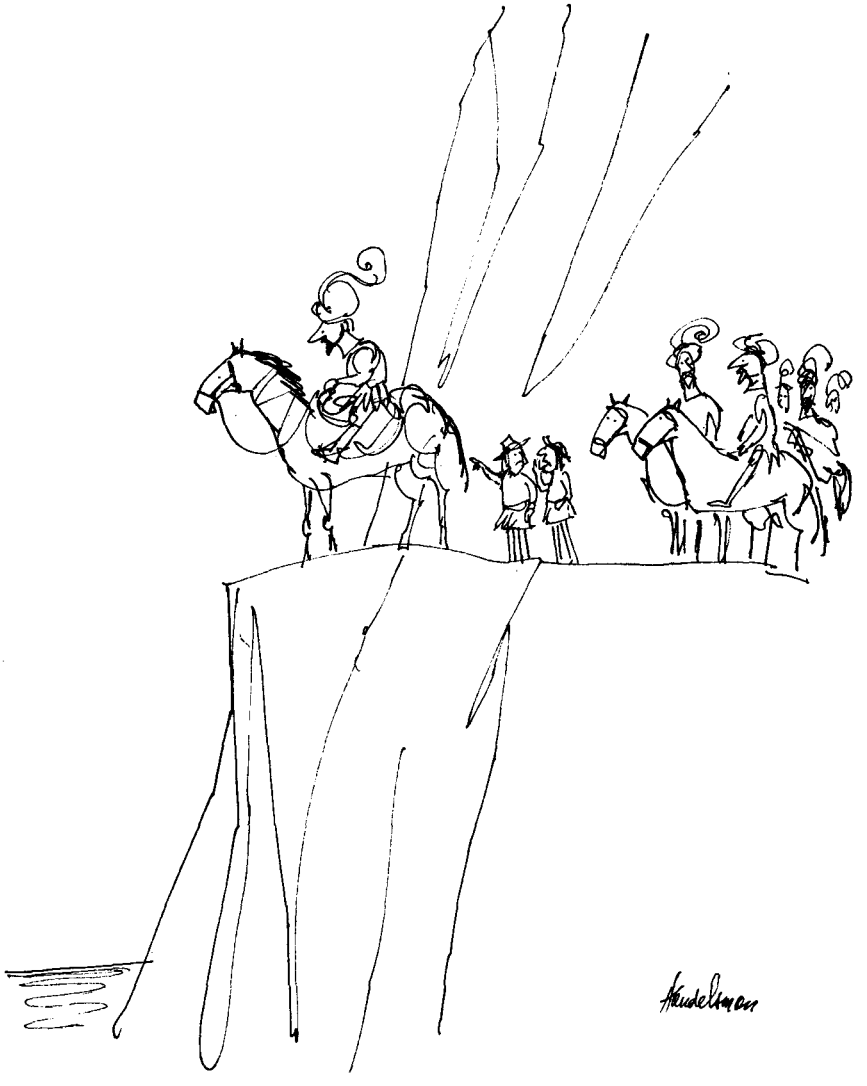
> Capacity for the nobler feelings is in most cases a very tender plant, easily killed, not only by hostile influences but by mere want of sustenance . . . Men lose their high aspirations as they lose their intellectual tastes, because they have not the time or the opportunity for indulging them; and they addict themselves to inferior pleasures, not because they deliberately prefer them, but because they are either the only ones to which they have access, or the only ones they are any longer capable of enjoying.

In any case, it is certain that if those who cater to the lowest possible public taste insist upon eagerly following its taste downward, then that taste will continue to descend as a sort of Gresham's law begins to operate.

PERHAPS Mencken's statement was true in the past tense which he employed. No one ever has gone broke by underestimating the taste of the American public. But that doesn't prove that it can't be done or that nobody ever will go broke for exactly that reason. Given the attitudes and the methods of the television tycoons, someone may succeed in descending below the level of all but an ultimately unprofitable minority.

There is at least one hopeful sign, a discovery that the Nielsen Company itself recently made public: this year 1,000,000 fewer people were watching television than were watching it a year ago. That certainly is not because the quality of programs has been raised above their level.

It might just possibly mean that Mencken's pronouncement will have to be updated. Even the man with the hero sandwich and the glass of beer is beginning to get bored.



"No, that's Balboa. Cortez is a much stouter man."

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AUTUMN IN SIGULDA

Andrei Voznesensky, a protégé of the late Boris Pasternak, is one of Soviet Russia's foremost contemporary poets. The following poem, translated by W. H. Auden in collaboration with linguist Max Hayward, is from "Antiworlds," a new collection of Voznesensky poems, edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward, to be published May 27 by Basic Books, Inc.

Hanging out of the train, I
Bid you all goodbye.

Goodbye, Summer:
My time is up.
Axes knock at the *dacha*
As they board it up:
Goodbye.

The woods have shed their leaves,
Empty and sad today
As an accordion case that grieves
When its music is taken away.

People (meaning us)
Are also empty,
As we leave behind
(We have no choice)
Walls, mothers, womankind:
So it has always been and will be.

Goodbye, Mother,
Standing at the window
Transparent as a cocoon: soon
You will know how tired you are.
Let us sit here a bit.

Friends and foes, adieu,
Goodbye.
The whistle has blown: it is time
For you to run out of me and I
Out of you.

Motherland, goodbye now.
I shall not whimper nor make a scene,
But be a star, a willow:
Thank you, Life, for having been.

In the shooting gallery
Where the top score is ten,
I tried to reach a century:
Thank you for letting me make the mistake,
But a triple thank-you that into
My transparent shoulders
Genius drove
Like a red male fist that enters
A rubber glove.

Voznesensky may one day be graven
In cold stone but, meanwhile, may
I find haven
On your warm cheek as *Andrei.*

In the woods the leaves were already falling
When you ran into me, asked me something.
Your dog was with you: you tugged at his leash and called him,
He tugged the other way:
Thank you for that day.

I came alive: thank you for that September,
For explaining me to myself. The housekeeper, I remember,
Woke us at eight, and on weekends her phonograph sang
Some old underworld song
In a hoarse bass:
I give thanks for the time, the place.

But you are leaving, going
As the train is going, leaving,
Going in another direction: we are ceasing to belong
To each other or this house. What is wrong?

Near to me, I say:
Yet Siberias away!

I know we shall live again as
Friends or girl friends or blades of grass,
Instead of us this one or that one will come:
Nature abhors a vacuum.

The leaves are swept away without trace
But millions more will grow in their place:
Thank you, Nature, for the laws you gave me.

But a woman runs down the track
Like a red autumn leaf at the train's back.

Save me!

—ANDREI VOZNESENSKY.
(Translated by W. H. Auden.)

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Theodor Mommsen: Neglected Master of Roman History

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

ROME THE ETERNAL CITY, Rome the Republic, Rome the Empire, has always been a mighty challenge to the gifts of the modern historian. The story of Rome is a vast arena in which many issues of later ages—imperialism and slavery, constitutional checks and balances, relations with allies and client states, antagonism between haves and have-nots—received a trial rehearsal. The emphasis on the classics in West European and, at least until recently, in American education assured the permanence of Latin influence. Examples from Roman history were frequently invoked during the French Revolution and may be found in the Federalist Papers.

The grandeur that was Rome is still conveyed to the visitor by the towering columns of two of the so-called good Emperors, Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, which survived the ruin of barbarian conquest and the long neglect of the Middle Ages. (Fortunately the Goths and Vandals and the feuding nobles of later times lacked destructive weapons of modern potency.) And among many interpretations in narrative history two that predominate like these two tall columns are the works of Edward Gibbon and Theodor Mommsen.

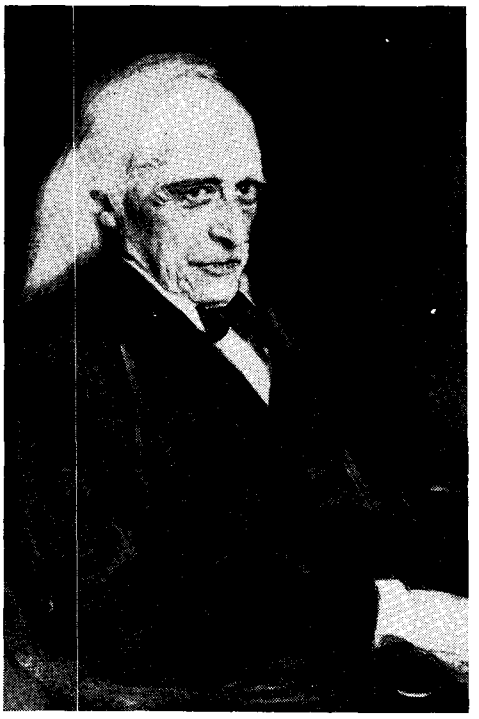
These two great historians, the Englishman and the German, separated by a century in time, selected different epochs for their masterpieces. Gibbon (1737-1794) was fascinated by the spectacle of the decline of the mighty Mediterranean empire from relative peace and prosperity under the mild and beneficent rule of the Antonines to the chaotic break-up in the fifth century A. D., when all semblance of Roman imperial rule disappeared in the West. Only the empire with its capital in Constantinople survived, for ten centuries, until the Turkish conquest in 1453.

Mommsen (1817-1903) chose to write of the earlier phase of republican Rome, a powerful state without a king, which gradually imposed its will, its laws, and its administration first on Italy, then the entire Mediterranean area. Gibbon used the phrase, "Decline and Fall" in his title; Mommsen might well have entitled his work, "Rise and Fall," tracing, as he does, the course of Rome's development from the dim pre-history of the city on seven hills to the final extinction, for all practical purposes, of the republican institutions under the glittering dictatorship of Julius Caesar.

Of the chroniclers of Rome, Gibbon is the better known and more widely read in the United States and Great Britain, if only because he wrote in English—superb English—while Mommsen, to most Anglo-American readers, is accessible only in the faithful but somewhat uninspired translation of W. P. Dickson. (Mommsen's *History of Rome* has recently become available in a livelier abridged version by two classical scholars, Dero A. Saunders and John H. Collins, in an outsize Meridian paperback. Saunders and Collins have shortened the original Mommsen by more than half, retaining, with some omissions, the more vivid and detailed latter part of the work, from the attempted reforms of the Gracchi to the triumph of Caesar.)

Moreover, Gibbon's eminently eighteenth-century personality—rational, skeptical, satisfied with the status quo, at least so far as he personally was concerned, averse to enthusiasm, and inclined to take a mildly cynical view of the mainsprings of human action—is admirably calculated to convey to his readers a sense of what kind of man he was. Mommsen, on the other hand, although he was a man of high renown in his lifetime (he was a Nobel Prize winner and his appearance at a learned gathering in his later years was considered a distinguished event), apparently shunned posthumous publicity. According to his will, his papers were to be impounded for thirty years after his death.

By the time this restriction had expired the Nazi era was beginning. Mommsen, a vigorous liberal who denounced anti-Semitism and clashed with the Iron Chancellor, Bismarck, over protectionism, was not then considered a suitable subject for a biography. Later many of his papers were burned during the bombings of Berlin, although some had been copied by Professor Lothar Wickert, who is now preparing a biography.



—*Bettmann Archive.*

Theodor Mommsen—his *History of Rome* complements the better-known work of Edward Gibbon.

Yet, although Mommsen's name excites far less instinctive recognition than Gibbon's, his history, written with the advantage of a century of further scholarly discoveries and of the author's own profound and specialized knowledge of Roman inscriptions and Roman law, ranks with Gibbon's among the few that, once started, can be put down only with difficulty. By every standard Mommsen achieves historical narrative in the grand style, rich in parallels and allusions, uncommonly vivid in personal sketches, filled with passages of wry and sly humor (as when the author, drawing a contrast between Roman poverty and Greek abundance in theoretical ideas, remarks that in Rome nobody speculated—except the money-changers).

WITHOUT exposing himself to the snares and pitfalls implicit in Arnold Toynbee's elaborate theories about the rise and fall of civilizations, Mommsen, through the sheer power and sweep of his narrative, shows how material success, for a state and a society, may carry within itself the seeds of future decay and deterioration. There is deep significance in the question of the elder Cato, the stern old Senator who kept repeating that Carthage must be destroyed:

"What will become of Rome when she no longer has any state to fear?"

It was the challenge of Rome's most formidable enemy, the Carthaginian military genius Hannibal, that brought out the best of the old Roman spirit: self-sacrificing patriotism, unbending resolution, fortitude in adversity. When Han-

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nibal moved to the outskirts of Rome after completely destroying the Roman army at Cannae, a battle that is still a legend in military textbooks, a piece of ground on which Hannibal's mercenary troops were encamped was put up at auction and sold at the normal price.

Rome produced no general equal to Hannibal in brilliance and resourcefulness, and this includes Scipio, who won the last decisive battle over the exhausted Carthaginian forces at Zama. But the Roman society was far stronger and healthier than the Carthaginian; in the end the yeomanry who always filled up the depleted ranks of the Roman legions prevailed over the hirelings of the Carthaginian merchant state, of which almost the only memory is Gustave Flaubert's exotic novel, *Salammbo*.

It was the victory and complete supremacy assured by the destruction of Carthage and the easy conquest of the eastern shores of the Mediterranean that posed tests which the Roman Republic was unable to meet. Large disparities of wealth developed, and the produce of the big estates of the wealthy patricians undersold and bankrupted the small farms from which Rome had drawn many of its soldiers. The sturdy self-respecting Roman *pater familias* became increasingly lost in the growing faceless proletariat of the imperial city, which expected to be coddled, flattered and bribed directly or indirectly by competing demagogues. *Panem et circenses* (bread and the games of the circus) replaced *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* (It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country).

THE Roman constitution was ingeniously devised to prevent the emergence of a king, or tyrant. Leadership was vested in the patricians of the Senate, from whose ranks were usually drawn the two consuls, who shared executive power for a year. Yet there was some provision for popular participation in the government through the tribunes of the people, who possessed the right of veto on pending legislation. It was not an easy instrument of government to operate under the most favorable circumstances, and it broke down almost completely under the pressure of unsolved social problems and violent class and factional antagonisms. The Gracchi brothers, Tiberius and Gaius, the "jewels" of their mother, Cornelia, are depicted by Mommsen as personally likable, idealistic leaders who sought to effect such reforms as limitation on the size of the big estates and organization of new colonies for the resettlement of the surplus and displaced population. But they could not operate within the strict limits of a constitution which was somewhat weighted in favor of the conservative aristocrats, and both perished at the hands of their opponents in tumults organized by the Senatorial party.

As stresses and strains increased, all pretense of legality was discarded. Each faction, the aristocratic and the popular, used the machinery of the state as a means of destroying the other. The fiercest revolutions and counterrevolutions of the twentieth century find a preview in the proscriptions or "liquidations" of political enemies by Marius and Cinna, of the popular party, and Sulla, champion of the patricians, who brought about a shortlived conservative restoration.

BUT, as Mommsen shows with broad strokes of vigorous descriptive prose, the administration of the Senate, once so potent, had become corrupt, incompetent and incapable of maintaining internal order. Rome was seriously threatened by the revolt of Spartacus and his warlike gladiators; pirates ravaged the Eastern Mediterranean; the fabric of the state was shaken by a prolonged war with Italian-allied communities, which resented the arrogant and oppressive aspects of Roman hegemony.

The stage was set for dictatorship as soon as a man of sufficient political and military gifts should appear. That man was Julius Caesar and the account of his rise to sole unchecked power is the brilliant climax of Mommsen's work. If one were to select a single outstanding feature of this towering work on the mighty theme of Rome it would be the author's appraisal of Caesar, who was, paradoxically enough, both a leader of the popular party and the destroyer of the republic that had lasted for centuries, with its complicated system of guaranties against rule by a single individual. Here, in abbreviated form, are the highlights of Mommsen's tribute to the final, supreme hero of his long narrative:

> With justice men admire the inimitable simplicity of Caesar the author, and the unique purity and beauty of his language. . . . With justice the greatest masters of war have praised Caesar the general. . . . But all these were with Caesar mere secondary matters. He was no doubt a great orator, author and general, but he became each of these merely because he was a consummate statesman. . . . His talent for organization was marvelous. No statesman ever compelled alliances, no general ever collected an army, out of such unyielding and refractory elements, and kept them together with the firmness that Caesar displayed in cementing his coalitions and his legions. . . .
>
> Of mighty creative power and yet at the same time of the most penetrating judgment; no longer a youth and not yet an old man; of the highest energy of will and the highest capacity of execution; filled with republican ideals and at the same time born to be a king; a Roman in the deepest essence

(*Continued on page* 37)

"Oh, Gerald, I'm so marvelously discontent!"

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Saturday Review

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The Trouble Beyond Vietnam

IF THERE is a deep malaise in the American soul over Vietnam, it is not because the American people have difficulty in understanding that aggression, whether by Communists or anyone else, must be turned back. Nor is it because they lack the staying power to see it through.

The deep malaise is the result of a steady accumulation of jabbing, wrenching events in Vietnam itself. The repeated, underlined purpose of the United States in going into Vietnam is to make it possible for people to have a government of their own choosing. Yet repeated, underlined events in Vietnam indicate that the government we are attempting to uphold may not be the government the people would choose to keep. The uprisings a few weeks ago were calmed only when a promise of free elections was made by the South Vietnam government. But now that political matters seem in hand, the head of the South Vietnam government says there may be no elections after all. What happens, then, to the argument that the problem in Vietnam is external, rather than internal, and that the end of Vietcong terror will see the return of stability and security in South Vietnam?

These are not the only things about Vietnam difficult to understand. It also is difficult to understand the insensitivity and maladroitness of some American officials who sought to reassure the American people after the newspapers published stories about a shortage of bombs in Vietnam. Never before in history, one U.S. official proclaimed, has one nation rained as many bombs on another nation as the United States has rained on North Vietnam. Why should this be reassuring? Why should it make Americans feel better about Vietnam? Why should it be satisfying to know that the most powerful country in the world can exert so much force at will? Why not also say that never before in history has any one nation been able to inflict as much damage on another without being in the line of fire itself? Why should the rest of the world be impressed with unprecedented bombing when so many memories are fresh with the personal knowledge of what air bombings do to human beings?

Why should it be comforting to read that the wrong targets have been hit or that villagers have been killed? There was a lull in the bombing at the beginning of the year. After thirty-eight days the bombing was resumed because it did not have the effect of bringing Hanoi to the negotiating table. It is now 120 days since the bombing was resumed. The evidence is at least three times greater that the resumption hasn't had the intended effect either. Why, then, is the bombing continued?

Shortly after the denial that any bomb shortage existed, it was ascertained that the United States had re-purchased from West Germany at $21 per bomb a supply of bombs that we had sold West Germany earlier at $1.70 per bomb, and that had been produced originally at a cost of $330 per bomb. Stories like these are not effectively dispelled just by reminding ourselves that we have to stop Vietcong terror in Vietnam.

Another example of inexcusable maladroitness is represented by the American official who told newsmen that the United States could engage in provocative action against China without fear of retaliation. This kind of inflammatory, idiotic arrogance should have no place in the foreign policy of the United States —not in a world made volatile by atomic power attached to the fuses of human psyches. If the Chinese are half as irresponsible as we say they are, such cockiness could act as a time bomb in the Chinese mind, ticking away like an apocalyptic clock.

The feeling grows that a grim inversion of our foreign policy may be taking place. Day-to-day decisions seem to be shaping long-range policy instead of being shaped by them. Not just the enemy but we ourselves are being hurt by the inability to admit we may have made some mistakes. Every word of criticism has to be laboriously refuted, whether or not the facts support the refutation. It is not particularly edifying to learn that the government frequently employs the device of "cover" stories as a way of explaining otherwise embarrassing actions or decisions.

A nation is known not just by its songs but by its concerns. It is disquieting to learn that some government officials seem more concerned about the fact that other nations may not respect our strength than they are about the fact that other nations may not respect our wisdom. There is an almost neurotic compulsion to refute the notion that we may be overly reluctant to use force, but there is no corresponding compulsion to dispel the idea that we may not be sufficiently aware of the limitations of force.

LITTLE wonder there is a growing sense of disquiet in the American soul. It involves the relationship of Americans to their own history and its meaning for them. It involves their understanding of the national purpose. It involves, finally, their sense of connection with their government. There seems to be a feeling that the country is being steadily separated from the moral base on which so many of its traditions have rested.

What is most striking of all about U.S. foreign policy, of course, is the ease with which it could be set right. A definition of basic aims, not just in Vietnam but in the world; an unambiguous declaration that the support and strengthening of the United Nations is a major objective; respect not just for the ends but the means; recognition that we don't cope with our adversaries by imitating them but by holding to standards that give us the vital leadership that in the end represents our best hope for genuine security—these are the essentials that might re-energize the nation.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Grades and the Draft

CONGRATULATIONS ON N.C.'s editorial, "Russian Roulette in the Classroom" [*SR*, Apr. 23]. There is one additional point which might be worth considering. That is the often very evident relationship between lower, though usually not *poor*, grades and a highly technical course of study. Education in most fields of science and engineering has become so detailed and difficult that even superior students often find it hard to maintain an above average grade point. Yet these students are the ones who will be most necessary in the future technical development of this country. To interrupt their education might well be a case of *national* Russian roulette.

J. N. THOMPSON, JR.,
Student,
University of Oklahoma.
Norman, Okla.

THE DRAFT PROBLEM could and should be solved by universal conscription of some kind. As for the elimination of academic grades, I cannot concur in N.C.'s thesis that intellectual development is beyond a college teacher's ability to evaluate, nor can I agree that heterogeneous grouping will serve the ultimate needs of any student preparing to cope with a structured, competitive, highly class-conscious adult life.

Let us not be cozened, like Marxists and Birchites, into a simplistic solution to a complex subject.

(MAJOR) H. W. GLEASON, JR.
Carlisle, Pa.

THE ONLY DRAFT SYSTEM then that even approximates fairness would be a national lottery for all males in the prescribed age group, drawing distinctions neither between good and bad students nor between students and non-students.

ALLEN M. KATZ,
Brandeis University.
Waltham, Mass.

THE RECENT Selective Service decision has obviously intensified "the Great Grade Chase." However, the increased pace of the chase among undergraduates derives its impetus from the frantic competition for enrollment in graduate school. Those curious souls who literally love learning frequently refuse to keep pace and are unfortunately handicapped in seeking graduate work.

DOUGLAS HUGHES,
Graduate student,
University of Colorado.
Boulder, Colo.

MY IMPRESSION is that the present draft system results in gross inequities, especially to the less affluent members of our draft age population. I'm surprised that the more active civil rights groups have not made this a national issue. Perhaps it's because they depend on students with good grades for their support and leadership.

MARVIN FOOKS.
Washington, D.C.

"I'm sorry but the entire power structure has gone to lunch."

Relevance and the Clergy

ALLELUIA! Praise! Amen! to Theodore Sorensen for his editorial, "The New and Future Clergy" [*SR*, Apr. 30]. The right and responsibility of Christians to be involved in social, political and economic issues began with Christ himself. If the leaders of His movement are not so committed, they are untrue to their vocation and irresponsible to their flocks.

(THE REV.) HARRY H. PRITCHETT, JR.,
Curate, St. Luke's Episcopal Church.
Birmingham, Ala.

HOW DARE Mr. Sorensen presume to write with any sense of authority about the minister's position in the modern world without once mentioning the possibility that the minister may have some relationship with God? Ministers are here not merely to point out the ills in our human condition but to provide a positive good by showing man, if possible, that he does have a relationship with a Supreme Being who can and may be the God of us all. If our ministers are to be reduced to mere activists, running wildly from one human ill to another, I see little difference between our church and the state churches in Poland or Hungary.

LE ROY STAHL.
Great Falls, Mont.

THE HISTORY of the church seems to suggest that the church enjoyed greatest popular success and acceptance at those times when it was least relevant to the issues of the society around it and to the lives of people. Conversely, when the church undertook the task of making its message relevant by acting upon the implications of that message, it encountered strongest resistance. There is little doubt, however, that the weight of Biblical evidence, both Old and New Testaments, comes down heavily on the side of relevance rather than retreat, involvement rather than indifference, concern rather than conformity.

(THE REV.) ALAN F. MATHER,
Wilton Congregational Church.
Wilton, Conn.

Grand Canyon and the Indians

MRS. JOAN INMAN, in her letter in this column on April 23 deploring the possibility of two new dams in the Grand Canyon, displays a laudable concern over archeological remains, but omits the fact that the south end of Bridge Canyon Dam would rest on the Hualapai Indian Reservation. The construction of this dam would make a major transformation in the lives of these Indians in that it would afford them the opportunity for joining the affluent society on something like an equal basis.

True conservation, it seems to me, includes human conservation as well as conservation of nature. Thus, I am nonplussed when Mrs. Inman asks why steam generating plants cannot substitute for dams. When city after city is facing up to the reality of air pollution, it strikes me as passing strange that a true conservationist should advocate steam generation, which depends on air-polluting fuels, over hydroelectric power generation which contributes nothing at all to polluting the air.

HENRY F. DOBYNS,
Dept. of Anthropology,
Cornell University.
Ithaca, N.Y.

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The Works of Sir Thomas More

By KENNETH REXROTH

THE PAST CENTURY and especially the last thirty years have seen an ever-accelerating interest in Thomas More. He is not only one of the most popular saints with well-educated Roman Catholics, but with Anglicans as well, and at least as popular with non-religious people familiar with his time. To contemporary taste, Thomas More is not only a saint but the most likable human being of the Renaissance and Reformation. It is this genial personality that overrides conflicting points of view.

Baron von Hugel was fond of observing that a prevailing sweetness of temper was one of the essential qualifications in the Vatican process of beatification and sanctification, the so-called trial of a saint. Geniality is not a quality we think of as primary in hardly any other major writer. The thought of More is an expression of a way of life, and his tragedy resulted from the betrayal of that way of life. For this reason the *Life of Sir Thomas More* by his son-in-law, Roper, and More's own meditations on the eve of execution, *A Dialogue of Comfort Against Tribulation,* are essential to understanding the *Utopia.*

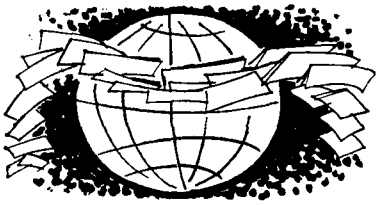
The *Utopia* is the only ideal commonwealth that accepts the obvious fact of what More called original sin. He did not believe that men were either naturally good or naturally bad, but that they desired the good with defective or corrupt wills. Utopia is a society structured to ennoble the conscience. More's martyrdom, as he was careful to point out in his final struggle with the king and his judges, was an appeal to conscience, not to external authority. British church authority, except for his fellow martyr, Bishop Fisher, was all on the other side. More was not at all what later ages would call an ultramontane. Quite the contrary, there was something specially and anciently English about his witty piety, his organization of his family into a kind of lay monasticism, and the quality of his prayer. Just as his English humanism finds its ancestry in the great Oxford Franciscan Bishop Grosseteste and in John of Salisbury, so his religious life was anticipated by St. Gilbert of Sempringham, who founded an Order of monks, nuns, and married couples living in separate buildings but in community. The Order endured until More's day.

Beyond More this religious temper would find expression in the tolerant and balanced humanity of Richard Hooker's *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity,* in the poetry of George Herbert, and the High Church lay monasticism of Nicholas Ferrer's community at Little Gidding. More's concept of the religious life was also close to the pietist movements within or without the church in the Rhineland—which survived in the Quakers, Mennonites, and communal Christian sects like the Hutterites.

The secret of this man whose life and whose ideal commonwealth have caused so much controversy is a tone of personality that is the expression of a specific life of prayer. Like all the Christian humanists between Tyndale, Hus, and the Council of Trent, More was—as his spokesman in the *Utopia,* Hythlodaeus says, and as his friends Erasmus and Bude say—attempting to return to a Christian philosophy of man, an "anthropology" which would be, as scholasticism was not, incorrigibly Christian. Like modern Russian Orthodox philosophers, like the Apostles, the Fathers of the Church, and the Byzantine theologians, More thought of Christianity as the process of the divinization of man. Christian humanism was ultimately a quest for a complete way of life that was a way of prayer, a life of active contemplation that was an assumption of unlimited liability for the realization of the destiny of Christendom and an individual penitence for the failure of that realization.

More, as a secular thinker, like Machiavelli or Fortescue, was a social inductionist, a political naturalist whose methods were the opposite of the medieval authors of "mirrors for princes" with their rationist deductions from axioms and first principles. The communism of the *Utopia* is not a principle but a conclusion from the evidence. Over half the book is the best of all exposures of the social sicknesses that accompanied the death of the medieval polity.

Enclosures, vagabondage, corrupt courts, depraved courtiers, the boom-and-panic cycle already established in the cloth industry, speculation in and cornering of the necessities of life, the general debauchery of a society that no longer respected its own supernatural sanctions—these indictments are not peculiar to More. They are voiced by all the Christian humanists. His contribution was a diagnosis of the root of the sickness and a program of therapy and cure. What he wished to do was to make possible to all men individual lives lived as vocations—"callings." What stood in the way were the predatory sins, pride, covetousness, greed—all the forms of injustice. If they could be inhibited by established social consent, it would be possible to democratize the most élite form of prayer—action as contemplation, life lived in devotion. This he believed was the only force that could prevail against what he called original sin and others, the Socratic dilemma. Can social and individual life be reconstructed so that man will be enabled to choose the greater ultimate good over the immediate lesser good?



More realized none of his hopes, saw not even the tiniest modicum of his reforms come true. Instead, in midcareer St. Thomas More collided with Pantagruel grown middle-aged, sour and paranoid. This is the tragedy of a great saint, that he was felled by the most commonplace evil, the delusion of participation. "If I don't take the job, somebody worse will and think of the good I can do with the power." Confronted the first time with choice, he chose the lesser good—the chancellorship. The second time he chose the greater—his conscience and death.

All of More's life and writing is lit with his martyrdom and distorted by it. Knowing what happened to him, we see all of his works as wrestling with this problem: "What are the things that are God's and the things that are Caesar's and what is the meaning of the word render?" So his own life and all his work, although he did not intend them that way, are a dramatic meditation, a prayer on a stage, like *Antigone.* His end is one of the few genuine tragedies in political history and his writings are its Sophoclean chorus.

More wrote an extraordinarily vigorous, natural, colloquial Latin, a rhetoric capable of reaching behind the emotions to touch the deepest core of the heart. This style survives all but the worst translations, and the English of the current Yale edition of the complete works is full of sparkle and muscle. More's own English is available in *A Dialogue of Comfort Against Tribulation,* edited by Leland Miles and published by Indiana University Press. The best introduction to the *Utopia* is by J. H. Hexter, a co-editor of the Yale *Utopia, More's Utopia, the Biography of an Idea* published by Harper.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Window on an Unhappy Decade

FOR A long time now I have found it difficult, when talking to college audiences about the Thirties, to make undergraduates understand what a depression is like. These boys and girls are so completely children of the Age of Affluence that they cannot conceive of joblessness, poverty, and despair on a nation-wide scale. I cite figures and tell them some of the things I saw with my own eyes, but there is nothing in their experience to help them to grasp what I am talking about.

Now there is a book that I can recommend in the belief that it will do the trick if anything can: *The American Writer and the Great Depression*, edited by Harvey Swados (Bobbs-Merrill, $7.50). Swados, though too young to have felt the full weight of the Depression, was precociously aware of its economic and social consequences; and, as his novels, short stories, and essays show, he has retained many of the radical convictions that were common in the Thirties but have been rare in the past twenty years. In preparing this anthology, he has read scores of books about the Depression, and he has extracted from them passages that evoke the quality of life in the Thirties. At the same time his book destroys the myth that only half-baked journalists and Stalinist stooges were concerned with the miseries of the American people in that unhappy decade.

Swados has arranged his material topically: factory workers in five states, farmers in seven states, the predicament of women in a decade of unemployment, jobhunting, bottom dogs, types of political agitation, proclamations of hope. Of course there are variations in literary merit, but passage after passage makes the Depression live.

Swados quotes effectively from the writers whom everyone associates with the Depression: John Steinbeck, James T. Farrell, John Dos Passos, and Richard Wright. Although he is aware of Steinbeck's sentimentality, he recognizes the power of *The Grapes of Wrath* not only in its own time but also in the present. He quotes representative passages from *USA* and *Studs Lonigan*, and he has a stirring quotation from Wright's text for a little-known collection of Farm Security Administration photographs, *12 Million Black Voices*.

Then there is exciting material from writers whose names everyone knows but who are not commonly associated with the Depression. Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio* is still taught in courses in American literature, but not many people remember *Puzzled America*; yet Swados finds in it three or four passages that are astonishingly evocative. There are excellent selections from Thomas Wolfe's *You Can't Go Home Again* and Nathanael West's *A Cool Million*, and Edmund Wilson's account of Hull-House and Chicago in 1932 is a masterly piece of reporting. Erskine Caldwell has written so much trash that most of us have forgotten how serious and concerned he was when he wrote *Some American People* in 1935.

There are other writers of the Thirties who are remembered only by a few. Jack Conroy's *The Disinherited* (1933) was one of the first and one of the best of the so-called proletarian novels, as Robert Cantwell's *The Land of Plenty* (1934) was one of the first and one of the best of the novels about strikes. The way both books stand up, as indicated by Swados's selections, is gratifying and a little surprising. Josephine Herbst has not been silent as long as Conroy and Cantwell, and her autobiography, of which parts have been published, is a book to which many of us look forward; but too little has been made of her trilogy of middle-class decline: *Pity Is Not Enough*, *The Executioner Waits*, and *Rope of Gold*. After World War II Edward Newhouse won some reputation as a writer of sardonic short stories for *The New Yorker*; but before the war, when he was a very youthful sports editor for the *Daily Worker*, he had written a couple of brash but lively novels about the Depression, from one of which, *You Can't Sleep Here*, Swados quotes. As for the late James Agee, he is by no means forgotten—indeed, there is a growing Agee cult—but *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* has never had enough readers, though it should have

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many more now that there is a paperbound edition. More than ever, this seems to me the one authentic masterpiece in the literature of the Depression.

Not everything that Swados has included serves his purpose. Without the music and the actors and the excitement of the audience, Marc Blitzstein's *The Cradle Will Rock* seems unhappily pointless; although Swados thinks badly of Clifford Odets, I believe *Waiting for Lefty* is better reading than *Cradle* and a clearer expression of the spirit of the decade. Ruth McKenney's account of the beginning of the sit-down strikes in Akron seems to me a little phony, and I am surprised that Swados, who is always looking for phoniness on the part of Stalinists, included it. Although I remembered Louis Adamic's *My America* as a stimulating book, I found the selection here commonplace and dull. Swados includes only a few poems, and not all of those, I am afraid, are wisely chosen.

Swados's introduction begins: "How is one to explain to those who did not live through the period what life was like in America after the Crash? Those who did live through it, like the survivors of a war, may vary in articulateness, but they can never be the same, even though to outward appearances they seem no different from those carelessly living on loans, flying now and paying later, as though this is the way it always was and always will be." He goes on to speak of the denigration in the Forties of most of the people who had written about the Depression. At present, however, he continues, "now that the work of the Roaring Twenties has been thoroughly exploited, there is already a discernible tendency to glamorize the Thirties." Indeed there is, and the decade is becoming fashionable among both scholars and journalists. We are fortunate to have, early in the game, a book so clear-sighted, so scholarly, so unsentimental as this.

At the end of his introduction Swados says: "In short, the selective principle has been twofold: first, to ensure that as wide a social spectrum as possible would be represented, so that the reader might have a historically balanced account of the effects of the Depression on all segments of the American people; and second, to present a cross-section of good writing originating during the Depression decade without regard to the writer's sociopolitical convictions (or lack of them)." These two horses cannot easily be persuaded to pull together, but Swados, by and large, has managed them very well. So far as the written word can ever serve to give people some inkling of an experience they have not shared, this is the book that shows what the Depression was like.

—Granville Hicks.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Hark to the Mock Turtle

May I add to Alice Dalgliesh's comments on the "New English" [*SR*, Apr.16]?

Mr. Paul Roberts devotes two lessons in his Grade 5 *English Series: A Linguistic Program* to the Mock Turtle's discussion of schooling from *Alice in Wonderland*. This is fun—and as a fifth-grade teacher I am glad to be reminded of it—but is it not also singularly apropos of "New English" itself? In the fourteen-page introductory brochure to the complete series, Mr. Roberts presents his view of what he is attempting to do: ". . . to make explicit the sentence producing machinery of the language . . . to inform the mind." Can this be done in this way *for elementary pupils* without "Uglification," which the Mock Turtle speaks of, setting in?

In each of the six photographs contained in this brochure, Mr. Roberts looks thoughtful, whether he is smoking his pipe (full of transformational or traditional grammar?), whether he is telephoning, or whether he is reading. Perhaps he is thinking of the pledge he asks that each teacher take. "What is required of the teacher at this point is chiefly faith . . ." "The teacher must above all resist the temptation to correct or change the materials." . . . Perhaps Mr. Roberts is afraid "Derision," which the Mock Turtle also speaks of, may set in if a faithless teacher questions the enduring literary value of the poetry of Philip Larkin, Annette Wynne, Beatrice Curtis Brown, Dorothy Baruch, Monica Shannon, Julian Grenfell, and those better-known poets (sic)—Leigh Hunt and William Makepeace Thackeray. True, among the real poetry included is Emily Dickinson's "I like to see it lap the miles," but Emily would be the first to disclaim this version. She relied heavily on the dash for punctuation as any faithless teacher who reads the definitive Harvard Belknap Press edition knows. She would not recognize this commaed and semi-coloned version. . . .

If one subscribes to the idea that learning is an individual matter, that there is much to know that cannot be verbalized directly, that life—and art—resist tidying and the tidy approach, then one can only hope that scientification such as this does not set in too permanently in the teaching of that intractable and glorious body—the English language.

Barbara Ramsay Livingston.
West Haven, Conn.

Capote's Achievement

Truman Capote either did or did not write a reporter's novel. If *In Cold Blood* [*SR*, Jan. 22] is one, it may be sensible to have a reporter, as well as the literary critics, express a reaction:

This veteran member of the working press finds that Capote, though he had more years than we have hours to dig into a murder story, did resist the novelist's temptation to embellish and modify the facts, and did achieve a superlative job of reporting. He strayed in his talks with the killers, but that should be forgiven. . . .

He finds, what all reporters have found, the infinite degree to which lives and circumstances, even the most trivial, are interwoven. . . . The chorus in a Greek tragedy mourns the dead and stands aghast before inscrutable Fate. Capote, the reporter, finds the Fates are far from inscrutable. They are amoral, pursuing a rigid logic. Capote's achievement is classic.

C. Roland,
World-Journal-Tribune.
New York, N.Y.

Wholesale Murder Retailed

Why Doesn't J. L. Bernstein [*SR*, Apr. 30] go to the Vietnam rice paddies and try doing with the hundreds of bodies there what Truman Capote did with the six in Kansas, if he (or she) thinks such figures are the key to Capote's earnings?

But then he (or she) probably realizes—being insightful enough to see how distorted are the values of this society—that money and fame aren't everything and will stay home to fight the Birch Society in his state.

Jeanne Kelly.
Kensington, Md.

It Seems to Be Mr. Bernstein's thesis that murder, unless it be wholesale, is not worthy of attention. In other words, then, violence done to an individual should be brushed aside and no one should bother to study and analyze and report on it and its perpetrators. This would seem to be a rather harsh judgment in a society founded upon the importance and the rights of the individual. . . . And surely painstaking attention paid to any one crime is not wasted effort. If profit and publicity result, where is the shame? . . .

Janet B. Fisher.
Kerhonkson, N.Y.

Blooper

JUST READ WITH DISMAY MY REVIEW OF LILLIAN ROSS "TALK STORIES" [*SR*, Apr. 30] . . . I WROTE "EDITOR SHAWN," ASSUMING THAT EVERYONE KNOWS THAT HIS NAME IS WILLIAM. APOLOGIES TO TED AND WILLIAM, YOU, AND 374,821 SR READERS WHO NOTICED ERROR. . . . NEXT TIME I'LL SUPPLY THE GIVEN NAME, EVEN IF I'M WRITING GENERAL WILLIAM TED DE GAULLE.

Murrah Gattis.
Pico Rivera, Calif.

Editor's Note: *For having made an unaccountable mistake,* SR *adds its apologies to editor William and dancer Ted Shawn.*

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A Bad Day at Little Big Horn

HEADED east from Billings, Mont., on Route 87, you drive through bare hills over a road with something of a roller-coaster rhythm about it —a bleak landscape, at first glance, but with a beauty that grows upon you until you begin to understand why, in the drought-ridden days of the 1920s and 1930s, impoverished ranchers and homesteaders left it with sorrow. Then, as you come into the town of Hardin, some fifty miles from Billings, and turn south, a curious thing happens.

Suddenly it is not 1966 but June 25, 1876, and above the sound of your car's motor you seem to hear other, quite different sounds. Bugles fill the air with a wild music. Voices scream in agony and triumph. Dying horses shriek. Then, in a few minutes, you are there, looking up at the forlorn hill above the east bank of the Little Big Horn River where George Armstrong Custer and five companies of his Seventh Cavalry had their annihilating rendezvous with destiny.

What, aside from this terrible fact, actually happened on that fearful Sunday afternoon? Historians, and mere Little Big Horn buffs, never will know all the details, and that makes for a proper kind of battle—one that can be hashed over endlessly, with a more than ordinary quota of what-ifs and why-did-he (Custer)-do-what-he-did, and how many Indians was he up against, anyhow, 2,500 or 4,000? According to those who should know, the Little Big Horn literature by now is second only to that of Gettysburg among renowned American military bloodlettings, and the reason is easy to see. It is, simply, the mystery that surrounds the whole thing; that, and the shocking surprise of it, even though in the long run the result was less than decisive, for the victors at the Little Big Horn were of course ultimately doomed to failure in the gory, running war between the U.S. Government and the American Indian.

When I was a boy in Montana old-timers still argued about Custer's behavior on that final day of his life. That he was a man of utmost personal courage no one dreamed of denying. His Civil War record proved it. That he was cruel, selfish, and a gaudy exhibitionist was a generally accepted judgment. But then the old-timers, one of whom had fought elsewhere on the field that Sunday, would try to figure out what had gone on in Custer's mind, what aberration — if such it was—moved him to take a fatal chance. On the morning of the 25th he was warned by Crow and Ree scouts that a huge encampment of Sioux and Cheyennes was strung out along the northern end of the valley of the Little Big Horn. If he chose not to believe them, it was because he held that his Seventh could whip any Indian force of any size. And, to be sure, he might have won if he had kept his twelve companies intact, instead of dividing them into three battalions, one sent off under Captain Frederick W. Benteen on a senseless scouting expedition, another ordered into the valley under Major Marcus A. Reno to attack the Indian village against overwhelming odds, while Custer and his immediate command men rode south along the ridge east of the Little Big Horn, never again to be seen alive by their old comrades-in-arms.

"It was a grandstand play," one old-timer would say. "He had to have a big victory to get himself out of all that trouble he was in with the Grant Administration."

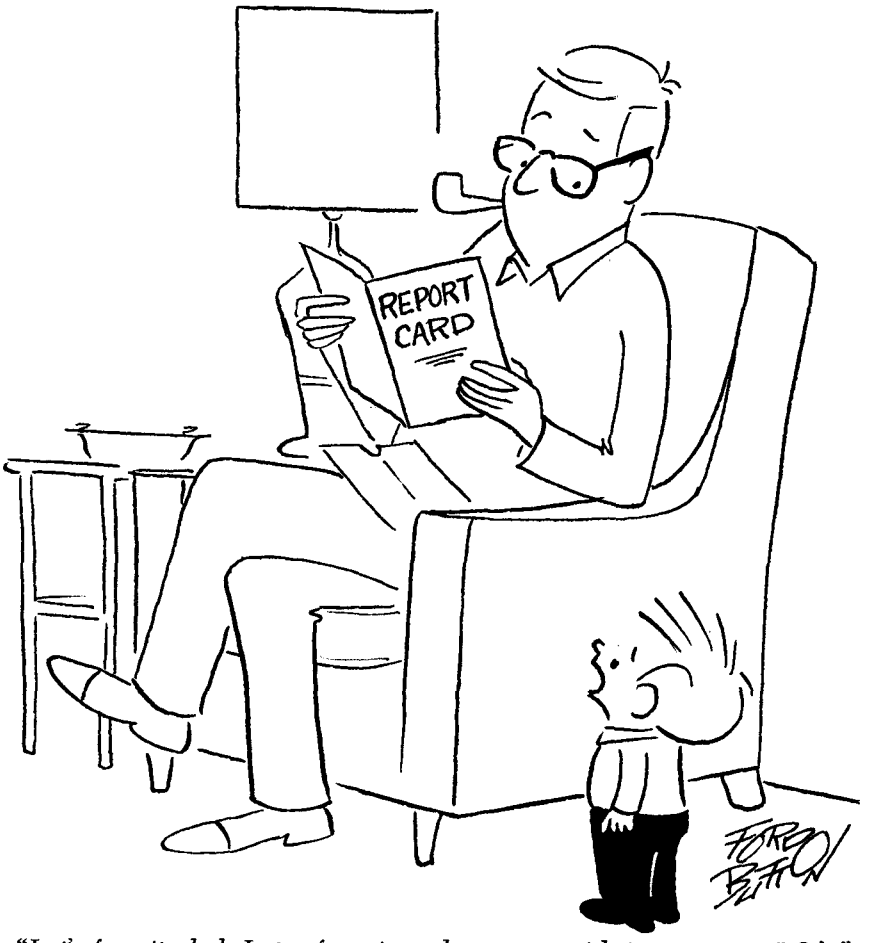
There was considerable merit in this contention.

"He had to attack when he did, or he'd have been court-martialed if he let those Indians get away after he saw 'em."

There was some truth in that, too—I heard a distinguished retired Army officer say the same thing several years ago —but no one to this day can be sure why he split up his forces as he did. Did he plan to attack the Indian village from the rear while Reno was charging it frontally? Or did he have no real battle plan at all? Did he deliberately disregard the orders of his superior, General Alfred H. Terry, to await the arrival of Terry and Colonel John Gibbon from the north on June 27, a scheme by which the Indians were to have been neatly boxed in?

Into the fray now comes the late Mari Sandoz, she of the memorable *Old Jules*, *Crazy Horse*, *Cheyenne Autumn*, etc., whose knowledge of the Great Plains Indians was matched by few. As an admirer of the Cheyennes, her loathing for Custer was intense; in the frontier West in which she grew up his murderous destruction of a Cheyenne village on the Washita River in 1867 remained a grisly memory. Just offhand, then, Miss Sandoz would scarcely have seemed to qualify as an impartial chronicler when her publisher was casting about for the author of this latest addition to its Great Battles

(*Continued on page* 36)



"Let's face it, dad. Lots of geniuses have sons with just average I.Q.'s."

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WAS SILENCE THE ONLY SOLUTION?

How did the Pope justify his impartiality concerning the Axis and the Allies?

Pius XII and the Third Reich: A Documentation, *by Saul Friedländer, translated from the French and German by Charles Fullman (Knopf. 238 pp. $4.95), and* ***Actes et Documents du Saint-Siège Relatifs à la Seconde Guerre Mondiale,*** *edited by Pierre Blet, et al. (Libreria Editrice Vaticana, Rome, Italy. Vol. I, 553 pp. $12. Vol. II, 453 pp. $11), present documents from British, American, Israeli, and Vatican archives on the Holy See's policy toward Nazi persecutions in Europe. Guenter Lewy is author of "The Catholic Church and Nazi Germany."*

By GUENTER LEWY

THE ATTITUDE of Pope Pius XII toward Nazi Germany and the reasons for his silence in the face of the murder of six million Jews have been the subject of extensive and often acrimonious debate ever since the young German playwright Rolf Hochhuth chose this problem as the theme for *The Deputy.*

In Saul Friedländer's *Pius XII and the Third Reich* we now have a source of valuable information that generates light rather than heat. The author is associate professor of contemporary history at the Graduate Institute of International Studies in Geneva, Switzerland. His study consists of documents with brief accompanying notes which provide the historical setting and contribute to the readability of the book. A large proportion of the documents included come from the files of the Nazi Ministry of Foreign Affairs: others are taken from British and American diplomatic papers and from the Zionist Archives in Jerusalem. Most of them have been known to specialists in the field, but many are now published for the first time.

The author admits frankly that a study of the Holy See's policy toward Nazi Germany based in the main on German diplomatic papers cannot but be biased. These German documents give us only one dimension of the problem; moreover, diplomatic reports, especially under a totalitarian régime, are often influenced by a desire of the writers to tell what their governments want to hear. And yet, despite a very real need for caution, the Nazi documents contribute to a better understanding of these tragic events. Much of what they contain is corroborated by accounts of American, British, and Polish diplomats. The documents just released from the Vatican archives, which were not available to Professor Friedländer, further confirm some of his main interpretive findings.

Without claiming to state definitive conclusions Friedländer notes that the documents presented by him reveal impressive agreement on two points. First, Pope Pius XII, who had spent many years in Germany as papal nuncio, had a predilection for that nation which was not substantially diminished by the nature of the Nazi régime. Second, the Pontiff feared a Bolshevization of Europe and therefore was anxious not to weaken Germany by criticizing its wartime policies. The documentary support for the first of these conclusions is extensive; the second finding is based on more circumstantial evidence, though the considerable number of documents quoted serves to enhance the plausibility of this interpretation. The Pope's failure to protest the "final solution," argues Friedländer, is thus in part accounted for by Pius's love for Germany and by his fear of undermining German resistance in the East. Other factors were his desire not to make a bad situation worse and to avoid greater evils—for the Jews as well as for the German Catholics, on whom Hitler might have sought vengeance. The Pontiff's wish to pursue a policy of neutrality also receives mention.

In the years immediately following World War II some Catholic writers attributed the silence of the Pope (and of the German bishops) on Nazi atrocities to lack of knowledge to these deeds. The Pope and the bishops, wrote a high German church dignitary in 1946, did not protest against many Nazi horrors because they did not know of them. This explanation, the documents now available show clearly, is untenable. The Holy See received detailed information about the mass killings of Poles and Jews from a variety of sources. After much prodding by Allied diplomats, Pius XII in his Christmas message of 1942 finally expressed his concern for the "hundreds of thousands of people who, through no fault of their own and solely because of their nation or their race, have been condemned to death or progressive extinction." Beyond this cautious comment the Pope was not prepared to go.

Less than ten days after this Christmas message, Wladislaw Raczkiewicz, President of the Polish government in exile, implored the Pontiff to issue an unequivocal denunciation of Nazi violence in order to strengthen the willingness of the Poles to resist the Germans and to help the Jews. His people, wrote Raczkiewicz on January 2, 1943, "do not ask so much for material or diplomatic help, because they know that the possibilities of their receiving such help are slim, but they implore that a voice be raised to show clearly and plainly where the evil lies and to condemn those in the service of evil. If these people can be reinforced in their conviction that divine law knows no compromise and that it stands above any human considerations of the moment, they will, I am sure, find the strength to resist."

SIMILARLY, on September 5, 1944, after more than half a million Hungarian Jews had been sent to their death at Auschwitz, the Chief Rabbi of Palestine, Isaac Herzog, urged through the Papal Delegate to Egypt and Palestine that "the Pope make a public appeal to the Hungarian people and call upon them to place obstacles in the way of the deportation; that he declare in public that any person obstructing the deportation will receive the blessing of the Church, whereas any person aiding the Germans will be denounced." Whether any sizable number of Polish or Hungarian Catholics would have been influenced by such a papal appeal for the Jews we will never know. Both interventions failed; the Supreme Pontiff maintained his silence.

At the end of his book Friedländer expresses the hope that the documents of the Vatican archives will soon be published "so that the events and personages can be brought into proper perspective." His wish, shared by many other historians, now seems a step nearer fulfillment. At the end of 1965 the Secretariat of State of the Holy See published the first volume of a series entitled "Acts and Documents of the Holy See Concerning the Second World War." The second volume appeared in March 1966. The series is edited by three Jesuit scholars who, in the preface of the first volume, explained the willingness of the

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Vatican to release documents before the customary time interval by the desire of the Holy See to contribute to fuller knowledge of the events of World War II. How important are these Vatican documents? What light do they shed on the story that can be developed from German and Allied sources?

The first volume covers the Holy See's activities from the accession of Pope Pius XII in March 1939 until August 1940. It includes messages and addresses of the Pontiff, correspondence between the Pope and civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries, as well as exchanges of notes between the Papal Secretariat of State and the Holy See's nuncios in the various capitals of Europe. The documents confirm the Vatican's strenuous efforts in 1939 to preserve the peace. The Pope offered to mediate; although motivated in part by his desire to obtain an amelioration of the harassed German Church, he showed considerable partiality for Germany and pressured the Poles to consent to the return of Danzig to Germany. So anxious was the Holy See to prevent the outbreak of war that it pursued a policy not unlike the appeasement line associated with the name of Chamberlain. The Vatican documents here confirm fully what we know about the fateful days of August 1939 from the memoirs of the Polish statesmen Joseph Beck and Jean Szembek, excerpts from which are given by Friedländer.

Pius XII continued his efforts for peace after war had finally come. It has been known for some time that in 1939 and early 1940 the Pope agreed to act as an intermediary between certain elements of the German Resistance and Great Britain. The peace terms envisaged the removal of the Nazi régime and a settlement of the Eastern question in favor of Germany. The episode is mentioned in the editors' introduction, but regrettably no documents bearing upon this action appear to have been found so far. The volume does include notes, dated May 3, 1940, addressed to the papal nuncios in Belgium and Holland, relaying word received from the same military resistance group in Germany that the long expected attack upon the Low Countries was imminent. This information was transmitted to the Belgian king and it served to confirm the identical warning which had been received from the Dutch military attaché in Berlin.

After the German attack of May 10, Pius XII sent telegrams of sympathy to the sovereign rulers of Belgium, Holland, and Luxemburg, whose neutrality had been violated. The French Ambassador at the Holy See welcomed the dispatch of these telegrams but urged the Pope to accompany his words of pity for the victims with a forthright condemnation of the aggressor. The same demand had been made by the Allied ambassadors at the time of the German attack upon Poland in September 1939, but in each case the Holy See refused to take a stronger stand. Anxious to protect his prospects as a possible mediator and deeply distressed by the global conflict that found Catholics on both sides, the Pope adhered to a policy of careful neutrality.

The second volume in the Vatican series contains 124 letters by Pope Pius XII to the German bishops, written during the years 1939 to 1944. The *New York Times* of March 6, 1966, printing a Reuters dispatch from Rome, gave the publication of this volume front-page coverage under the headline, "Pope Pius's Appeals on Jews Published to Counter Accusers." But, as the *Times*'s own correspondent in Rome had to admit the following day, the predicament of the Jews of Europe is mentioned in but one of the 124 letters. Moreover, this letter was originally published in 1963 and is reprinted in Friedländer's documentation.

The addressee of this communication, Bishop Preysing of Berlin, was a man of courage and compassion whose humanitarian views unfortunately were not shared by most members of the German episcopate. On at least two occasions Bishop Preysing had urged the Pope to issue a public appeal on behalf of the Jews. Such an intercession, Preysing wrote to the Pope on March 6, 1943, was the last hope of the innocent victims and was also the fervent wish of all men of good will. Pius replied a few weeks later that he had alluded to the fate of these unfortunates in his Christmas message of 1942 and that much money was being expended on behalf of non-Aryan refugees. More he could not do without making matters worse. The German bishops themselves, Pius suggested, should speak up for the rights of all men. Such declarations would raise their standing before world public opinion as well as serve to justify the episcopate in the eyes of posterity.

The volume includes 123 other letters of varying contents. The Pope repeatedly asserts his love for the German people and defends his impartiality in the war. He explains that his public utterances must take into account the situation of the Church in the various countries. "If We have extended special consideration to any people," Pius assures the Archbishop of Munich in January 1943, "it was certainly toward Germany. We have done this, within the limits of the justifiable, out of regard for the especially delicate situation of the Church in the German sphere of influence."

In the final analysis, then, the Vatican documents, though interesting, do not open up any new perspectives. They further demonstrate Pope Pius's skillful diplomacy, which above all else was aimed at the ending of a cruel war that pitted Catholics against Catholics and at the achievement of a just peace. This endeavor dictated maximum restraint on the part of the Pope himself, the Church's symbol of unity. The most difficult task faced by the Holy See at the moment, the Pontiff wrote Bishop Preysing in March 1944, consisted of preserving the confidence of the world's Catholics, irrespective of the side on which they found themselves, in the head of the Church. This course of neutrality ruled out the Pope's endorsement of either the German crusade against Communist Russia or of the Western Allies' struggle against Nazi tyranny. The same concern with maintaining the Holy See's standing as a force for peace, in addition to considerations of *raison d'église*, forbade a forthright condemnation of the murder of the Jews.

"You will meet a tall, dark, handsome young man. He will mug you."

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A Short Trip Down the Styx

Nazi Culture: Intellectual, Cultural and Social Life in the Third Reich, *by George L. Mosse (Grosset & Dunlap. 386 pp. $6.95), is a compilation of readings and documents designed to reveal the face of Nazism. Louis L. Snyder, professor of history at The City University of New York, wrote "The Weimar Republic."*

By LOUIS L. SNYDER

TO GOETHE is attributed a far-sighted aphorism: "May the good Lord help the Germans if ever a Napoleon appears amongst them!" The great poet knew his people well. It was Goethe, too, who spent a lifetime working on the Faust-Mephisto legend on the polarization of the human character in Good versus Evil. His dichotomy applied peculiarly well to the Germans, who produced not only the Bach-Beethoven-Brahms trio but also the devilish combination of Hitler-Himmler-Hess.

When the late American historian Koppel S. Pinson was completing his *Modern Germany,* he at first was at a loss for an exact title for his chapter on National Socialism. He finally settled for "Germany Goes Berserk." The designation is an intriguing one, defended warmly by some, attacked hotly by others. Both psychiatrists and historians still differ among themselves about the possibility of an entire nation suffering a nervous breakdown or stepping over the borderline into a realm of national psychosis.

What happened in the twelve years of Hitler's "Thousand-Year Reich" was a descent into barbarism such as the world had never seen in its recorded history. The human animal has endured some terrible earthbound infernos, from the idyls of Genghis Khan to the Armenian massacres. But there has been nothing to match the vicious brutality, the arrogant nationalism, and the picayune irrationalism of the Nazi mind.

This book, which presents a collection of documents and readings on every facet of Nazi culture, might be called *An Intelligent Reader's Guide to Nazi Super-Nonsense.* It is a routine examination and it has been done before. It serves a purpose, however, in revealing once more the seedy and shoddy nature of the Nazi "wave of the future."

The editor seeks to capture the flavor and purpose of Hitlerism by asking and answering this basic question: "What was life like under Hitler? Or: How did National Socialism impinge upon the consciousness of those who lived under it?" Professor Mosse omits documents on foreign policy and on internal administration in favor of those on cultural and social life. He concentrates on the years between 1933, when Hitler came to power, and 1939, when World War II followed as a logical consequence of Nazi aggression.

The opening documents are familiar excerpts from Hitler's ungrammatical *Mein Kampf,* certainly one of the most grotesque blueprints ever published. There follow chapters on the nature of the Nazi revolution, proliferated humbug on racialism (red-faced German scientists had to read this tripe before world anthropological congresses), how myths and heroes were built in the Third Reich, totalitarianism in culture, science and National Socialism, Christianity, education, the State, and the assumption of power.

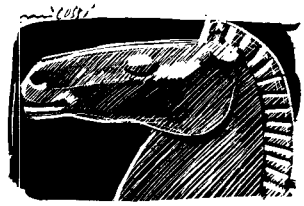
The editor has used collections of clippings from European libraries in his search for striking examples of Nazi culture at its best or worst. He deliberately avoids devoting a major section to the Jews on the ground that "Every section of this book is filled with the Nazis' anti-Jewish obsession." He gives excerpts from the work of a special breed of Nazi intellectuals – Hitler on the masses, Rosenberg on women, Hans F. K. Günther on the ideal Nordic type, Martin Bormann on Christianity, and the expert Dr. Goebbels on, of all things, "freedom."

Many thousands of other examples could well fit into this book. Perhaps the editor might be inclined to add to his second edition this masterpiece from the pen of Professor Hermann Gauch, Nazi racial scientist:

> The grinding motion of chewing in Nordics allows mastication to take place with the mouth closed, whereas men of other races are inclined to make the same smacking noises as animals. . . .
>
> Generally speaking, the Nordic race alone can emit sounds of untroubled clearness, whereas among non-Nordics the pronunciation is impure, the individual sounds are more confused and like the noises made by animals, such as barking, sniffing, snoring, and squeaking. That birds can learn to talk better than other animals is explained by the fact that their mouths are Nordic in structure—that is to say, high, narrow, and short-tongued. . . .
>
> If non-Nordics are more closely allied to monkeys and apes than to Nordics, why is it possible for them to mate with Nordics and not with apes? The answer is this: it has not been proved that non-Nordics cannot mate with apes.

Much of the material in this book belongs properly in a special library for the feeble-minded or for the crackpots seeking to emulate Hitler's Icarus flight. Much of it makes depressing reading. All of it sounds like a propaganda campaign for a vacation in Dante's *Inferno.*

Although this book is concerned with the "What?" of Nazi culture, the editor's contributions, which are designed to illuminate, do not give a satisfactory response to the "Why?" of Nazism. Perhaps it is too much to expect any clear-cut explanation of the Nazi phenomenon. Too often the process of clarifying the irrational results in confusion compounded. The Nazi movement has yet to find its historian who can make sense of and unravel the mystery of why one of the reputedly most civilized peoples on earth could allow itself to be trapped in the Nazi strait jacket.



There are those who say plaintively: "Hitler is dead. The war is over. The Germans are now our friends. Let us forget about the unfortunate Nazi era!" Nothing could be more dangerous for either contemporary Germans or the world at large. Hitlerism was not the kind of honest mistake that can be swept under the rug of history.

No fair-minded person expects today's Germans to remain on guilt-ridden knees, despite Churchill's admonition that "the Germans are either at your throat or at your feet." No reasonable human being blames today's German youth for the excesses of crystal night, Gestapo murder, and genocide. Yet for the sanity of the human race it is essential that the record of Hitler's Germany should remain alive and be retold again and again as a warning for the future.

Most important of all, the younger generation in Germany, the United States, and the world must learn the truth in their textbooks and in their classrooms. These young people do not know the full story of Germany's deadly flirtation with Nazi nihilism. Professor Mosse's book helps keep the record alive.

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Where Dreams Ended, Terror Began

Diary of a Nightmare: Berlin 1942-1945, *by Ursula von Kardorff translated from the German by Ewan Butler (John Day. 256 pp. $4.95), reveals, through the artless notes of an eyewitness, what the everyday German experienced under Hitler. Richard Plant, a critic and writer, spent his youth in Germany.*

By RICHARD PLANT

IF SOMEONE would produce a film using the events described in this chronicle, he couldn't help but turn out a grade-B thriller, chock-full of improbabilities, unlikely coincidences, impossible last-minute rescues and disasters. Ursula von Kardorff, member of a noble family, related to both the intelligentsia and to the officers' group who, in 1944, attempted the murder of Hitler, worked as a journalist at one of the few remaining Berlin non-Nazi papers, the *DAZ*. Her job was to turn out, in what we would call a "woman's column," innocuous idyls on dairy farms or hymns to the bravery of housewives weathering the increasing shortage of anything necessary or pleasurable. A colleague identified as Bärchen remained her hero to the flaming, bitter end. Bärchen smuggled food to old Jewish people (one is amazed how many had remained until 1942), regularly listened to the BBC, circumvented Goebbels's directives, and tried to help those arrested by the Gestapo.

While Berlin still bore a resemblance to a normally functioning town the Gestapo was the main worry. Driven to a frenzy by the unmistakable smell of defeat, they tightened the net around the author's diminishing circle of friends. More and more people were taken away "for interrogation"; more and more would suddenly appear, late at night, at the author's apartment, asking for one night's shelter: these were "the submarines," Germans who had to go underground or flee if they wanted to escape the notorious "People's Courts." Ursula von Kardorff didn't act the heroine—but she did a lot, at considerable risk.

What the author and most Berliners experienced until October 1945 could only be recreated by someone with, say, the powers of Stendhal—or through a disarmingly artless, matter-of-fact technique. Miss Kardorff is not a particularly original journalist. Her diary is sketchy, without any attempt at definition or depth. But precisely because it does not try to make either a fighter of its author or hide her weaknesses, and precisely because it so often puts her "group" in a questionable light, the book may convince those who can be convinced that someone could stay in Berlin until the end without somehow joining the crime.

Though never taken in by Nazi witchcraft, Miss Kardorff started her defiance late, and even then without realizing what she did. In 1943, for instance, she mailed resistance leaflets to her brother on the Russian front; if caught by the Gestapo, she would have been shot. But as the storm comes closer, as the bombings reduce her apartment to rubbish, as Berlin begins to resemble a surrealist landscape lit by the flames of hell, as the tempo of destruction increases beyond comprehension, she comprehends. And then comes July 1944, when a group of friends and relatives, headed by von Stauffenberg, tries to assassinate Hitler. The average American reader, knowing little about the rush of events, will gain new insight into the aftermath of the abortive conspiracy, the orgies of arrests, tortures, shootings, and hangings. The Gestapo interrogates the author again and again. Because she now manages to play her earlier, true part—that of the gossipy, flirtatious woman columnist—she is allowed to go free. By that time everyone living in Berlin exists only from night to night. No wonder the people who stuck it out through the assorted infernos feel to this day committed to their town.

Miss Kardorff often raises more questions than she can answer. Is it possible that a newspaperwoman with excellent contacts learned of extermination camps only in 1944? To be exact, on December 27, 1944, she got a copy of the highly conservative *Journal de Genève*—and there she found, described in horrifying detail, a place named Auschwitz. Those committed to speak of "collective German guilt" will have to doubt the late date. This reviewer is inclined to believe the author; it would have been easy to doctor the diary so that she might come off a better and wiser woman. Her unsophistication and occasional clumsiness carry conviction.

One of the many puzzles presented by these random notes from a sinking ship is why although those "in the know" were certain in 1943 that Hitler would lose the war and destroy Germany while doing so, innumerable intelligent people refused to recognize the hurricane when it hit them. They tried to bury their heads in the sand and found a gaping bomb crater instead. The perceptive reader is left with other questions: Is the mixture of perversity, bad luck and stupidity that makes history different each time? Nations seem to learn nothing. Then, three times a small conspiracy tried to get rid of Hitler; three times fate favored the wicked. Why did only a few courageous staff officers, plus a handful of labor people, finally attempt salvation at a late moment? What had happened to the unions, those strong, wealthy, well-entrenched strongholds of respectability? This diary from the holocaust doesn't answer any fundamental questions. Its notes, scribbled on the margins of disaster, simply reveal an average woman, surviving against all bloody odds and growing into an entirely different and mature person.

Wonder's Shoes

By Jeannette Nichols

WONDER had worn its same shoes
for all the many years it lived in your house
and you turned it out barefoot,
said the shoes were done in, unmendable.
It went
as it always goes when told
stubbing its toes on rock.

You vowed to throw all the old things out,
the dolls, broken chair, the lock of hair in the locket.

While Wonder wandered the countryside, child of youth,
you cleaned your house, scoured Hope of its skin
before you'd let Wonder back in
to live in its old room,
before you'd wash Wonder's feet
and dry them with fresh linen,
putting away the first coin toward new shoes.

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The Muses Are Herd

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS, *author of many books, among them "The Poetry of Michelangelo," published this year.*

THOSE OF US who undertake this quarterly summary of books of and about poetry come to realize that the teeming world of poets and poetasters reflects the general population explosion, and the thousands of pages we must peruse show energy and vitality in an art already considered moribund in the eighteenth century. The possibility lurks in our minds that in reading through forty or fifty volumes we may miss, or even dispraise, some potential Theodore Roethke or James Dickey, who will later accept a National Book Award while throwing our words back at us before a mirthful audience in Lincoln Center. It will be small consolation then to recall that even Gide failed to recognize the merits of a young hopeful named Proust.

The die being cast, however, let us begin with a poet to whom recognition came after death. In *Emily Dickinson's Poetry: Stairway of Surprise* (Doubleday Anchor, $1.45), Charles R. Anderson, a Melville scholar, probes Emily Dickinson's lifetime corpus of verse, almost 2,000 poems hidden away in the poet's bureau drawer, to be discovered by her sister. All but seven were posthumously published. Professor Anderson divides the vast subject matter into four categories: art, nature, the self, death and its sequel. His enthusiam is not diminished by overwhelming quantity. "Her really fine poems do not seem to me to number over a hundred, her great ones about twenty-five, and these are the ones I have concentrated on." Since most people have their favorites, they will hasten to see whether Anderson confirms their judgment. They will read with pleasure his solid explications of "A little madness in the spring (Is wholesome even for the King)" and "The Mushroom is the Elf of Plants."

Among the new books of translations is *Rice Grains: Selected Poems*, by Amado V. Hernandez, erstwhile Poet Laureate of the Philippines (International Publishers, hardbound, $2.50; paperback, 95¢). A freedom fighter, Hernandez was sustained by a sympathy for the Huks and opposed to the incumbent postwar government in Manila. He accordingly spent a decade in various Philippine prisons, within which he wrote in Tagalog most of the poems translated here by Professor E. San Juan of the University of California. Their chief burdens are the people's hunger, the heroism of workers and tradesmen, the right to strike, class warfare, social injustice, and his own imprisonment. Unfortunately, the poetry is not as lofty in execution as the proletarian ideals it espouses.

So successful have been Günter Grass's prose works, *The Tin Drum, Cat and Mouse*, and *Dog Years*, one forgets that this popular young writer published books of verse in 1956 and 1960. Some thirty examples are now Englished for the first time in his *Selected Poems* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95) alongside their German originals. We are right to expect the same world-view that we know from Grass's prose, a concern that something ought to be done, a pseudo involvement, all disguised by a satirical vein bordering on the unreal or surreal. The poetry-of-the-absurd is illustrated by "Die Seeschlacht" (The Sea Battle) in Michael Hamburger's version:

> An American aircraft carrier
> and a Gothic cathedral
> simultaneously sank each other
> in the middle of the Pacific.
> To the last
> the young curate played on the organ.
> Now aeroplanes and angels hang
> in the air
> and have nowhere to land.

Inevitably, anthologies come in fatter volumes. *Master Poems of the English Language*, edited by Oscar Williams (Trident, $10), appears in a de-luxe, boxed volume that makes the *Oxford Book of English Verse* look like an austerity printing. If its 1,072 pages include no more than 102 poems, this is because each piece is accompanied by a critical essay from such distinguished poets or critics as William Empson, I. A. Richards, Cleanth Brooks, or Robert Graves. The poems, from Wyatt to Dylan Thomas, were chosen as masterpieces "that breathe fire and are filled with heady, intoxicating wine," and the explications were largely written on assignment. The result is a happy marriage of poetizing and criticism, which Williams, alas, could not live to see.

In bringing out *19th-Century British Minor Poets* (Delacorte, $6), W. H. Auden of necessity debated the values of "major" and "minor," only to decide that major poets are those who write a lot, cover a wide range of subject, exhibit originality of vision and style, and master the technique of verse. Stature has nothing to do with the pleasure a poet gives you. "I cannot enjoy one poem by Shelley and am delighted by every line of William Barnes, but I know perfectly well that Shelley is a major poet, and Barnes a minor one." Among the eighty poets Auden includes are such delighters as John Clare, Edward Lear, William Morris, Lewis Carroll, A. E. Housman, and W. S. Gilbert. Granted, but then why include Dobson and Dowden while omitting Dowson, who fits the formula precisely of delight without greatness?

Another anthology is *100 American Poems of the Twentieth Century*, edited by Laurence Perrine and James M. Reid (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.95). These are the two scholars who collaborated with John Ciardi on *Poetry: A Closer Look*. Their contribution here is considerable, for each poem is followed by an intelligent commentary, the more appreciated since most of the poets are familiar ones on whom readers will welcome new insights.

A BIT of such commentary would not have been amiss in *Irish Elegies*, collected in a third edition by Padraic Colum (Dufour, $2.50). That is, unless the reader is such an inveterate Celtist that he is familiar with all the Irishmen—writers, thinkers, and patriots—to whom Colum writes these poetic tributes. For example, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, keened as Fenians juridically murdered and left in an unmarked grave. Was it they, now, who first tried to bring down the cursed Nelson Monument? And Roger Casement—hasn't there been some new evidence uncovered about his guilt? No matter. The Anglo-Irish verses are pleasant to the ear, and one can almost hear Colum's fine voice lisping them.

In a final anthology, *The Sonnet* (Washington Square Press, $5.95), Robert Bender and Charles Squier for reasons best known to themselves present a "comprehensive selection of British and American sonnets from the Renaissance to the present." The sonnet seems less suited to such an anthology than other poetic forms, since it is not characterized by unity of either theme or mood. As adopted by British and American poets it tends to lose all musical quality inherent in the word itself, acquires the deplorable accretion of a title, and remains a curiously medieval stricture for the poet writing about tennis matches, atomic warfare, Sunday driving, or Phyllis McGinley's suburban housewives at their chores. The Petrarchan sonnet nowadays might well echo the bewildered cry of Petrarch himself, "Where am I now and whence came I?"

Among the experienced poets who have put out volumes this quarter, two

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women deserve special mention. In *A Private Mythology* (Norton, $4) the novelist-poet May Sarton dedicates this book of verse to stanzas reflecting a world tour across Asia and Europe. Here for the first time she abandons set forms for free verse. Obviously, she experiments in Japanese forms, as when she describes a tourist: "Boa constrictor/who has swallowed/too many temples." Japan, India, and Greece are the countries most sung in this collection. Miss Sarton's power of recall and evocation of nostalgia are considerable. Active in the theater and heard occasionally on the Pacifica radio network, young Sandra Hochman now publishes her third book, *The Vaudeville Marriage* (Viking, $3.95). The contents reveal a peregrine muse darting between such disparate topics as an Aztec calendar and a princess telephone, a muse with a big-city temperament and speaking the most contemporary Broadway idiom even in her fleeting moments of speculation. If Miss Hochman follows the spoofing manner, the distortion of familiar things, amid the mild absurdity characteristic of Günter Grass, it reflects a real affinity: she has recently completed a play based on the writings of the German satirist.

Amiable and topical are the poems of Melville Cane's *So That It Flower: A Gathering of Poems* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.75). Not "major" poetry (Mr. Cane is a distinguished lawyer), the verses display a humanitarian sense and occasionally a most happy phrasing, as in his song for an infant of ten months:

> All innocence she babbles
> Her syllables of bliss,
> In fragrant airs she dabbles
> Within her chrysalis.
> Within her microcosm,
> So far, so high, so rare,
> No evil leaps the chasm
> From our polluted star.

William Jay Smith's long-lined verse in *The Tin Can and Other Poems* (Delacorte, $4) attests again to his delight in poetry as sound, his versatility in varying metric patterns, and his ability to accumulate emotional impact. The title poem, *The Tin Can* (a Japanese image for a "think tank"), is a powerful, impressionistic recall of the struggles and frustrations of a poet holed up one winter in a drafty New England farmhouse trying to churn out verse while various disastrous memories and distractions try to penetrate the rim of his consciousness.

In his fourth book of poetry, *No One Walks Waters* (Macmillan, $4.50), Father Daniel Berrigan keeps returning to the dilemma of the Christian in today's world. The note is struck with the first poem, "Holy Week, 1965: The Vietnam Raids Go On." The gentle Jesuit finds nothing he can do in the streets of Algiers to stop the bloodshed, no way to turn the clock back during an "open house" at Dachau, no alms he can give to buy off a sense of guilt over Hiroshima. Other poems in a lighter vein record the pleasures of a sensitive soul touring Paris, Prague, and Rome.

"Young man, if you can't sing something pleasant then don't sing anything at all."

John Ashbery's *Rivers and Mountains* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, hardbound, $3.50; paperback $2.45) consists of twelve long pieces cataloguing metaphysical rather than physical landscapes provoking memories and moods.

In a title reminiscent of Simonov—*Nights and Days* (Atheneum, $1.95)—James Merrill again proves himself a craftsman with considerable range. More fanciful is the muse of Donald Finkel, whose *Joyful Noise* (Atheneum, hardbound, $4.50; paperback, $1.95) surprises with love songs to avocado plants, prayers to St. Hoffstein, and advice to mermaids; some of these get a bit too near the clever Bronx comedian on the late network shows.

Among the several poets being published for the first time in book form, I enjoyed Henri Coulette's *War of the Secret Agents and Other Poems* (Scribners, $3.95), a Lamont Poetry Selection for 1965. This light verse by a poet in his late thirties is as Californian as abalone and as contemporary as the latest NBC time-signal. Nevertheless some of the more zany verse reminds one of the old college humor mags. The section "American Scene" in Nancy Byrd Turner's *Poems* (Golden Quill Press, $3.50) is equally current, with its awed lines to Telstar. Perhaps this is appropriate from a poet descended from Pocahontas, but her "English Poems" later in the book are more satisfying. Anne Fessenden's *Around Some Corner* (Thing Press, $2) portrays a youngish woman reluctant to abandon her longings but, disabused, brooding for her father's house and the troubled security of her childhood bed. Some of Miss Fessenden's introspections are so deep and intimate as to be hermetic, such poems becoming intelligible only in the context of the entire book.

It is apparent from these and other lesser volumes that rhyme, a strange invention of the complex Middle Ages which remained unquestioned until the Symbolists, has come increasingly under attack by many better American poets, who follow in the free-verse tradition pioneered in English by W. E. Henley, Matthew Arnold, Walt Whitman, Stephen Crane, and Amy Lowell. Composed of dissimilar pieces already published here or there, most of these volumes do not have a sustained unity. Seldom do American poets set out, as did Rilke in his *Duineser Elegien*, to compose in a single form a unified corpus of verse on a single topic.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Recent poetry published by university presses will be criticized in* SR *June* 11.

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A Missed Date with a Wild Fate

Stepping Westward, *by Malcolm Bradbury (Houghton Mifflin. 390 pp. $4.95), takes an innocent English novelist on a mad quest for freedom as writer-in-residence at a Midwestern university. Bernard McCabe, a British critic, has taught in the U.S. for several years and is currently a member of the English Department at Tufts University.*

By BERNARD McCABE

"'WE'RE very proud,' said President Coolidge, 'to have Mr. Walker here from England as our Creative Writing Fellow. He's a fictionalist and is responsible for many very fine books. . . . I guess we have this written down some place, Walk, . . . but tell me —are you from Oxford?'

"'No, I'm not, exactly,' said Walker, exploring a strange fruit compote frozen in gelatine, which had been placed on top of his steak.

"'My favorite university,' said the President, 'I often wish Benedict Arnold resembled it more.'"

James Walker, a stout, shambling minor novelist in his early thirties, not as slim and amused as Amis's Lucky Jim, not as fat and angry as Amis's Roger Micheldene (literary echoes are heavy in *Stepping Westward*), had been chafing and wilting in provincial Nottingham when the call came from the Middle West. Benedict Arnold University's English Department (chairman: Harris Bourbon) wants him for a year. So this representative man in the comically reversed role of European innocent chasing American experience embarks on his misadventures. Behind remains a large, dull wife with "great furry handbags"; ahead lie golden-thighed co-eds and receptive faculty wives. Even better, ahead lies a wild destiny, a quest for his lost freedom in a strange land.

But things keep going wrong. An awful ocean crossing rehearses Walker's ultimate defeat; a hot weekend in New York saps his failing confidence; at the University itself his confused attempts to assume the desired Writer's role and his fuzzy attempts at liberal protest end in ignominious muddle.

On shipboard he meets beautiful, sophisticated, and formidable Julie Snowflake, a junior at Hillesley, an expensive Eastern school where the girls are "just normal Americans but they worry about it more." She wants Walker to be a Kierkegaardian "knight of infinity." And he does in fact undergo ordeals by fire and water, dies and is reborn in a superheated swimming pool as Miss Snowflake reappears to love and rescue him. With the Western sky and Miss Snowflake's delectable body to lead him on he hopes for final liberation. But he only finds his inadequate self.

Within this very funny book Mr. Bradbury proposes a serious novel about freedom and community and friendship's inevitable failures. The result is interesting, but too schematic and analytical to be really successful. The comedy works, though, thanks to Bradbury's artful writing. I leave to some future scholar the precise significance of the recurrent buttocks-motif and ear-motif. We can be content with Bradbury's own admirable ear. A longshoreman speaks: "Take a look a' dis kook. . . . Whadya tink? That kind guy dey ouh ta sen hem ride back to Yerrup wit a hart kick up du fanny."

At the University he doesn't challenge the brilliant accuracies of Nabokov's *Pnin* or Mary McCarthy's *Groves of Academe*; his exaggerated versions work by lending a British ear and eye to the oddities of the American scene:

> Thrump Hall, the biggest girls' dormitory, is modeled externally on Hampton Court, with green bronzed caps on the towers, but, as the President points out, "not so gloomy"; panties hang out of the arrow slits on the days of the big football games. The Student Union, on the other hand, is a direct imitation of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, though exigencies of the site made it rather narrower and twice as long.

Harris Bourbon on Freshman Composition:

> "Well, it's a course in basic essentials of English . . . Readin', Writin', Speakin' and Listenin'. How to underline. Speakin' from the diaphragm. It's a service course to enable them to communicate with one another without sex . . ."

This sort of slapstick should have its cheerful audience. The model is early Evelyn Waugh, a happy mingling of satire and fantasy. "The University is much too improbable to resemble any existing institution," says Bradbury rather disingenuously in a prefatory note. Well, it is pleasant he found it necessary to invent it.

Life and Death of a Salesman

Old Powder Man, *by Joan Williams (Harcourt, Brace & World. 317 pp. $5.95), retains much of the Southern fictional tradition in its depiction of a hard-driving man in a modern milieu. Louis D. Rubin, Jr., has written or edited nine books, most of them dealing with the South. He is chairman of the English Department at Hollins College, Virginia.*

By LOUIS D. RUBIN, JR.

JOAN WILLIAMS, whose first novel, *The Morning and the Evening,* was widely and favorably reviewed five years ago, has now written a second that will surely be praised even more highly. It is one thing to write a good first novel; to produce a second which is better is, I think, far more difficult.

Old Powder Man is the life story of Frank "Son" Wynn, a dynamite salesman. He grows up in a sawmill town in the South, decides to learn the explosives business and, starting out with nothing in his favor, battles his way to a successful career as a salesman and dynamiter. Beyond the measured events of his life there isn't much plot to *Old Powder Man*; a tricky story line would falsify this compelling account of youth, manhood, marriage, hard work, old age, death. It is the character of "Son" Wynn that the author is after, and she develops it masterfully.

Although Miss Williams describes her book as "the story of a salesman's life: the things he neglects in order to achieve success and his sad realization of it, too late," this is not an especially accurate statement of what her novel actually is about.

Ruthless, "Son" Wynn assuredly is, and hard-driving, and he lives for his dynamiting instead of his family, but this is no novel of human failure. "Son" Wynn does the dynamiting that builds the Mississippi levee system; he is the best powder man in his section of the country; and

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he both knows it and is known for it.

The frustration and lacks in his life come not so much because he is self-centered, as because he is human. His name and his reputation are bound to lose their eminence as he grows old; no longer can he dominate his world as he has been able to do. But was his life, after all, so notably egocentric and selfish that he suffers more than ordinarily for his past? I doubt it; Miss Williams has created a less reprehensible, and more representative and universal, character than even she apparently perceives. "Son" Wynn's aggressive ways are, all in all, no more than an allowable exaggeration of what is self-oriented about our condition.

This is a book very much in the Southern tradition; there is the rich sense of place, the conception of human beings as creatures bounded in time and more than mere flesh in their very mortality, that mark much modern Southern writing. Miss Williams, however, does what not as many of the younger Southerners have been able to do. She has placed her character and situation squarely in the modern urban milieu (that much of it takes place outside cities is not important), and thus can deal intimately with her own experience, her own time and place. Thus she does not write imitation Faulkner; the magnificent Faulknerian mode of tragic decline and fall, which cast so long a shadow over much subsequent Southern fiction, does not obscure Miss Williams's ability to see her own circumstance.

Old Powder Man is an engrossing and interesting novel by a talented writer, from whom we may expect many more.

Trouble with Doubles

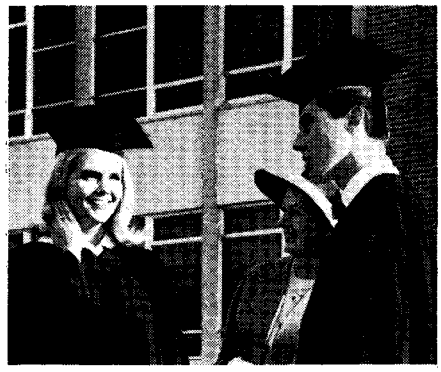
***Despair: A Novel,** by Vladimir Nabokov, revised and translated from the Russian by the author (Putnam. 222 pp. $5), and **The Waltz Invention: A Play in Three Acts,** by Vladimir Nabokov, translated from the Russian by Dmitri Nabokov (Phaedra, dist. by Trident. 111 pp. $4.95), add two more volumes from Nabokov's Russian period, when he was honing the satire and invention that have become his hallmark in English. Arthur Darack is book and art editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer and teacher of esthetics and criticism at the University of Cincinnati.*

By ARTHUR DARACK

NABOKOV tells us in a foreword that the Russian title, *Otchayanie,* is a "far more sonorous howl" than *Despair.* Do not, on that account, expect much sonority of language. The book is a kind of black comedy about a villain who stumbles upon an exact double, concocts a plan to murder him for gain, and is victimized by his own ingenuity. The title reflects only the mood at the end, when the nonhero is aware of the trivial mistake that ruined his too-perfect crime.

The book is set mostly in Germany, Austria, and France in the Thirties but, as Nabokov is at pains to point out, it has no social significance and does not reflect any of the gathering winds of storm and revolution. Nabokov takes pride in his isolation from the cataclysm that drove him first from Russia (causing his father to be murdered), then from Germany and France. Studied isolation from great events is as much a commentary as too much participation in them. *Despair* teems with small events in the psychological development of a scoundrel. Thus Hermann is married to Lydia, whose incompetence at almost every task associated with keeping house verges on the miraculous. But this does not bother him because he is satisfied that she loves him. On the other hand, she also seems to be carrying on with the painter Ardalion; this too does not bother Hermann.

Nothing bothers him, and perhaps this may bother the reader. *Despair* is a shadowy novel about a shadowy situation, full of the scorn and the tough tissue of Nabokov's richly derisive tongue. It points to similar developments in later books, and in the foreword Nabokov himself mentions Humbert Humbert, laid low by Lolita in the century's most memorable literary coupling. Other traits more highly developed in the succeeding fifteen books are present embryonically in this one. Literary incest, or the preoccupation with one's own familial problems of writing, which reached its most lyrical, positive form in *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight,* and its most despised form in *Pale Fire,* is already on view in *Despair.* Hermann, who is a



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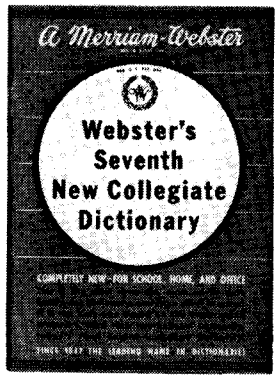

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traveling salesman by profession, also fancies himself a writer, and Nabokov takes delight in satirizing his pretensions and formulations.

Nabokov's bizarre and symbolic shoots, which flowered (or perhaps one should say withered) in *Bend Sinister* and *Invitation to a Beheading* and culminated in *Lolita*, appear in the present novel. His great lyrical-satiric gifts likewise are here. But all these interesting, amusing, and admirable qualities operate more as promise in *Despair* than as the fufillment of the later books.

The *Waltz Invention* is a satiric farce in three acts, with several engaging comic scenes about a mad dictator in possession of a bomb that can obliterate whole cities. Mind you, this was written in the Thirties when such a device was only a gleam of lust in the eyes of munitions makers, generals, and tyrants.

Nabokov's dictator achieves power, as you might imagine in a play by a writer more interested in language than in the deeds language refers to, through verbal trickery. He storms no bastions excepting those of linguistic credibility, but once in power he behaves as shabbily as if he had gained his post in the usual way.

Satirizing despots may be old hat today, but Nabokov's language and sense of human folly are not limited to period political squabbles. *The Waltz Invention*, removed as it is from ideology, is therefore perfectly timely.

Plains-Haunted: When a poet writes a novel he arouses, perhaps unfairly, certain expectations and fears. The forms of prose are so much looser than those of poetry—or at least they seem so—that a kind of "poetical" prose is sometimes the result of the transplant. In the case of Judson Jerome's first excursion into prose fiction, *The Fell of Dark* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.95), those fears are unfounded. It is a hard-surfaced piece of gut storytelling—somewhat one-dimensional in texture and invention—but with powerful moments.

The lack of dimension can be perceived in the central action of the story—which is a kind of nonaction with devastating results. Right in the heart of what is now Capote-land (modern-day Kansas) Harry, a young Kansas farmer, has a drunk-driving accident, forcing another car off the road in an attempt to avoid an oncoming truck. A young Negro is killed as a result. Harry does not stop. This is the action of the book. The nonaction of the book is the continuing sense of guilt that torments Harry all during the hot Midwest summer in which he keeps his silence. A web of complication is spun between Harry's mother, Olive, the sheriff who has been helped by her, and Harry's cousin and mistress, Maggie.

The book has a strange kind of paralyzed atmosphere. It often does not compel belief (as in the melodramatic denouement between Harry and his mother)—yet long before this it has compelled the reader to go on and on. The tale it tells of its plains-haunted Kansans is, I think, less successful than the atmosphere it evokes of an awful emptiness in the lives of its people. These people are the descendants of Sherwood Anderson's Midwesterners, possessed by and possessing an America whose fields and highways challenge them to live a life that is somehow beyond them. Judson Jerome's first novel is "poetic" then in the best sense of the word. Like good poetry it evokes more than it says. As a prose narrative, however, it is pitched in a higher key than its realities can sustain. Jerome is a talented novelist who needs, perhaps, only further practice of the art.

—Daniel Stern.

Bomb-scarred Love: Like a cameo, Edita Morris's *The Seeds of Hiroshima* (Braziller, $4) is small, delicate, and arresting. Also like a cameo, it has two distinct levels, the carved figure and the background.

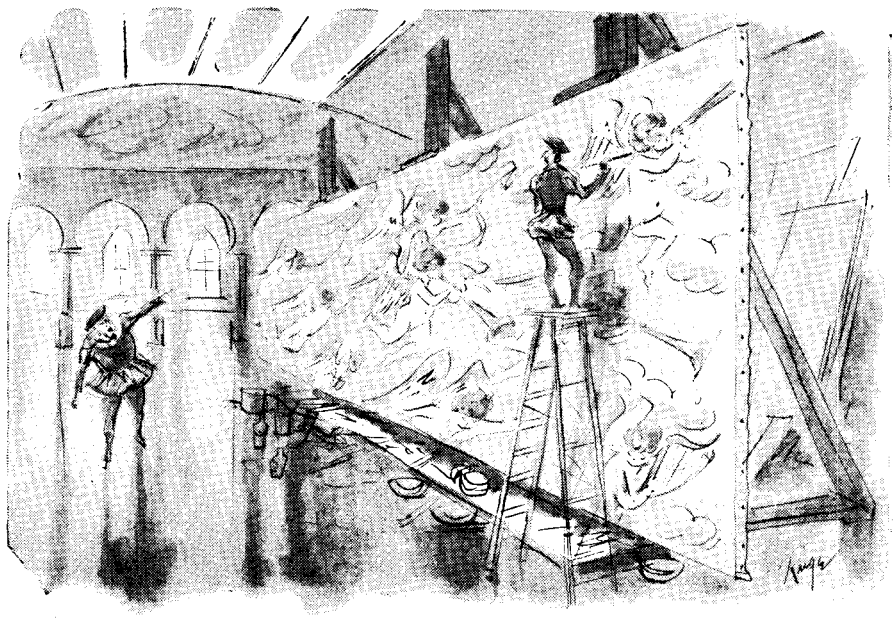
The figure is Yuka, a young widow and mother of two, and she is beautifully etched as she relates her own story. She tells of her sympathy and torment for her friend Tanso, a gifted painter who can practice his art only with a brush tied to his burned hands. She tells of the eminent scientist, Professor Morioka, who works and sacrifices for world peace—and who is cursed by new tragedies with their roots in the bomb of two decades ago. She tells of her love for the good-hearted American, Sam, who is innocently caught in the tragic web of her life. She tells of her hostility to Hiroo, her brother-in-law, who has made his wife pregnant despite warnings about her exposure to radiation at Hiroshima. Especially, Yuka tells of her profound love for Ohatsu, her childish and lovely sister.

Though the story is a tragedy, it is anything but lugubrious, thanks to Mrs. Morris's deft writing and brilliant sense of imagery. The first-person narration is particularly revealing to the Westerner of the mental processes and attitudes of the Japanese woman, who must never take the initiative openly nor reveal her thoughts too soon. For example, this is Yuka's thought when she is alone at last with Sam: "What a predicament! Sam's a Westerner, the situation's Western, and I don't know how to cope with it. Panicky, I raise my fan. One thing's certain—Sam mustn't see my face at this moment. Who can mistake the look of love?"

On the second level, below the sparkling delineation of Yuka, the book is a stirring plea for peace—and for personal sacrifice to make peace possible. The plea is on the highest possible moral plane, for it does not call on us to save our own hides. Rather, it condemns atomic war because its horrors are visited not only on those so stupid as to perpetrate it but also on innocent babies, and on babies as yet unborn.

But despite the somber tone of *The Seeds of Hiroshima*, Mrs. Morris retains an exuberance that makes her a pleasure to read. Both her characters and the reader are inevitably moved to hope.

—Richard Hudson.



"Signora Borgia wants the angels flying the other way."

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Lovers with Different Loyalties

Love in the Shadows, *by W. J. Weatherby (Stein & Day. 182 pp. $4.95), bares the subtle along with the overt cruelties that strangled a Briton's relationship with a Negro girl. Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., is associate editor of the Greensboro, North Carolina, Daily News.*

By EDWIN M. YODER, JR.

W. J. WEATHERBY came to New Orleans in 1960 as a feature writer for *The Guardian* of Manchester—his mind primed, as he tells us, with those impressions, attitudes, and scraps of history that constitute conventional "enlightenment" on the race question.

The disorienting experience described in this fine book began when some Tulane students invited him to a secret "integration party" and he there met, and came "innocently" to love, a young Negro girl, Christina. The affair (if that is the word) began awkwardly and closed sadly: it started with Weatherby's nearly vain attempt to vanquish the estranging "white boy" identity prefabricated for him by custom and by Christina's own prejudices; it ended with Christina's ultimate failure to swallow her deep bitterness. For it was Black Muslimism, finally, not the anguished and yet liberating love of a white man, that claimed her.

Mr. Weatherby's involvement with Christina afforded him insights into all the cruelties and hazards of segregation —not only the insults of social policy that can be read about, but those subtler cruelties of mutual suspicion that may only be experienced. The adventure seared away all mere attitudinizing: it was, to borrow an applicable vogue word, "existential." There were other consequences: beatings by white hoodlums in the lonely Louisiana countryside, houndings by the New Orleans police that once made it necessary for Weatherby to escape a rendezvous with Christina by swapping clothes with a genial transvestite in a bar, angry disputes with people of many persuasions—white "liberals," Black Muslims, the editors of his own newspaper—whose views assumed in the searing light of his transforming affair an intolerable artificiality and complacency.

Yet, miraculously, the effect was not the making of another tiresome Pharisee sent to deliver us from error but the plumbing of new levels of self-examination. To summarize this process is to dilute it. For *Love in the Shadows* is but incidentally the tale of an uncommon love affair and chiefly a pilgrim's progress without the Hollywood ending that cheapens so many such books.

In one sense such an intimate memoir is unreviewable, so rare is the defiance of that taboo that is not peculiarly "Southern" but observed generally throughout the English-speaking world. One of the uninitiated can only declare that the flavor of authenticity is here.

I do take exception to a few impressionistic assertions which, though matters of opinion in themselves, fall short of Mr. Weatherby's own standards of observation and verisimilitude. For instance:

> . . . to most white men in the South—and in the North, too—a Negro girl was just a sex symbol, potentially a whore, presumed to be more available than a white woman, undoubtedly bedworthy but not someone to take to the boss's party.

And:

> You can see it in the faces of so many white Southerners: that pinched, dry look, with the smile that is so watchful and ingratiating and phony that it must scare the children, even their own children.

Is it mere defensiveness to suggest that these surmises, highly subjective in any case, are more appropriate to *Porgy and Bess* or *Tobacco Road* than to this sober and searching book?

But these are minor quibbles. The larger judgment of *Love in the Shadows* is this: that it is that rare one in fifty works on the American Dilemma which, like Robert Penn Warren's *Segregation,* a similarly self-analytical piece of reportage, digs beneath the crust of bad policy and callous habit to what the greatest of Southern reporters called "the old verities and truths of the heart . . . lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed."

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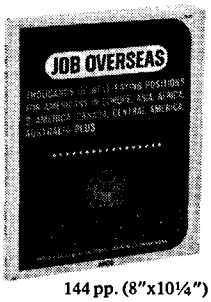

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Little Big Horn

Continued from page 25

of History series. Yet her posthumously published *The Battle of the Little Bighorn,* (to be released June 29, by Lippincott, $4.50) turns out to be an extraordinarily balanced account, if much less detailed and rather more personal in tone than Edgar I. Stewart's admirable and now standard work, *Custer's Luck* (which, oddly, is not mentioned in her bibliography, although it was published eleven years ago).

Not only does Miss Sandoz fail to gloat over her old enemy's demise—it must have taken real self-control—but it may be said that as an introduction to the abiding fascination of the Little Big Horn it is excellent, and strongly to be recommended to those who are ready to move westward from such well-worked-over fields as Gettysburg and Antietam. For one thing, unlike many writers on military matters, she shared with Bruce Catton a style that sings like one of those Seventh Cavalry bugles, and an eye and ear that make a scene come alive. As Custer moved up the Rosebud Valley to launch the campaign, the commander of one of the battalions scheduled to meet him two days later, in that nut-cracking strategy of General Terry's, called out, "Now, Custer, don't be greedy. Wait for us!" Then Miss Sandoz:

"Custer lifted his gauntleted hand in acknowledgement. 'No!' he shouted back, 'I—I won't!' his stammer very slight, the ambiguity left hanging like a puff of pipe smoke over the shoulder as he galloped off, the wind whipping the color of his standard behind him. The clouds thinned and drifted apart in the dying wind. The sun burned down on the column moving in sections along the broad valley, fragrant here and there with wild roses."

And when, five days later, it was all over, and Benteen's troopers came to the scene of the Last Stand:

"The battlefield . . . was like a great leaf, dead and fading in its straggly and browned June grasses and sagebrush, like a leaf crumpled into ravines and shallow gorges of dry waterways. . . . Then they saw the naked bodies, in little rows, in knots and singly, dead men scattered like handfuls of pale Indian corn."

Once more it must be asked, and without undue wisdom of hindsight, why Custer rode into the face of certain defeat. Miss Sandoz offers the theory (if others have done so I have overlooked or forgotten it) that he had in mind the effect a smashing triumph would have on the then impending Democratic National Convention. The theory does seem a plausible one, since he was known to have Presidential ambitions, and if he could bring it off without the aid of Benteen and Reno. . . . It was his decision to make, but a rough one on the 265 officers and men he took with him on a political bandwagon that went nowhere.

Back at Fort Lincoln, in Dakota Territory, the would-be President's wife was waiting anxiously—Elizabeth B. Custer, who was to write and speak adoringly of her hero for more than a half century after the last war club fell on a wounded cavalryman on that far-off hill. For the rest of her life did she daily re-enact in her imagination that final afternoon? Did time dim her image of him? If I may write again of an incident I have mentioned elsewhere, I often think of a call that I once paid on Miss Marguerite Merington, veteran actress and a companion to Mrs. Custer in her later years. On the fiftieth anniversary of the Little Big Horn, Miss Merington remembered, she and Mrs. Custer sat in a New York hotel suite listening to a radio restaging of the battle, complete with vivid sound effects. When the last simulated gun shot died away, there was a long silence in the room until Mrs. Custer said calmly, "Well, I suppose that's about the way it was."

Miss Merington found that calmness startling. —JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

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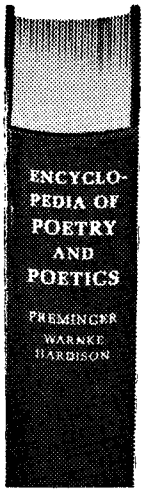

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Mommsen

Continued from page 19

of his nature, and yet called to reconcile and combine in himself as well as in the outer world the Roman and Hellenic cultures—Caesar was the entire and perfect man.

As may be seen, Mommsen, like all truly great, enduring historians, was not afraid to express "value judgments," that bogey of the bloodless, dry-as-dust, pedantic chronicler. He hails Caesar as a hero, who could not, however, provide the ideal solution for Rome's ills; autocracy carried its seeds of atrophy and decay. Three other illustrations point up the German historian's gift for what the Romans would have called *multum in parvo,* for conveying the essence of a given situation in few words:

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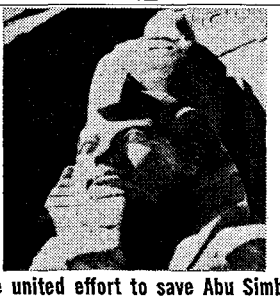

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DOUBLEDAY

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Yes, He Can

SAMMY DAVIS, JR., the NBC television show, recently ended a fifteen-week run. The star, costumed as a clown, sang "What Kind of a Fool Am I?" for his last number. At the close, he doffed a red wig and took off a pair of white gloves and laid them on a stool. "I'll leave them here," he said, "because I'm gonna come back and pick 'em up later." Then he walked off stage and the show finished.

The promise to return was more than acting; it was real. Sammy Davis, Jr., was patently telling viewers he'd be back on television as the star of his own weekly program, despite the failure of his initial effort. It was a quixotic, winning gesture. But there is no place for sentiment in the economics of television.

"No, Sammy, it's not in the cards," one was tempted to mutter. "You've had your chance and it didn't work. Some other Negro entertainer will have to make the big breakthrough in television —star of his own successful, prime-time variety program."

Yet the dream of the man behind the clown just might come true. After that stunning last show, many viewers hope that Sammy Davis, Jr., will get a second chance. They are now convinced that this talented, popular performer can produce a show that will stay afloat in the ratings and add genuine zest to television entertainment.

They were not so persuaded after his premiere program in the fall. That show set the disastrous tone which sank the series. Mr. Davis opened with a pretentious entrance, walking through immense, cavernous sound stages as he was chain-greeted by a small host of top Hollywood stars. Surrounded by frenetic production numbers, in the distractions that followed he worked too hard and oversold his talents.

His guests, Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, contributed merely their much publicized presence and not much entertainment. The show's writers contrived flutters of meaningless chitchat for the star's encounters with his visitors. Viewers sadly concluded that Sammy Davis, Jr., couldn't hold a show of his own together: he would have to stay within the limits of nightclubs, theaters and an occasional television special. Ironically, it had to be his last show on NBC-TV which disproved all this.

There were no guest-stars, no production numbers—Sammy Davis, Jr., did it alone. Performing before a small, on-stage audience, he sang, danced, essayed a brilliant repertoire of impersonations, and spoke in a direct, honest manner. His sixty-minute solo was a *tour de force* which ranks with a few other great television singles.

If, in this last program, he was groping for a style that would let the "real" Sammy Davis, Jr., come through, he found it. Though he diminished not a whit his special vibrance, spectacular agility and impressive virtuosity, he delivered it all on an easier wave-length. There was no brashness, no stereotyped master-of-ceremonies assault on the viewer's attention. You can get away with this on a theater stage or on a night-club floor—the psychic distance between performer and audience permits it. On television the gap is too narrow for falsity.

To his customary sharp flashes of light, Mr. Davis added some softer shadows, and the picture was deeper, truer, more pleasing. The settings against which he performed combined intimacy with a sense of dimension: the lighting changes were admirable. For the first time on television, this star was not, at all times, the man with the wide grin.

He spoke simply of his children, to whom he dedicated a song. He was wistful, perhaps weary, even sad. This was a sensitive human being, not a perpetual firecracker. He had laid aside the mask of the uproarious zany, and there was revealed in some measure an individual with a unique life experience, aware of himself, his audience, and of the subtle, somber configuration of the moment, the relationships and the stakes in the larger struggle for human rights.

Sammy Davis, Jr., can perform any song with rare intensity; his impersonations are always devilishly on target; and his characterizations (as in the role of Sportin' Life in *Porgy and Bess*) prove his gifts as an actor. In spite of all these virtues, however, even he cannot go it alone every week. If he would engage guest stars for their intrinsic artistry and not for the cleft of their bosoms, if he would employ writers who could provide star and guests with honest, relevant conversation, he could undoubtedly produce and sustain a successful variety program.

The NBC series should not be thought of as a failure, but as a shakedown in which Sammy Davis, Jr., found the right mix in his last show. The clown can do bright things. A network should call him back to pick up the red wig and the white gloves he left on the stool.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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ALL IN SPORT

Rowing, riding, fishing, hunting, archery, baseball, skating, boxing, swimming, fencing—all are suggested in the following quotations. Ruth Staunton of Roundup, Montana, challenges you to match them with their sports-writers. Decisions announced on page 76.

( ) "Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time."
( ) "Boots, saddle, to horse and away!"
( ) "There meditate my time away;
And angle on."
( ) "All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear!"
( ) "His arwes drouped noght with fetheres lowe,
And in his hand he bar a mighty bowe."
( ) "The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes."
( ) "All shod with steel
We hissed along the polished ice."
( ) "Now front to front each frowning champion stands,
And poises high in air his adverse hands."
( ) ". . . the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."
( ) "I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all."

1. Wordsworth
2. Shakespeare
3. Chaucer
4. Moore
5. Byron
6. Izaak Walton
7. Scott
8. Robert Browning
9. Homer
10. Omar Khayyám

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Fragments from an Oriental Odyssey

NEW DELHI.

Card-Carrying Member: To be the compleat international gadabout one needs, besides a ticket and an ironclad digestive tract, a large supply of personal calling cards, preferably imposing and, if possible, elegant. One is often judged by the card he keeps. And cards are kept and dispensed by guides, chauffeurs, parliamentarians, and, of course, by businessmen. In Japan a card, usually printed in two languages, is as much a part of a meeting between people of affairs as a handshake or a bow. In the not-so-ritualistic United States it fell to one fertile mind to spoof calling cards by having a batch made up which say nothing except "My Card."

Cards are no laughing matter in India, a nation which, thanks to the influences of the Mughals and the British, now stands on all sorts of ceremony. At a dinner party given in New Delhi recently by M. S. Oberoi, the Hindu Hilton (see *SR*, April 16), I sat across the table from a visiting Bombay official whose many portfolios include tourism. When casually he handed me his card across the table—naturally, I had forgotten mine—little did I suspect that I was receiving perhaps the greatest card which has fallen into my hands in twenty years of earnest collecting. It was a flip-top card with a gold crest on the flap, and printing in blue letters on a white background or white letters on a solid blue background. On the top it read:

Homi J. H. Taleyarkhan
Minister for Housing, Printing Presses, Fisheries,
Small Savings and Tourism,
Maharashtra

When I opened the card, the inside carried a complete thumbnail dossier of Homi J. H. Taleyarkhan's life and times. It said:

Other Activities

Vice President, U.N. Association (Maharashtra)
President, International Students' Service
President, Society of Goodwill and Culture
Chairman, Workshop for the Blind (Only one of its kind in Asia)
President, Walkeshar-Mahalaxmi Group of Social Welfare Committees
Vice President, State Anti-T.B. Association
Member, Government of India Housing Council, Tourist Council, Fisheries Board, National Savings Council.

Previous Record.

Educated in India and England (King's College, London, Lincoln's Inn). Elected to Bombay Municipal Corporation in 1948 and member till 1952. Chairman of Works Committee. Member, Standing Committee. Chief Whip, Municipal Congress Party. Elected to Bombay Legislative Assembly 1952. Appointed General Secretary of the Congress Legislature Party 1952. Re-elected to Maharashtra Legislative Assembly, 1957. Appointed Parliamentary Secretary to Chief Minister and Chief Whip of Government Party. Minister for Health, Small Savings and Tourism, 1960. Minister for Food, Civil Supplies, Housing, Fisheries, Small Savings, Printing Presses and Tourism from April 1962. Visited U.S.A. on invitation from President Truman in 1951-52. Visited West Germany on invitation of German Government in 1959-60. Widely traveled in Europe and Japan. Writer and author of several books on economics, travel, politics, etc. Connected with numerous social welfare organizations.

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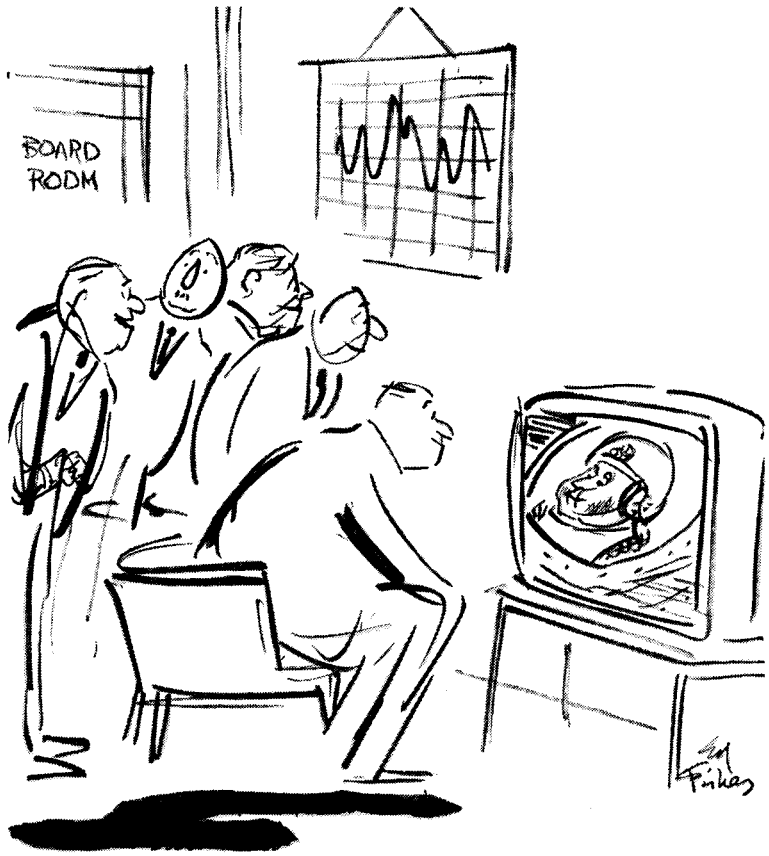
Getting Skinned: The latest decorating rage in soigné apartments in the United States is using a zebra skin as a throw rug. A good one costs about $125 in Kenya, and heavens knows how much if purchased through your friendly neighborhood decorator. Still to catch on is the tiger skin. A good one bought

(*Continued on page* 45)



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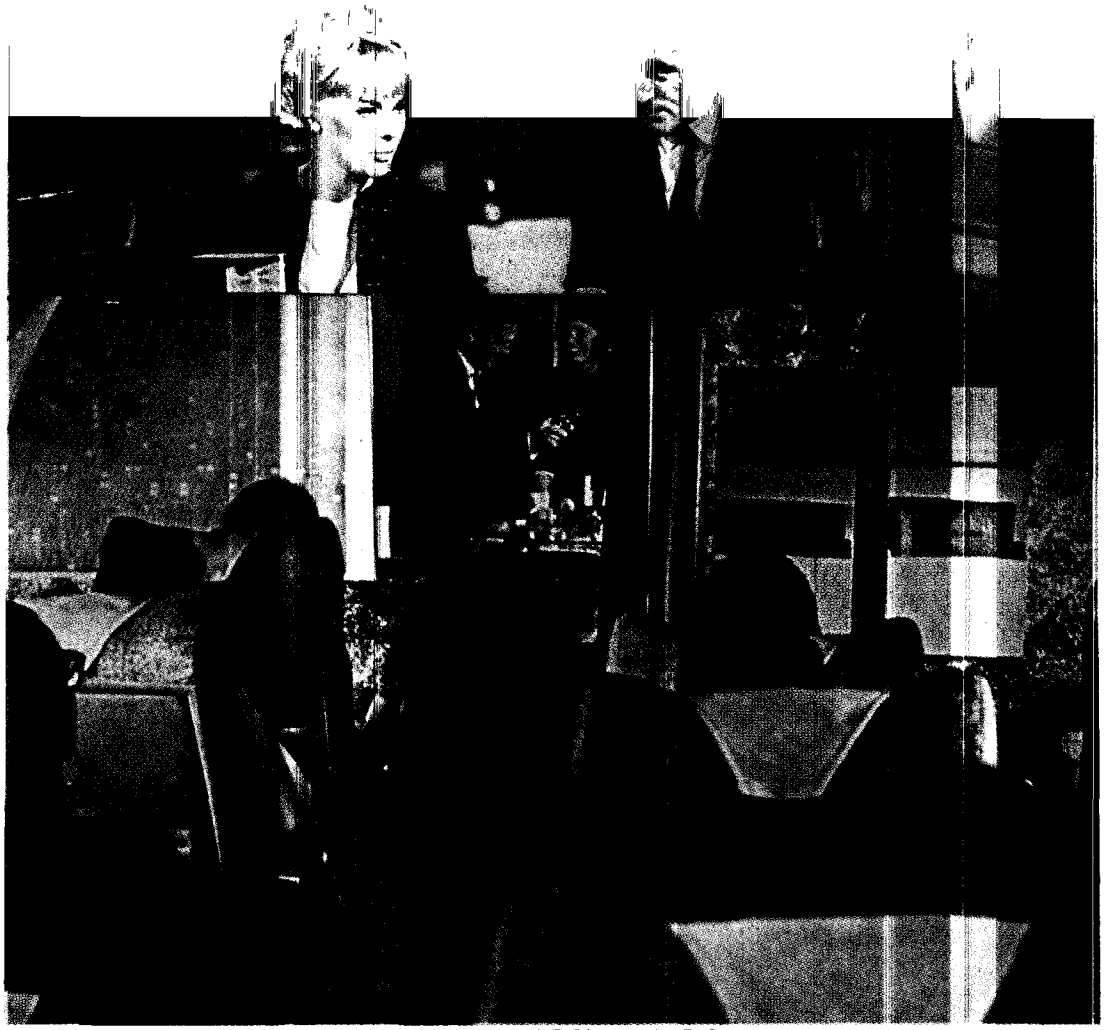

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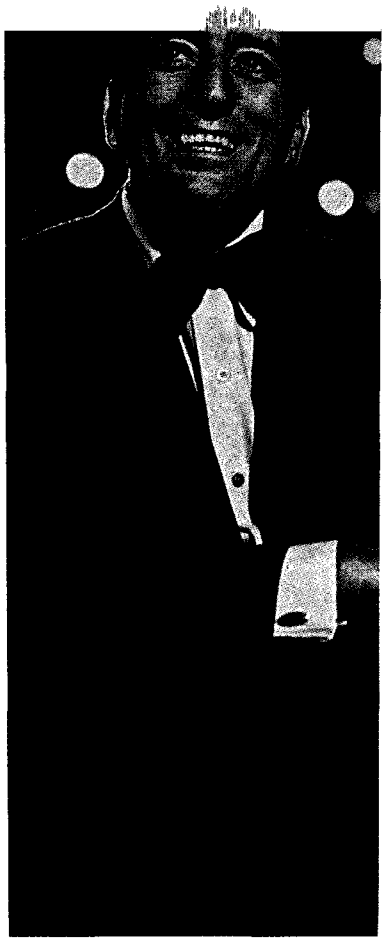

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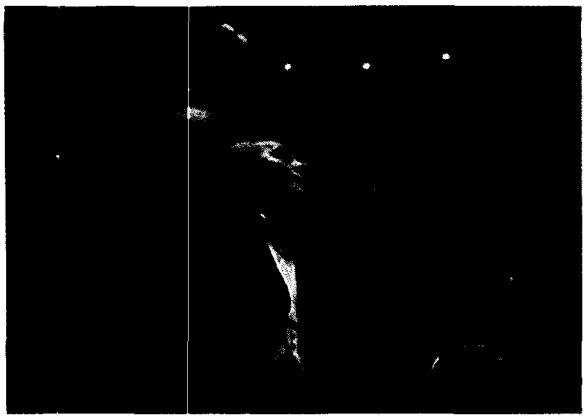

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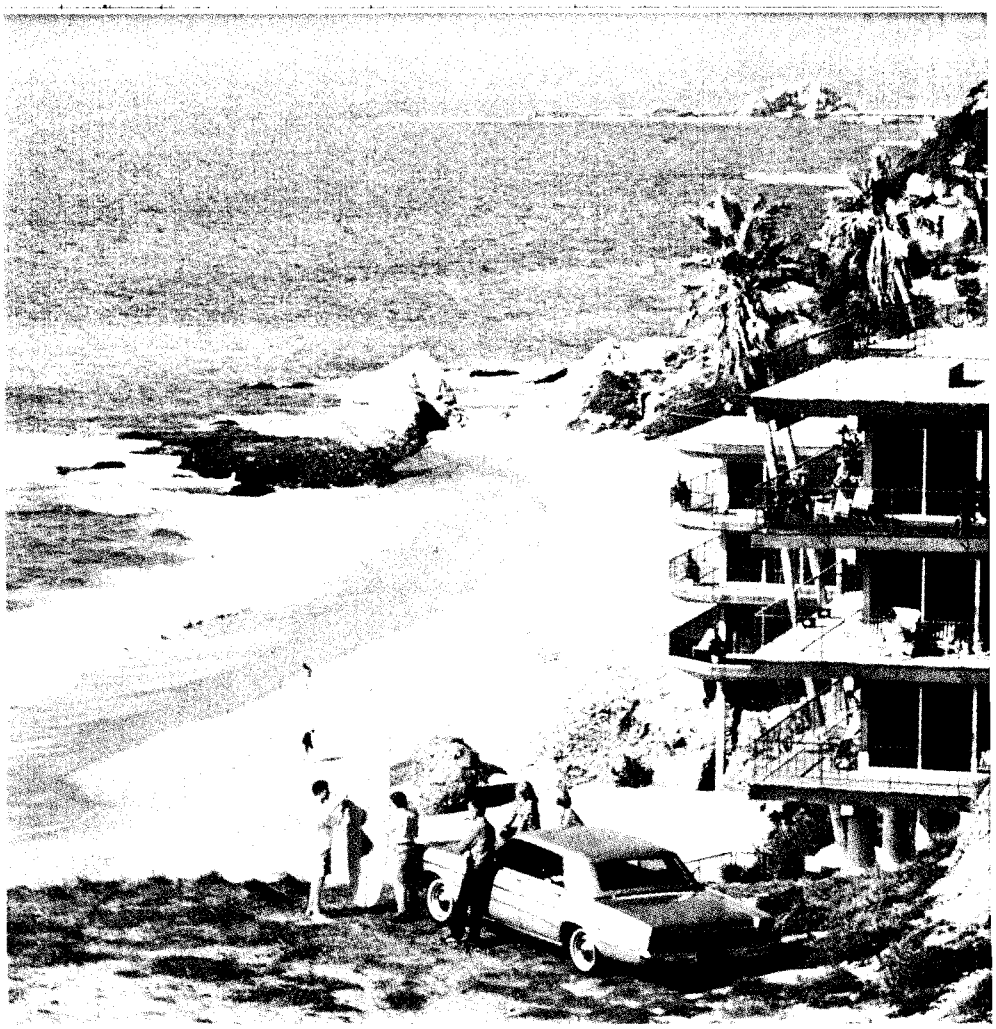

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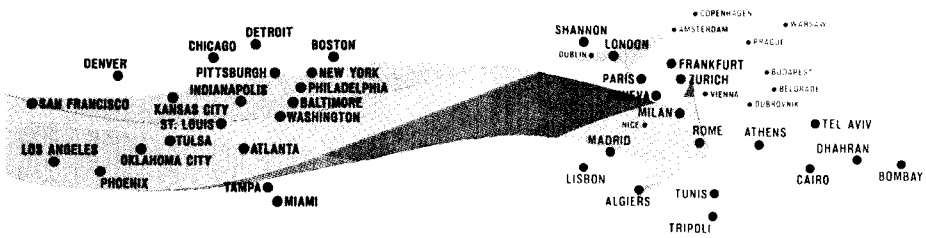

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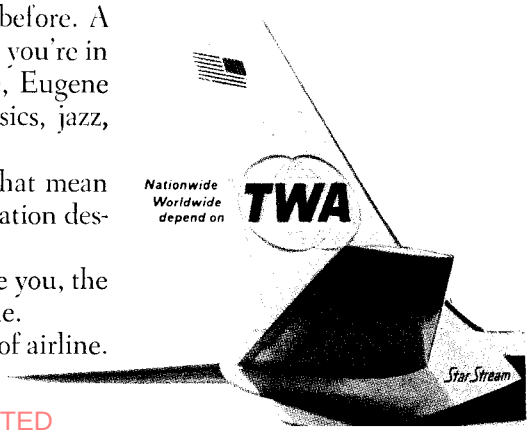

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Continued from page 39

in New Delhi costs about $180. Leopard skins are about $100, a leopard coat from $500 to $800. Also on hand: opossum, pine marten, snowy lynx—white, shaggy, and very expensive. Cottage Industries, in a weak attempt to curb the black market in cash, offers a 5 per cent discount for dollar checks. (Virtually any store in France offers 20 per cent discount for U.S. travelers checks.)

Sign on an Indian store: "Bloom Dresses for Blooming Children." No telling in what sense they mean "blooming."

A note from Jacqueline Kennedy is as good as a royal appointment. Kanjimull, a prominent jeweler in New Delhi, displays a letter from Mrs. Kennedy which attests to her patronage. "My sister showed me your lovely things," she wrote, "and I wanted to tell you how much I loved the bracelet." Kanjimull may be the Cartier of India, but there are differences. Mr. P. Dass, a principal of the company, chews betel nut and wears an eleven-carat diamond ring.

Indian Arts Palace, at 19-E Connaught Circle, has been doing business for eighty-five years and specializes in carvings, statues, museum pieces and other treasures. A specialty is jeweled daggers hocked by royal families. Doris Duke once paid $10,000 for one. Several are now available for $9,000. Hurry.

Clothes Horse in the Far East: Nobody but an Indian woman looks good, or at least right, in a sari, but Punjabi pants are for everyone—or anyone who can wear slacks. They come in overlong jackets with unmatching tight silk trousers. Eggplant tops with tomato bottoms, for instance. Twenty-three dollars and all ready to play dress-up hostess back home in Scarsdale, Hillsborough, or Chevy Chase. . . . Kashmir is sending down a straight dress in bright yellow silk, with long sleeves, and heavy green embroidery at the neck and cuff. . . . Mysore State Arts and Crafts Emporium, which has an outlet in New Delhi, sells incense in such flavors as Meena Amber No. 1 and Nalini Rose. Also a scent with the snappy name of D.M.M. Parijatak Bath, made by M. Muddanna and Sons, High Class Perfumers.

Junior Department: Huge puppets of characters from the Ramayana are $5 (official exchange) at Madras Handicrafts Emporium. Cottage Industries has papier-mâché masks of mythological characters, tigers, elephants, soldiers, and miniatures of Indian musical instruments. One charmer that children will adore: a stuffed mongoose with a stuffed cobra wound around its stomach.

Goodby, Sweet Prince: He stood just inside the door of the airport, young,

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bony, wide-eyed, and a little bewildered. His overcoat was heavy and he seemed unaccustomed to it. He was hatless and his hair was combed but it defied discipline. He held a briefcase; he was off to foreign ports. Around him were the women of his family: the grandmothers, the sisters, perhaps a wife, but it was too hard to tell. All were wrapped in saris that covered their heads.

They kissed him. They touched his cheek. They sprinkled his head with petals. Then they brushed the petals off his shoulders and out of his hair. He ran his fingers through his black locks looking for bits they had missed. The women massaged the muscles where his neck met his shoulders. They put food into his mouth and he chewed. They put a bottle to his mouth and he drank. Then he went to the gate, showed his passport, and went through the waiting room to the enclosure by the runway.

The women were on the terrace, the wind matting the saris against their faces. Now they could only look at him. He could only pace, eager to board his plane and be off. Wherever he was going, for whatever purpose, how could he miss with all that support?

India Aloft: Air-India flies from New York to London, from London to Geneva, and a lot of other strange places for an Indian airliner. But it seems to be at its best soaring out of its capital, passing the white majesty of Everest, on its way to Bangkok and Hong Kong.

Eye masks are given out in packages that say, "With My Salaams." Slippers for shuffling up and down the aisles are pumpkin colored and edged in gold. For those who would ward off overeager stewardesses there is a sign imprinted with the image of a snoozing maharajah. Pin it on the headrest and no one will wake you for lunch.

Indian cashews, sweet and crunchy, are offered as appetizers. And if that doesn't whet the appetite there is chicken and liver shashlik, then dried rice—rather like Rice Krispies—dusted with chili powder. A mutton chop that had been marinated in yogurt and spices and then grilled is memorable and different. To end the meal there are Indian sweets coated with edible silver paper—different and not so memorable. And finally, bits of sugared licorice and cloves. When you are through you have no doubt as to what airline you have been flying.

Custom Tailored: Where else but in Hong Kong would your tailor take you to dinner? We dropped in on Frank Fong, who is still on Cameron Road in the now unfashionable Kowloon side. Mr. Fong can make a reasonably exact facsimile of St. Laurent better than all of Yves' *midinettes*. But this time we say, "The hell with clothes, Frank, where can we eat Szechuan?" And he says, "I will not tell you where to eat Szechuan, I will take you, and if you do not let me take you then I will not tell you where to eat Szechuan."

We want to eat Szechuan, which is the hot cuisine of North China, and he leads us down many roads and up many alleys, and we land at Fung Lum at 66 Granville Road. He sends a courier for a bottle of Scotch, and he orders six courses--cold cuts, smoked duck, fried prawns, braised beef, stewed yellow fish, and sliced pork with green peppers. It is very hot and he insists that we cool off with a shot of Scotch after each course. (An old Chinese custom.) Before lapsing into oblivion I scribble the following notes on the back of a Hong Kong Hilton envelope, all copied from the menu at Fung Lum's: Cold pig's kidney, kumquat orange beef, perfumed chicken, braised fish lip, mashed chicken and fish, glue soup, fish head in pot, double boiled turtle in clear soup, horse bean with chicken oil, eel noodles, sour and acrid soup noodles, and silver fungus sweet soup.

That's what you can get if you eat Szechuan. And if you go with Frank Fong you can scarcely escape coming home as double boiled as a turtle in clear soup.

—Horace Sutton.

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Swedish Theater—Part Two

STOCKHOLM.

WHEN ONE CONSIDERS that the population of Sweden is slightly less than that of New York City, the amount of high-quality professional theater in this country is amazing. The highest achievement comes, of course, at the Royal Dramatic Theater in Stockholm, whose productions of *Puntilla* and *The Investigation* were discussed in these columns last week. The depth of the company apparent in those plays was impressive.

But subsequent viewing reveals several more performers of top rank in the ensemble. These include the vivacious Bibi Andersson, who on the same day delivered hysterical histrionics in Strindberg's *Comrades* and brilliantly amusing comedy in Schnitzler's *Anatol*; and Ernst-Hugo Jaregard and Jan-Olof Strandberg, who are the funniest Estragon and Vladimir of all the *Waiting for Godot* productions I've sat through. The pair's antics in the Beckett play frequently remind one of Art Carney and Jackie Gleason, but do not impair the underlying pathos and poetry. If one adds to the five aforementioned productions such others as the surrealist presentation of Witold Gombrowicz's *Yvonne, Princess of Bourgogne* (hailed here as the finest of the decade), a well-received *Mother Courage*, an excellent *Marat/Sade*, and Ingmar Bergman's exciting staging of *Tiny Alice*, it is apparent that this one theater alone offered as much value as has the entire New York theater season.

However, this company is only one part of the Swedish theater picture. There are also city-subsidized theaters in Stockholm, Göteborg, Malmö, Norrköping, Uppsala, Hälsingborg, and even in Borås, a city of only 69,000 people. Furthermore, presentations at these theaters are often more effective than those of the same play in Stockholm.

To take care of the smaller cities and towns, Sweden subsidizes a number of traveling theater companies which constitute the Riksteatern. This organization gives about 2,000 performances a year in more than eighty local theaters throughout Sweden. On a given night some fifteen companies are performing in various places. The schedule is surprisingly sophisticated. I journeyed to Värnamo, a town of 15,000 people, to see a performance of Sandro Key-Aberg's *"O"*. There an accomplished company of six presented a series of satiric sketches that explored the clichés and unconscious social prejudices found in contemporary life.

One sketch that presented a father-and-son argument in which it turns out that the father is God and the son Jesus nicely suggested the incredible callousness of a parent who could deliberately send his child out to suffer. Another demonstrated how people can maintain that they are unbiased, better to arrive at anti-Semitic conclusions. While these are somewhat abrasive to provincial theatergoers, the people here seem nonetheless appreciative.

Swedish Radio-TV is most active in the field of drama. It provokes interest in current theater with discussion programs and sends critic Claes Hoogland all over the world to keep listeners aware of the latest trends in theater. More important still, it has organized a TV repertory company, headed by Gunn Wallgren and Per Oscarsson, which presents both classics and new plays.

Alongside all this subsidized culture, there is also a thriving commercial theater in Stockholm. At one playhouse Allan Edwall, whom many feel is Sweden's best actor, heads a company that performs four new plays a season. At another, the popular Maj-Britt Nilsson stars in a new show that usually runs the whole season (next year it will be *Cactus Flower*). A third theater will attempt to match this with *The Odd Couple*. And Stockholm's only large musical comedy house, Oscarsteatern, will give *Hello, Dolly*!

The current presentation at this theater, *West Side Story*, is surprisingly well done by a company previously untrained in this special kind of American musical. It features a dynamic performance by Lill Lindfors as Anita, and in the role of Maria introduces twenty-one-year-old Eva Serning, whose lovely voice and emotional responsivity suggest that she has the capacity to approximate the career of Julie Andrews. Unfortunately for the theater, Miss Serning may be lured into opera. This summer she will appear at Skansen in Pergolesi's *Serva Padrona*.

Two other theater enterprises should be mentioned. One is the small Pistol Theater, which is the equivalent of our off-Broadway. While its work is rough and widely varying, its purpose of shaking things up with blasphemy, improvisation, and audience involvement has been so stimulating that its author-directors have been invited to submit a scenario for a future presentation at the Royal Dramatic Theater.

Finally, there is the work of Per Edstrom, who has attempted to create a truly popular theater by staging *Vad Nu Da?* (*What Now Then?*) in the Swedish equivalent of Madison Square Garden. The show, which follows the evolution of man from amoeba to 200,000 years thence, must be classified as a brave but only partly successful first try at a huge task. At one point, scores of Adams and Eves symbolically copulate. At another, thirty-foot puppets demonstrate the industrial revolution. And throughout, our interest is heightened by our being invited to open numbered paper bags, each containing an item we can use to join the performance.

NEW YORK.

BY comparison with so much theater vitality, Sir John Gielgud's New York presentation of Chekhov's *Ivanov* seems old-fashioned and disappointing. While some may excuse it on the grounds that *Ivanov* is early, imperfect Chekhov, those of us who remember William Ball's brilliant staging of the play here eight years ago can vouch for its playability. No, the fault lies with Sir John's adaptation, which changes the play from what was a sometimes hilarious, sometimes tragic portrait of the grotesquerie of provincial Russian life to a romantic melodrama in which a rotter finally summons the decency to kill himself in preference to ruining an innocent girl's life. Thus the large and the mysterious are made small and commonplace.

Lost is the sense of struggle between an intelligent man and the ridiculous, boring society in which he lives, and in its place we see one of our greatest actors fumbling fitfully with a number of small guilts and minor irritations. While he does rise to a couple of fine moments in the second act, Gielgud the actor is unfortunately wasted by Gielgud the director.

Wasted, too, are the talents of other fine performers. As Ivanov's dying wife, beautiful Vivien Leigh has little chance to do much more than flutter about like a wounded bluebird. Roland Culver seems more British squire than Russian county chairman. And Jennifer Hilary displays insufficient emotional vulnerability as the young girl Ivanov doesn't want to hurt. At the age of eighty-eight, Ethel Griffies is fortunately beyond contamination. Her short spurts of cantankerousness are genuinely entertaining and a pleasant relief from the thin artificiality of the rest of the proceedings.

Since this production enjoyed success in England, one can only assume that it was well conceived for the tastes of audiences there. If so, it is a reminder that the difference between the American and British theatergoer may be greater than we had supposed.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Script Shortage

SOPHIA LOREN appears to be the world's most industrious actress. Having been seen a couple of months ago in *Judith* (and not to her best advantage), she is now on gorgeous view in two new films, *Arabesque* and *Lady L.* Stanley Donen, producer and director of *Arabesque,* is said to have waited in line two years to get on Miss Loren's schedule, and I wish I knew why. The role he had for her was so lightweight, so eminently playable by almost anyone with exotic eyes and shapely legs, that his film—a follow-up of his successful *Charade*—seems to have needed her mainly for her name. To that name, add the equally familiar Gregory Peck's. With two such stars, is a script needed? Hardly. Mr. Donen seems to feel that his light touch and his camera dexterity are enough.

For the latter he must be given due credit. We had thought that Sidney J. Furie had gone to a dizzy extreme with his camera angles in *The Ipcress File,* but Donen has outdone him, even to giving us a horse's-eye view of the racing crowd at Ascot and filming a scene as reflected in the hubcap of a speeding car. And in color, too. Amid all this photographic brilliance, Miss Loren and Mr. Peck are seen uneasily entwined in a flimsy yarn of intrigue in London. "A merry mélange of murder, mystery, and mirth," Universal terms it. Peck is an exchange professor at Oxford, apparently the only man in England who can unravel a message written in hieroglyphics, and Miss Loren admits in the course of the film to several identities, the last one revealing her to be on the professor's side after all. Meanwhile, Peck is nearly murdered merrily, and others are done in more gruesomely.

The trouble with a violent *soufflé* of this kind is that it is at once too fluffy and falls too flat. Logic is forsaken for style, and the style, based on an insubstantial foundation, becomes archness. Alan Badel, as an evil shipowner, is the archest villain seen in a long time. Now and then a nice little quip gets across, and the pictorial effects have flair, but I wish that Donen had waited longer for a good script than for those big stars.

In *Lady L,* Miss Loren is flanked by Paul Newman and David Niven. For a long time it was rumored that MGM had been having trouble fashioning a script out of the Romain Gary novel, while Gina Lollobrigida and Tony Curtis waited around at considerable expense to the corporation. Peter Ustinov then took over as adaptor and director. But he has failed to rescue the project. Not that he hasn't given it an all-out effort; in period settings that range from a Paris bordello to a luxury hotel in Nice, he tries to lift the not very exciting events of the novel into stylish comedy.

Miss Loren is met first as an incredibly rich and extremely elderly widow of the Duke of Lendale. She has a story to tell, and we await revelations. Well, she was once a laundress of relative virtue in a bordello, she fell in love with a handsome anarchist (Paul Newman), and, after having become pregnant by him, married an English duke (David Niven). Paul Newman attempts to give dash to his portrayal of an anarchist, but he is, to put it bluntly, miscast. David Niven is, of course, believable as a duke, but unfortunately is given few believable lines as well as an unbelievable character. And, can you imagine Sophia Loren as a laundress in a bordello? Evidently she can't either. Preposterous is the word for the whole misguided venture, although it does come briefly to life in a comic bit involving Mr. Ustinov as the dotty Prince Otto of Bavaria.

The above two films were made abroad. Meanwhile, in Hollywood, Ross Hunter decided that the answer to the story shortage was to do the fourth film version of *Madame X* (it was previously made in 1920, 1929, and 1937). Sad to say, it is not a durable vehicle. In Mr. Hunter's version—directed by David Lowell Rich—Lana Turner marries into a rich Fairfield County family, has a son, gets involved in a seamy scandal, and, egged on by her mother-in-law, who is concerned about the family name, disappears and takes on a new identity. Then, consumed by thwarted mother love, she wanders the world, going from bad to bed to absinthe, with absinthe making her heart grow even fonder of that dear little lost son. Eventually she shoots a dreadful fellow (Burgess Meredith) who wants to expose her true identity, and she is defended at her trial by —you'll never guess it—her own son!

It has been reported that tenderhearted film executives wept copiously during this section of the movie, but when I saw it I heard only gales of laughter. What is *wrong* with this new generation? There wasn't a dry eye in the house when Pauline Frederick played the same role twice. Too bad that Constance Bennett's role as the insufferable mother-in-law was her last. Miss Turner, trouper that she is, performs her chore in all seriousness, and, I'm afraid, may well garner this year's Harvard *Lampoon* award for acting. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

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Shakespeare *à la Russe*

GRIGORI Kozintsev, a veteran Russian director, is also a Shakespearean scholar, with a book appearing later this year in English to prove it. Although his new version of *Hamlet* (or Gamlet, as the Russians say it) is based upon a translation by Boris Pasternak, the script is by Kozintsev himself, and one ventures to say that both the approach and the excisions are pretty much his own.

This is an active *Hamlet,* not sicklied o'er by any pale cast of thought; he has almost too much to do just remaining alive to obey at once his father's ghostly command that he kill the usurping King. Unlike Olivier's version, which dwelt on every moment of doubt and indecision, this one actually prunes away such scenes as that in which Hamlet discovers Claudius at his prayers and will not kill him lest his soul go straight to heaven. "O what a rogue and peasant slave am I" is severely truncated (as are most of the famous soliloquies); only the last few lines of "How all occasions do inform against me" remain.

The result, of course, is a *Hamlet* far less complex than Shakespeare's, but also a good deal more consistent. His hatred for the King is single-minded, with no Oedipal overtones to muddy its pursuit. He lacks not will, but opportunity; and when the opening at last presents itself in the climactic duel with Laertes, he seizes it with the desperation of a man who knows both his doom and his destiny.

This is a virile Hamlet, a Hamlet who would truly merit the admiration of a soldier like Fortinbras and the loyalty of an honest courtier like Horatio. It is also a remarkably playable *Hamlet,* as cinematic a *Hamlet* as we are ever likely to see. From the first encounter with the Ghost, while the horses in the nearby stables break their traces and bolt in terror, it is evident that Kozintsev intends imagery to supplement the words, not merely to illustrate them. The wide screen fills with the Ghost's dark, wind-blown robes, and the evil deed that he recounts to Hamlet, and the evil deed that he demands, appear like a summons from Hell. Polonius is killed in the Queen's bedchamber, and his falling body rips down a curtain to reveal her finery arrayed upon a row of dummies. When Ophelia dies, the corpse is discovered floating at the edge of a mist-filled lake. And the sea is a constantly recurring image, as if to stress the eternality of the tale.

Kozintsev, boldly cutting text to make way for pictures, at times seems to have gone too far. Why, for example, could not Polonius have said the whole of his famous farewell speech to his son? Hamlet's instructions to the players are glossed into a line or two. And who ever heard of a *Hamlet* without "To be or not to be"?

On the other hand, this production boasts a superb grave-digger's scene, a skilled staging of the play within the play and of the duel with Laertes, and innumerable touches such as playing Hamlet's death scene outside the gloomy castle so that he makes his affecting farewell to Horatio with hundreds of peasants looking on. Indeed, whenever possible, Kozintsev moves his cameras outside, thus dissipating still further the claustrophobic, gloomy Dane concept. Hamlet becomes, instead, a veritable "sweet prince." In this enterprise, the director has the advantage not only of a manly Hamlet and an exquisite Ophelia, but of an entire cast that plays with nuance and seems utterly at home in the rich costumes and vast halls of Elsinore; as well as an original score by no less a composer than Dmitri Shostakovich that aptly reflects the turbulent mood of the entire film. With all this excellence, it is unforgivable that the sub-titling has been so shabbily handled—neither good Shakespeare nor good English, and filled with typographical errors.

Another virtue of Kozintsev's *Hamlet* is the director's ability to discover a proper style for his work, and to sustain it. The camera plays close to his characters, making them larger than life, heroic; in the absence of much of The Bard's poetry, the thoughtfully chosen and composed images contribute a poetry of their own. Just how important style can be is observable, in reverse, in Irvin Kershner's direction of *A Fine Madness,* with a script prepared by Elliott Baker from his own novel. "'Tis neither fish nor fowl; one knows not where to have it."

The story of a wild poet (Sean Connery) of satyric as well as satiric impulse, it wobbles uncertainly in mood between antic comedy and rather dire commentary on the professional ethics of some psychiatrists. Certainly, pre-frontal lobotomy is an unlikely source of humor; yet that is what a doctor prescribes to cure our hero's libidinal propensities after discovering him in the hospital's ripple bath with his (the doctor's) wife. The poet is a bombastic boor, the wife (Joanne Woodward) a shrill shrew, and all the psychiatrists seem to need psychiatrists. But, in color, New York never looked lovelier.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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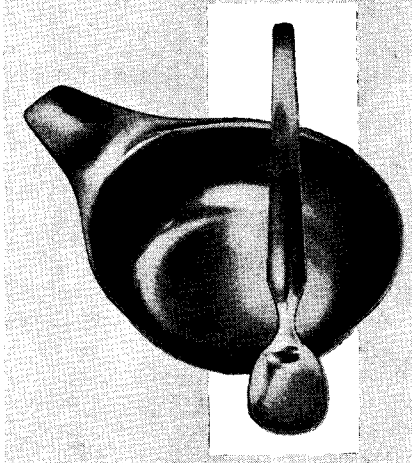

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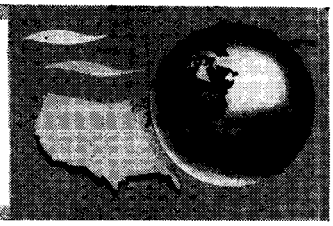

TORONTO:

Modern Folk Hero

YOUNG WASHINGTON ATTORNEY Ralph Nader, who is crusading for better auto safety, is turning into a modern-day folk hero. He has become a sort of Davy Crockett of the chrome jungle taking on such rare creatures as Furies, Wildcats, Thunderbirds, Marauders, and Barracuda.

All this clamor has led to an acceleration of the debate on car safety in Canada as well as the U.S. Not just cars but components, like tires, are coming under attack and possible government safety regulation. Ottawa and Ontario are considering joining New York State's imaginative $4,000,000 project to build a prototype car designed for maximum safety. If this attention results in a reduction of the carnage on the highway, we can all be grateful for the courage and resourcefulness of Ralph Nader.

—The Toronto Star

MANCHESTER:

Safety Breakthrough

THE MOTOR CAR industry magnates are worried and angry. Mr. Henry Ford II admitted today: "We are in trouble in the auto industry right now, but we are going to fight our way out." Mr. Ford then questioned whether the critics had "considered the possible economic impact on our business and on the nation's economy" of their safety proposals. He hoped that "the gentlemen in Washington will consider carefully the possibility that what they are doing, what they are passing along to the auto industry, might in some fashion upset the economy of the country."

The introduction of a few safety devices in American cars upset the mighty American economy? Well, well!

But to be fair to the American car industry it is generally acknowledged that hitherto it has been the customer's indifference to the safety aspects of his car and his preoccupation with its appearance that have largely determined the characteristics of the American car. Now, perhaps for the first time in the history of the industry, equal consideration is likely to be given to safety measures as to styling.

Britain's motor industry will presumably wish to follow developments here closely if they want to continue to export to the American market. And if the British manufacturers do have to introduce special safety devices into their models for the American market it is not too much to hope that they will find it desirable to introduce them also in their models for the domestic market.

—Richard Scott in the Manchester Guardian Weekly

LONDON:

Frustrations of Consensus

THE ATMOSPHERE IN Washington this spring resembles that of Washington in the later Eisenhower period. There is the same bitter criticism of a President who is failing to give America the leadership that his nationwide popularity would enable him to give and that the country needs, in the opinion of sophisticated Washington at least. The President's own Democrats, who are of course in the great majority in the city today, are naturally much more bitter than the Republicans, just because their disappointment is so great, particularly after last year's huge leap toward making the United States a country fit for Americans to live in.

The amount that has already been achieved by President Johnson is one great difference between Washington in 1966 and 1958. Another is that this time the blame can be placed on an outside factor—the war in Vietnam, a nagging worry that is ever present everywhere. And a third is that the President shares the dissatisfaction of his critics. He is not a simple man but he has a simple desire to be liked . . . to do things for people . . .

When he looks abroad Mr. Johnson loses the flexibility and drive which characterize his attitude to affairs at home. He is not, it seems, prepared to let his advisers replace this lack. While it is not fair to say, as is often said, that all the best people have left the government and that their successors are second-rate yes-men, yet it is disturbing that Mr. McGeorge Bundy's post as the President's adviser on international matters has been filled, in so far as it has been filled at all, by the less imaginative Mr. Walt Rostow and that Mr. Dean Acheson, growing ever fiercer as he grows older, is now so close to the President

Senator Fulbright has stepped in with a series of hearings before his Foreign Relations Committee, on Vietnam, on China, and soon on Europe. In this field the leadership that should come from the White House is now coming from Capitol Hill, even though the country as a whole may not be paying much attention. In Washington a consensus leaves gaps that are quickly filled.

—The Economist

SYDNEY:

Conscripts for Vietnam?

IT IS NATURAL that the spectacle of young Australians being conscripted to serve in Vietnam should stir most people's emotions. . . Everybody knows that it is undesirable to have to send national servicemen to the grim and bitter conflict in Vietnam. But, if we Australians wish to be regarded as a grownup nation, we are inescapably bound to accept the responsibilities of a grownup nation, particularly a nation in as hazardous a geographical position as our own.

One of our responsibilities is to contribute our fair share to the containment of Communist aggression. By sending troops to Vietnam, Australia is taking its place alongside the United States. If we are to expect help from the United States if a direct threat should ever come to Australia, we must stand shoulder to shoulder with the United States in its own responsibilities and involvements.

—Sydney Sunday Telegraph

NEW DELHI:

Moment of Truth

BOTH THE KY regime and the Johnson Administration now face the moment of truth in South Vietnam. What are the options that Washington can now exercise? As Mr. Walter Lippmann has pointed out, there are two options.

One is to let the Vietnamese practice self-determination, forming a government in Saigon which would have the support of the main political factions in the country. It might be that such a government would like to end the war by negotiating with the Vietcong. The other choice that Washington has is to add to the military burden of winning the war the political burden of governing the country. Even the "hawks" in Washington might well shrink from this when they examine the international repercussions of exercising this option.

Meanwhile, reports from Washington say that for the first time "serious people both inside and outside the administration" have begun to contemplate the possibility of American troop withdrawals from South Vietnam. The outcome of this agonizing reappraisal of American policy is difficult to predict.

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What is clear is that the present situation cannot continue much longer. Some hard decisions will have to be taken by Washington, and taken soon.

—*The Indian Express*

HAMBURG:

The U.S. and Reunification

WITHOUT THE UNITED STATES, negotiations on reunification [of Germany] can have no prospects of success. Neither could a European defense system be established. No nation in the world has as much understanding of the question of reunification as the United States. The mere fact that a nation of 75,000,000 people does not represent a danger to a nation as large as America helps the United States to a better understanding of our problem.

The United States regards Berlin as the focus of the East-West conflict. The defense of Berlin is a matter of honor to the American nation. The United States, more than any other ally, understands the Federal Republic's desire to participate indirectly in the control of nuclear weapons and to influence nuclear strategy and negotiations on arms control. The Federal Republic's conception of foreign trade is in basic agreement with that of the United States. But this is not all. In the course of the last twenty years both friendship and mutual understanding between the two nations have steadily developed. We can only be grateful for this.

The friendship of the American nation with that of the Federal Republic is the foundation of our security in the East-West conflict. It is an intrinsic component of Federal Republic policy.

—*The German Tribune*

MUNICH:

Recognizing China

IT IS OF CONSIDERABLE interest that Washington is about to adopt a new and more positive "China image," even though the costly war in Vietnam means that the United States is engaged in combat confrontation with China. . . The American people, having dropped the notion that Peking can be permanently eliminated through military action, realize now that the United States and China must eventually come to some arrangement. —*Münchner Merkur*

EAST BERLIN:

U.S. Troop Reductions

U.S. PLANS TO WITHDRAW 15,000 of its 250,000 occupation troops stationed in West Germany have caused great excitement in Bonn. As in previous cases when a reduction of occupation troops was on the agenda, leading circles in Bonn immediately raised general protests to such a plan, although in this context political observers point out that official Bonn, according to the Springer press, plans to utilize the United States move to increase its own military strength and above all take possession of nuclear weapons.

Typical in this regard is an article in *Die Welt* which says that the "question of military security for the Federal Republic" has again been raised by the United States plans. "The answer must be strengthened tactical nuclear armament of the Americans in West Germany, a raising of the atomic threshold in strategic planning, and a promise from Washington that gaps opened now must be filled later."

In the opinion of the above-mentioned observers, this proves that the military situation in West Germany will not change at all but that—on the contrary—aggressiveness will increase.

—*Neues Deutschland*

BUDAPEST:

Tourists and Taste

DURING THE BUSY tourist season in summer and fall, a number of our compatriots return to Hungary to visit. The overwhelming majority of these people are decent and honest men who are drawn back by the desire to see the old fatherland or by curiosity about this new Hungary. They feel at home in Hungary; they are not strangers, immigrants or second-rate citizens.

But some of the visitors, after leaving Hungary, seem to forget fundamental elements of educated behavior and try to join the campaign for coexistence in their own way. For example, they showed a film in the United States about Hungary and filled the supporting text with abuses of our country. Another person wiped his shoes with a ten forint bill in front of a group of onlookers. This "fine work" of furthering coexistence aroused revulsion in self-respecting individuals and in persons of good taste.

—*Toronto Star.*

"They just *won't* fasten their seat belts."

The action of the voluntary champions of psychological warfare did not do us any harm, but harmed the system for which they make good propaganda . . .

—*Tibor Pethö in the Magyar Nemzet*

MOSCOW:

Ky Hangs by a Thread

MANY PEOPLE are now recalling that in February 1966 high officials of the U.S.A. flew to Honolulu for a face-to-face meeting with the Saigon ruling clique. At that time the newspapers wrote that this was an emphatic demonstration of the "unity of views and goals" of Washington and Saigon. In this way the leaders of the United States tried "to shore up the prestige of the puppet Premier Nguyen Cao Ky, on whom big stakes were placed. For his part Ky promised to wage still more actively "the war for people's hearts," as he put it.

Now it can be seen where the efforts of both sides have led. Ky and his entire junta hang by a thread. Washington is making feverish efforts to save not only its stooge but also its own prestige. Democratic Senator Ernest Gruening draws an extremely valid conclusion from all this: "Nothing can more fully expose the falsity, absurdity, weakness and bankruptcy of Administration policy in Southeast Asia than what is going on now in South Vietnam."

This is exactly how Washington's Vietnam policy appears to the whole world.

—*E. Alekseyev in Pravda*

PEKING:

Warning Against Attack

A COMMENTATOR for *Renmin Ribao* gave serious warning to the U.S. imperialists in an article on April 13. The intrusion of the heavy attack plane and the deliberate provocations in early April against Chinese fishing vessels, he said, "show that U.S. imperialism is pushing its policy of hostility toward the Chinese people with greater and greater efforts. This has thoroughly exposed the Johnson Administration's talk about its readiness to 'improve' Sino-American relations as utter claptrap. The U.S. imperialists should know that the Chinese people are not to be trifled with. We are well prepared for any provocation. If they should dare to come, we will strike resolutely; we will strike mercilessly any time they arrive. The new victory the Chinese air force has won . . . *is* . . . another strong warning to U.S. imperialism."

—*Peking Review*

—A. B.

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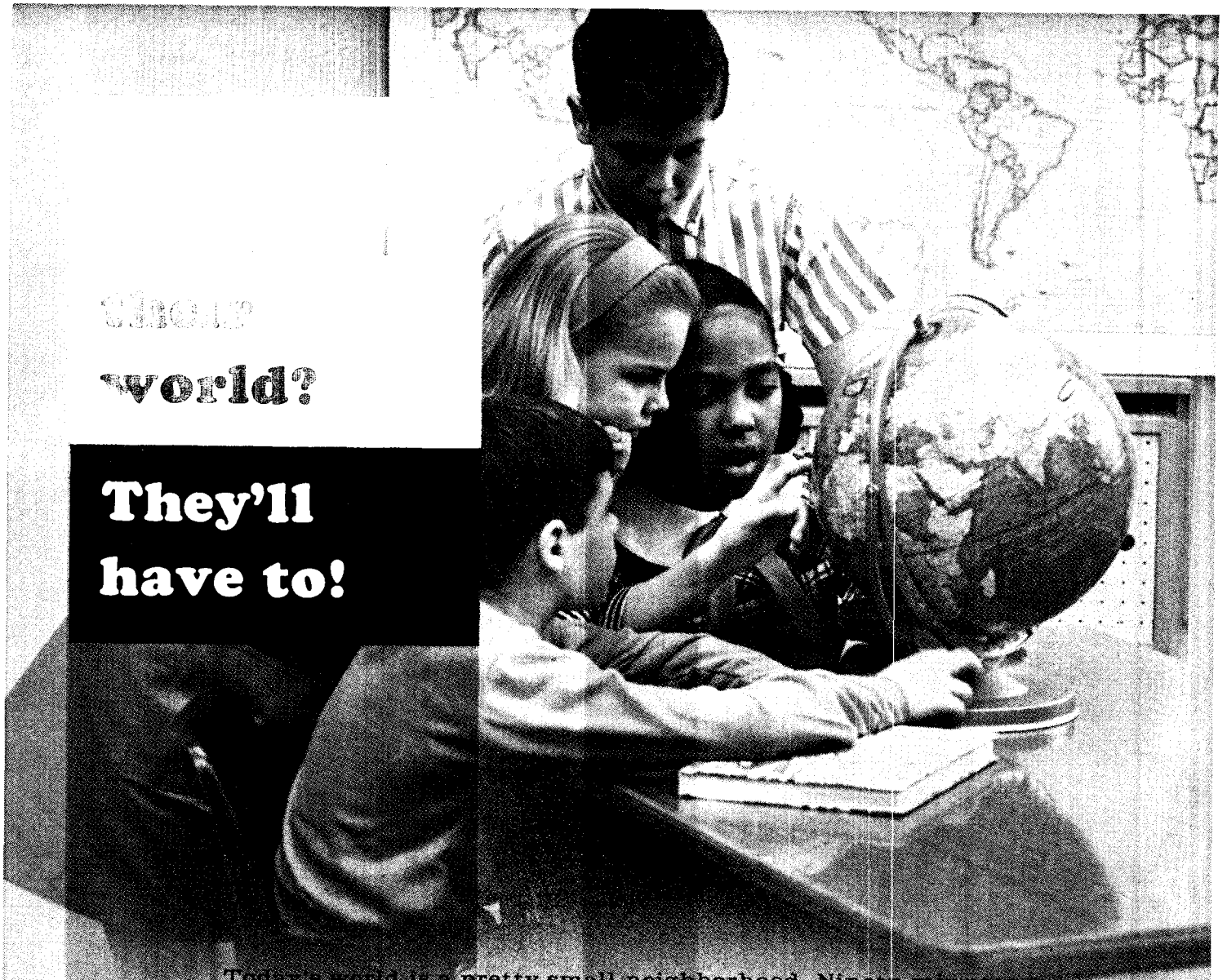

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Education Editor: PAUL WOODRING
Associate Education Editor: JAMES CASS

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Education and the Copyright Law

EDUCATION and publishing, ancient partners in the dissemination of knowledge, are today involved in sharp controversy over the provisions of the new copyright law under consideration in Congress. The issues in the debate are clear; their solution is not. But the ultimate objectives of the contending parties coincide so completely that it is difficult to believe that a satisfactory solution cannot be found.

There is general agreement that the present law, enacted in 1909, requires revision. The vast changes in education and publishing, and the revolution in communications and copying techniques, present problems for our lawmakers that were undreamed of a half century ago. But these changes also offer opportunities for service to society that cannot be fully exploited under the present law.

The Constitution provides that Congress shall have the power "To promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive rights to their respective writings and discoveries." Under this power, Congress enacted the first copyright law in 1790, and has revised it on three occasions since—in 1831, 1870, and 1909. This law, and its revisions, has provided the legal basis for the development of the publishing industry. It has also offered the protection under which much of American creative genius has flowered over the years.

The copyright law protects writers, artists, publishers, and others in a number of fields, and the proposed revision has raised a variety of issues. But the sharpest controversy centers on those sections of the proposed revision that have to do with the educational use of published materials. The present law prohibits copying or use of any copyrighted material without permission of the publisher or author. However, over the years the courts have evolved the concept of "fair use" which allows reviewers, critics, teachers, and others to reproduce excerpts or parts of copyrighted works for certain restricted purposes. The proposed revision writes into the law for the first time the fair use concept, but merely states that, ". . . the fair use of a copyright work is not an infringement of copyright." Interpretation of what is, and what is not, fair use is left to existing legal precedents and to future court decisions.

Educators feel that this brief section neither protects teachers adequately, nor allows them the freedom necessary to use a wide range of materials in the classroom. The public welfare, they contend, demands that teachers be authorized specifically, within certain limits, to copy and to use copyrighted materials for classroom and other educational purposes. The publishers, on the other hand, fear that such broad exemption, in the light of rapid developments in copying and data storage technology, will seriously threaten the economic well-being of the publishing industry.

Both educators and publishers have assembled compelling arguments to buttress their respective positions. To the neutral observer, concerned with both publishing and education, it appears that both are right—that both must win the argument, but each must do so without injury to the

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other party. Consider the arguments.

Today we live in an age in which H. G. Wells's dictum that human history is "a race between education and catastrophe" is no longer quoted as pious rhetoric, but as a frightening reality. We have become painfully aware—in Harlem and in Watts—that the uneducated and consequently unemployable youth in our slums are, indeed, "social dynamite." We have learned that if our culturally deprived children are to enjoy fully the benefits of equal educational opportunity, they must be given a Head Start even before they reach school age. We are finally accepting the inescapable conclusion that if the nation is to survive and flourish, all young people must have access to first-rate education from kindergarten through graduate or professional school. And at every level, and in every circumstance, it is the teacher who is the key.

Given the magnitude of the task, it becomes unthinkable that we should deny our teachers access to the resources that make for creative performance in the classroom—or that we should complicate access with such cumbersome restrictions that taking advantage of them is not worth the effort. When a teacher is preparing for the next day's class, he may find a chart, a map, a chapter in a book, or a magazine article that will contribute directly to classroom understanding of the lesson. He should be free to get to school early the following morning, reproduce the material on the school's copying machine, and use it immediately in his class. If he has to secure permission before using the material, or even keep a record and obtain permission after it has been used, he is likely to find the process more time-consuming than it is worth. He will forget it, and his students will be the losers.

On the other hand, it is no more reasonable to ask authors, artists, and publishers to donate the product of their creative minds and imaginations to the education enterprise than it is to expect manufacturers to donate school furniture or cafeteria equipment. Nor is it reasonable to ask publishers to agree to very broad exemptions from the law when the rapid development of copying devices and information storage and retrieval technology makes the future of publishing so obscure.

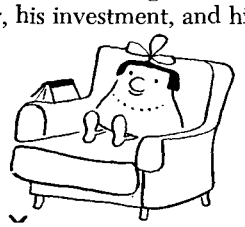
Photocopying devices, already in wide use, are rapidly becoming simpler, cheaper, more efficient, and more generally available. Many are already in the schools and it is, for all practical purposes, impossible to monitor their use. Certainly the prevalence of such machines—and the consequent possibilities for abuse—will continue to increase in the years ahead. For this reason, publishers hope, somewhat forlornly, that a relatively strict copyright law will help to keep the collective conscience of the education community alerted to the possibilities of infringement of the law. Too liberal a law, they feel, may well give teachers the impression that publishers have abdicated their legal rights entirely.

In addition, there is the related, but quite different issue of computer-controlled information storage and retrieval systems. Entire libraries can be fed into such systems, to be stored on magnetic tape or microfilm. Then, upon demand (in some systems by simply dialing a code number very much as a telephone number is dialed), any work or any portion of a work can be printed automatically, or projected on a screen. All of the schools in a community can be linked to such an information storage center—or all the schools in a state or a region. Manifestly, one book fed into an information center of this kind may take the place of a dozen or a hundred books in traditional libraries serving a like area. Such information storage and retrieval systems are not yet in general use, but the technology for them exists and pilot installations are being tested. Almost certainly they will become common in the near future.

DISCUSSION of these issues before a subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee took place last summer and fall. The hearings were long, searching, and sometimes frustrating. Too often, it seemed, those who testified were more interested in scoring debating points than in clarifying the issues, and frequently the common concerns of publishers and educators were obscured or forgotten. Yet these concerns coincide so completely that it is difficult to see how anything less than a cooperative solution can be satisfactory. Perhaps recognition of a few, simple, basic principles might provide a framework within which educators and publishers could cooperate in seeking a mutually satisfactory solution. Here are some that might be considered.

First, both publishers and educators desire the widest possible dissemination and use of printed and other published materials. Certainly this has been an objective of civilized men for generations. And as materials of this kind are circulated more widely, and are used by ever more people, the market for similar materials will continue to grow and expand.

Second, all parties concerned have a crucial stake in seeing to it that the publisher, his investment, and his future



effectiveness are all protected. He provides the stimulus for creation of new and better teaching materials, the means by which they are given usable form, and the channel through which they are made available to the teacher and the classroom. Therefore, it would seem that fair use of his materials by teachers should include copying them for educational purposes, without permission, *up to the point where copying clearly inhibits the sale of additional materials.* Up to that point, teachers should have freedom to make use of any materials that will enhance classroom learning. Beyond that point the publisher's interest should be served.

The advent of automated storage and retrieval systems, however, presents rather different problems. Here there is no issue of ease and efficiency of use—these are built into the system. The problem is simply one of compensating the publisher when books and other materials are fed into the system and one copy takes the place of many. Perhaps an adjusted price on the one copy purchased for such a purpose could be worked out. Or a licensing and fee-for-use arrangement might be developed, with the computer automatically recording and reporting the number of times each item is used. Ingenuity will be needed in working out a satisfactory solution, but the problem doesn't appear insuperable.

Third, both publishers and educators want teachers to have easy and efficient access to all the resources that will contribute to effective classroom learning. Teachers should receive every encouragement to make the widest possible use of all available resources. Nevertheless, the circumstances under which both education and publishing function are changing so rapidly that the reluctance of the House Judiciary Committee to write specific exemptions into the law appears wise. Rather, it would seem, that some means should be found to record the intent of Congress in relation to the fair use concept as it relates to teachers.

Beyond this, it seems even clearer that a joint committee of educators and publishers should be formed to seek agreement on what is, and what is not, fair use. Such a committee, if composed of men of good will, could determine what practices in the schools actually injure publishers—and which are feared merely because they might set precedents for an unknown future. The committee's continuing function would be to set up a code of fair practice that could be kept under constant scrutiny and changed as the circumstances dictate in the future.

Both educators and publishers must win this debate. And the only way they can do so is through cooperation, not competition. —J.C.

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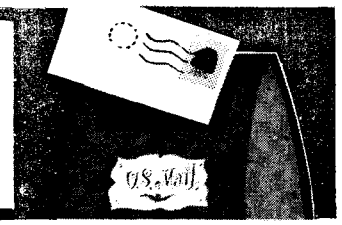
Letters to the Editor



Hope for Non-Readers

THE ARTICLE by Careth Ellingson and James Cass, "Teaching the Dyslexic Child: New Hope for Non-Readers" [*SR*, Apr. 16], is the most helpful we have seen on the subject. It has put so many things into the proper perspective. More importantly, it seems to hold out hope that this widespread problem will be recognized and properly treated.

The last paragraph of your article is particularly important. For, in essence, it provides the door through which this problem—and the needless suffering of millions of children and parents—can be alleviated and entirely prevented in the future.

MORTON SAMILOW.
North Bellmore, N.Y.

IT HAS BEEN LONG OVERDUE that national publications emphasize the many special education programs in operation. I particularly enjoyed the April 16 issue highlighting the education of the dyslexic child. . . . Let us not forget that the successful techniques used in these programs have many implications for the regular classroom.

ROBERT J. FREDRICKS,
Teacher, Educationally Handicapped,
Chula Vista City School District.
Chula Vista, Calif.

I AM VERY PLEASED that a magazine such as *Saturday Review* has not only learned about the dyslexic child but written about his problem.

As a parent of such a child I know how much it would have meant to me in the long years of puzzlement and bewilderment to have read this article and to know of this as a possible cause of my son's not reading.

He had suffered through eight years of school before his problem was diagnosed correctly. After he found out that there was a reason he couldn't read he turned to me and said "I'm not stupid, then, am I?" So it went for one dyslexic child.

JEANNE B. HARDENDORFF,
Pratt Institute.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Intelligence Tests

PAUL WOODRING'S EDITORIAL "Are Intelligence Tests Unfair?" [*SR*, Apr. 16] is the first sensible commentary I have seen on this subject for the non-professional reader. I grinned at the analogy to the "unfair" weight scale for undernourished children, because I have been using a similar example in my classes for some time.

Potential is never fully developed without proper conditions. Though some soils are better than others, proper fertilizer will improve the yield of all. We are beginning to learn something about the appropriate "fertilizers" for intelligence, but without our well tested tests, how could we measure the results of our efforts?

LOUISE B. MILLER,
University of Louisville.
Louisville, Ky.

THE APRIL EDITORIAL was a fine, sensible and very informative one. Decisions today in this area seem to be made on political and emotional bases. Hence it is commendable that you shed light constructively on the topic.

My major concern about bans on group intelligence tests is that they tend to endorse a purely racist and fallacious notion, that minority children, as a group, cannot be measured adequately with such tests.

HARRY B. GILBERT,
The Board of Examiners,
Board of Education,
City of New York.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I HAVE JUST READ Paul Woodring's editorial, "Are Intelligence Tests Unfair?" My congratulations on the realistic approach you have taken. Granted my obvious prejudice (we are the publishers of the Stanford-Binet, the Lorge-Thorndike Intelligence Tests, and many others), I regard the article as the sanest appraisal of the "problem" that has appeared in recent years. Your analogy in the discussion of "fairness" is wonderful—and I must advise you that I fully intend to use it in my own presentations henceforth.

Just one comment on content—while it is true that the older intelligence tests do use scores called "ratio IQ's," modern ones do not; standard scores called "deviation IQ's" are used (in the recent edition of the Stanford-Binet, for example). Several new group intelligence tests also use deviation IQ's. I would presume that you would agree that since these *are* standard scores—a mean of 100 and a standard deviation of 16—they would qualify for use as described in your next to last paragraph.

JOHN SOMMER,
Chief Editor, Test Department,
Houghton Mifflin Company.
Boston, Mass.

From Catholic to catholic

EDWARD WAKIN has penetrated well the problem of the Catholic College, ["How Catholic Is the Catholic College?" *SR*, Apr. 16]. The difference between students on Catholic campuses and Catholics on secular campuses are not substantial. In fact after hearing of Bermuda and Nassau Easter vacation adventures, one begins to wonder whether there are any differences at all.

The chief problem affecting Catholic higher education is that the Church's colleges and universities are truly not "catholic." Until religious orders of men and women realize that colleges and universities are to be really catholic and not merely their property—the supreme dominion of the establishment; that priests and nuns are not *de facto* the best presidents, deans, or department heads; that to talk of academic freedom means to permit academic freedom, even to the point of permitting criticism of the establishment; that what is important is not the time a student signs in or makes room-check, but his right to pursue truth; and lastly, to have the Christian courage to admit that theology will remain the poorest department on campus as long as it means students will be compelled to memorize meaningless formulas—then and only then will the Catholic college or university have a right to exist.

To be catholic means to be cosmic, universal. To be true to its name and image, the Catholic college must expect and indeed encourage diversity of thought with charity, even in theology.

REVEREND JOSEPH P. LOCIGNO,
University of Notre Dame.
Notre Dame, Ind.

FEW WOULD ARGUE the provocative challenge of Edward Wakin's "How Catholic Is the Catholic College?" His analysis sounds fitting and proper for this post-conciliar time. No permanent harm comes from honesty. I anticipate his book, *The De-Romanization of the American Catholic Church*.

As a lay faculty member (for seven years), however, of the "Midwest college run by the Benedictines" to which he refers, I would like to balance off his image of us somewhat, without suggesting that we stand full-fledged academically.

To say as he does that the college is "huddled against the side of a monastery" implies a lack of academic freedom which is not the case here. And to say that the college is "rural . . . isolated from the urban centers where America lives" really ignores the fact of the automobile, while implying that the value of detachment is old hat.

Finally, to say "even on that self-contained campus the enclosed environment is undergoing severe strains," while implying blame, is simply to praise what must *be* in this strained post-conciliar time.

HERBERT C. BURKE,
St. John's University.
Collegeville, Minn.

On *Freedom in Education*

ONE OF THE STRANGE FALLOUTS of ecumenism is a kind of inverted Catholic minority complex. This malady causes the Catholic to find ways of depreciating things Catholic. There are symptoms of the malady, it seems to me, in Edward Wakin's review of my book, *Freedom in Education: Federal Aid for All Children* [*SR*, Mar. 19]. While Wakin reviews the book I wrote somewhat favorably, he is sharply critical of the book I *didn't* write.

Freedom in Education is no more a book on Catholic education than on Protestant, Jewish, or public school education. It is a book on the rights and liberties of Christian, Jewish, and nonbelieving parents in the education of their children—an issue which is still, contrary to Wakin's ivory tower convictions, "a burning issue" in most sections of the nation.

VIRGIL C. BLUM, S.J.,
Marquette University.
Milwaukee, Wis.

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—Jim Hughes (Christian Science Monitor).

"The 2,000 boys at Boston Latin School are in many respects far more reminiscent of those at a staid private academy than at a public school."

BIG CITY SCHOOLS—I

BOSTON: EDUCATION'S LAST HURRAH

By PETER SCHRAG, *author of the book "Voices in the Classroom."*

THIRTY YEARS AGO, in Mayor James Michael Curley's Boston, the Cabots spoke only to the Lowells, and the Irish ran the city; in the "new" Boston of the Sixties, boasting urban progress and redevelopment, any citizen will speak to almost any other, honored political habits are breaking down, and even Scollay Square—the boozy honky-tonk of all-night bars, burlesque houses, and other delights of the flesh—has been razed by the renewers. But at 15 Beacon Street, the headquarters of the Boston School Committee, and in some 200 public elementary and secondary schools —many of them more than a half century old—the Sullivans still speak mostly to the O'Learys, the Caseys, and the McDonoughs. It is their Boston Irishness—political, parochial, and personable—that has given the schools of the city, comprising 93,000 children and 3,800 teachers, problems and qualities that make them distinctive and sometimes notorious in American education.

Boston is every American's Great Historical Site, the city of the Massacre and the Tea Party, of Sam Adams and Paul Revere, of Anne Hutchinson and John Cotton, and of all those proper people who once lived in the Back Bay and on Beacon Hill but who are now as plentiful in exurbs like Marblehead, Milton, and Cohasset. Like many another American metropolis, Boston has been savagely victimized by the flight of the middle class from the central city (although Beacon Hill is still *the* place to live); unlike others it has had—until recently—almost no major development since the depression. Boston has been hemmed in by jealous suburbs and hobbled by fragmented political control, some of it vested in the Governor of Massachusetts or in special metropolitan districts by people who feared the rising Irish city politicians. Concurrently Boston has been constricted for more than a half century by financial and social conservatism that preferred a safe 5 per cent and a Friday seat at Symphony (rarely called the Boston Symphony) to anything that smacked too much of risk, adventure, or association with new groups. Thus, when the Irish and the Italians arrived during the great immigration, they found a city whose main avenues to advancement began with politics and civil service, not with corporate enterprise or industrial growth.

Redevelopment, spurred by two energetic mayors, John B. Hynes and the incumbent John F. Collins, is now generating new construction and initiative, and even a new urban optimism, but older attitudes and patterns linger. The Irish who live in South Boston, Dorchester, and Charlestown still dominate politics and the civil service—and that includes public education—while the growing Negro population has turned the formerly Jewish Roxbury and North Dorchester area into a black ghetto. Boston's recent school battles—fought mainly on the issue of integration—are in great measure a confrontation of that increasingly militant Negro population (supported by white liberals) with the Irish, Italians, and the other lower-middle-class families (and some upper-middle-class home owners in newer neighborhoods)

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who comprise the majority of the city's population. Concurrently they also reflect the struggle of the new and modern against political forces and attitudes that have shaped Boston for more than fifty years.

While Bostonians—and many others—debate the politics of the elected School Committee, speculating whether Mrs. Louise Day Hicks, its most prominent member and leading defender of "neighborhood" schools, will run for mayor, or perhaps lead a national crusade against school integration, the professional educators at 15 Beacon Street carry on much as they have for thirty years, running a system that displays severe urban problems and decay, that is plagued by the middle-class exodus, and that mirrors, for better or worse, an educational history unmatched in America. Operating alongside a parochial system that educates about one-third of Boston's children, and competing with some of the most prestigious suburban systems in the country (Newton, Brookline, Wellesley, Lexington), the Boston schools suffer from a tax base that has failed to keep pace with rising educational costs, from a rapidly growing proportion of deprived children (the system is now 25 per cent Negro), and from a constitutional division of power that effectively gives the mayor—not the School Committee—the ultimate authority over school budget increases and new building construction.

Boston ranks low in nationally standardized public-achievement tests, in the percentage of students going on to college, and in new school construction, and it is often criticized for an educational conservatism that refuses to keep pace with the academic innovations so visible in the neighboring suburbs and across the country. Like most other major cities, it also has an increasing number of overwhelmingly Negro schools, many of them located in aging and substandard buildings. The critics charge that the School Committee's unwillingness to recognize and ameliorate the *de facto* segregation—and the resulting battles—have served to hide the educational shortcomings of the system. And these shortcomings, they feel, are severe.

Attempts are now being made to confront some of the problems. Under Superintendent William H. Ohrenberger, the former football coach and teacher who has headed the system since 1963, Boston is now planning and initiating compensatory programs and experiments to mitigate cultural disadvantages and to provide other special services for deprived children, to increase already competitive teachers' salaries (partly under union pressure), to construct a new campus high school for 5,000 students, and to take other measures to meet its educational problems. Boston is dotted with demonstration projects and special ventures. Yet the system derives its real character not from any program or set of problems, but from the ethnic and political traditions and struggles of the people who have been called the only oppressed majority in the world, and who make up two-thirds of the city's population.

If the Irish are dominant in the city, they have practically overwhelmed the schools, taking over from strict Yankee schoolmasters who maintained traditions of quality and order that can be traced back to the beginnings of the Boston Latin School—which still remains the pride of the Boston system—more than three centuries ago. (The history of public education in Boston is inevitably associated with the Latin School and with the students who have attended it since its founding in 1635—Cotton Mather, Sam Adams, John Hancock, Emerson, three presidents of Harvard, Henry Ward Beecher, Santayana . . .). But when the Irish took over—and many have been outstanding teachers and administrators—they seldom brought educational reform or liberalism; more often they came with attitudes nurtured in a conservative Church and in a parochial establishment as inflexible and repressive as the classic masters of the Yankee tradition. Concurrently, municipal reformers, fearing political shenanigans, enveloped the whole system with rigid civil service routines and at-large School Committee elections, making minority representation and professional deviation almost impossible. Thus the spirit of John Dewey made few substantial inroads. At the same time, the style of the Church and the parochial schools—which are themselves now changing—was never far away.

The critics of the Boston system like to accuse it of inbreeding and nepotism. They point out that all the members of the Board of Superintendents—the senior staff of the system—are Catholics, and that all but one or two are graduates of Boston College; that relatives of School Committee members, including a couple of brothers, are teaching in the system, and that Boston, through its attitude and hiring practices, has never encouraged outsiders to apply for jobs. They have pictured the whole establishment, from the School Committee down, as a closed club of unimaginative civil servants lacking interest in outside ideas, lacking contact with the city's great universities, and lacking initiative to innovate. One leading critic—himself a Catholic—has privately called them "real Romans, responsive to authority, and always prepared to take orders." To succeed in Boston, he said, "you have to be a Catholic. It would be unthinkable for Boston to hire a non-Catholic as superintendent. This is a closed system. They never go outside and they never let outsiders in."

In response, members of the administration and the School Committee indignantly rush to defend "our dedicated teachers"—a phrase used constantly—and point to the new ventures with deprived children and to a whole series of

Fact Sheet on Boston Schools

Total city population (1960)			697,179
Enrollment (1964-65)			92,822
Teachers and supervisors			3,779
Schools:	Elementary	149	
	Junior high	16	
	Senior high	17	
	Total schools		182
Budget			$46,831,435
Sources:	Property tax	90 per cent	
	State	9 per cent	
	Federal and other	1 per cent	

Government: Five-member school committee elected at large in November of odd years.

Superintendent: William H. Ohrenberger.

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budding, though still small, associations with Harvard, Northeastern, Boston University, and other colleges. They also emphasize that in Boston all promotions and appointments are made on the basis of tests and rated lists derived from a point scale not subject to political machinations, that a national campaign is under way to recruit new teachers, and that the Latin School, which still sends every graduate to college (twenty-two to Harvard in 1965) wins far more than its share of national awards.

But the battles about educational quality—about the level and type of vocational training, about administrative conservatism, about the lack of guidance personnel—have been muffled in recent years by the issue of racial imbalance and the personality of School Committee member Louise Day Hicks. For over two years, the School Committee has refused officially to recognize the issue of *de facto* segregation, staring down pickets and boycotts and petitions, and earning itself a national reputation as a popularly elected bastion of resistance to civil rights demands. In the summer of 1965 when Ohrenberger's administration predicted overcrowding in certain Roxbury ghetto schools for September, the Committee led by Mrs. Hicks vetoed the superintendent's apparently innocent plan to bus children to buildings in other neighborhoods, even though these same remedies for overcrowding had been used previously in a similar situation. In response, Negro parents, acting under the system's open enrollment policy, inaugurated their own busing program (Operation Exodus), hauling children to under-utilized schools in predominately white neighborhoods. (Operation Exodus, which is still going, costs $1,200 a week, most of it raised in the ghetto and the suburbs, in "Mothers' Marches," and through charity functions.) And as the busing, dramatizing the racial imbalance controversy, got underway so did the 1965 School Committee election. For Negro leaders, the issue was the absolute and comparative inadequacy of the ghetto schools—which, they charged, had inferior books and teachers—and the intransigent attitude of the School Committee, which refused even to recognize the existence of *de facto* segregation. For the incumbent majority, the principal plank was preservation of the neighborhood school.

—*Wide World.*

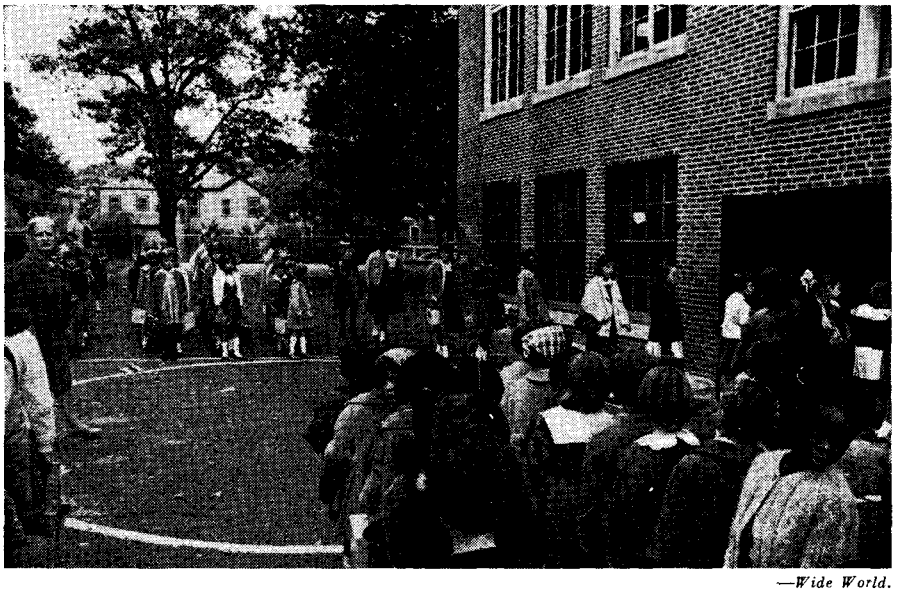
Louise Day Hicks—"Boston's head mother."

But the campaign made it clear that the more the issues were explained—by either side—the more support Mrs. Hicks received. "People around here are afraid of Negroes," said a South Boston Irish father. "There is no crime, no rapes. They think Mrs. Hicks is keeping them out." Mrs. Hicks, who shudders that she might have received the support of some bigots, nevertheless agrees that it was the matter of racial imbalance and neighborhood schools, nothing else, that decided the election.

And yet, while it is clear that the outcome was largely determined by frightened homeowners in South Boston and Dorchester and elsewhere who fear the influx of Negroes—and even their presence in the schools—the election was, in some respects, also a rerun of contests and struggles that have taken place in Boston for more than half a century. On the one side were the Irish, the Italians, and others of the middle- and lower-middle classes. On the other were the reform-oriented Citizens for the Boston Schools—young lawyers, League of Women Voters ladies, social workers, academics, as well as a host of individuals that Curley would simply have called googoos (after the old Boston Good Government Association)—persons more interested in municipal improvement and abstract political morality than in personal friendships and power; more associated with Beacon Hill, Harvard, the banks, and Yankeedom than with South Boston and the working man. (The Citizens, however, endorsed a slate that included three Irishmen, a Negro, and an Italian woman.) Thus when Mrs. Hicks's neighbors in Ward 7 spoke about "standing up to *them*"—and many did—they seemed to be thinking not only of the Negro civil rights leaders, but also of all the other unnamed, nebulous devils associated with corporate exploitation, upper-class snobbery, and suburban hypocrisy. For more than forty years the respectable and well-heeled had neglected the inner city and its slums. Now they were in effect telling the Irish and the Italians to atone for their old sins and to balance the schools.

IN response, the electorate gave Louise Hicks an overwhelming majority (65 per cent of the votes cast), replaced Arthur Gartland, the only liberal School Committee member, with the otherwise unknown brother of a city councilman, and set the system on a collision course with a new Massachusetts law requiring communities to take steps to eliminate racial imbalance in the schools and to arrange attendance districts and new construction to minimize it. (In April, $4,000,000 in state funds was withheld from the city pending submission of an acceptable plan of compliance.) In Roxbury, there was even talk about somehow seceding from the Boston system. The vote also seemed to indicate that the quality of education in Boston was not a major issue (someone pointed out that a campaign about crowded classrooms has little appeal to parents of parochial school children crammed into rooms with fifty others), that it was likely, indeed, that most people hardly cared, and that substantial numbers of school employees, who have traditionally been a political influence, supported the incumbent majority. Arthur Gartland had

(*Continued on page 74*)



—*Wide World.*

"Cleanliness and order still seem to be among the first things pointed out to a visitor."

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The Revolution In Peace Education

By RICHARD A. FALK, *Milbank Professor of International Law and Practice, Princeton University.*

—*U. N.*

Russian monument at the United Nations—"Some understanding is sought of why it is so difficult to change the structure of international society in an inter-war period."

PREVENTING World War III is common cause today. Part of the effort is educational. Just as wars start in the minds of men, so might the creation of a peaceful world. Earlier generations of peace educators conceived of their task as one of rational persuasion, convincing the apathetic and uninformed that wars could be forever avoided by adopting some special plan for world government. Today peace education is shifting from salesmanship to enlightenment. Its new mission is to inform and enlighten the public about the problems of building a safe and just world order. It awakens interest and arouses concern, but is reluctant to advocate a grand solution. The thinking underlying this new approach merits careful analysis.

There is widespread, although not universal, agreement that the avoidance of World War III requires drastic revisions in the structure of international society. In particular, there is agreement on the need to transfer the control of military power from nations to international institutions. This outlook usually includes at least total national disarmament, an international police force, and some means by which to "legislate" changes in international life so as to be able to unfreeze the status quo from time to time. It usually assumes, as well, that despite these profound changes in the international environment, national governments will remain the dominant political and economic units in the world. The model of this environment has long engaged thoughtful men dedicated to saving succeeding generations from mass war.

Plans for world peace have been circulated for many centuries. The most famous of the early ones is a set of proposals made by the Duc de Sully in 1617 and generally known as the Grand Design of Henry IV. Of recent proposals the most instructive is probably that worked out by Grenville Clark and Louis B. Sohn, and published in 1958 under the title *World Peace Through World Law*. The plan takes the form of the Charter of the United Nations revised in crucial respects to provide a set of procedures and institutions that might be expected to maintain peace and justice in a totally disarmed world. Central to the plan is the importance both of conserving the role of nations and of limiting the power of the augmented United Nations—to the extent possible given the need to build central institutions strong enough to resolve conflict, keep peace, and promote economic and social development. The Clark-Sohn plan is an ingenious model of a limited world government which describes, in commentary attached to each provision of its revised Charter, the way in which the scheme would handle various challenges that might be encountered in this quite different international system.

An earlier, more literal-minded generation of peace educators would be likely to attach enthusiastically their hopes for world peace to a plan such as that developed by Clark and Sohn. The educational effort would seek to arouse similar enthusiasm for the peace plan in the general public, and would consist of a description of the workings of the plan and a fervent argument in favor of its adoption. This approach often alienated sophisticated people by its reliance upon fantasy and propaganda. The fantasy lay in the assumption that such a peace plan was actually among the political choices open to statesmen. (Frederick the Great expressed his reaction to the Abbé St. Pierre's plan for world peace in a letter to Voltaire: "The thing is most practicable; for its success all that is lacking is the consent of Europe and a few other trifles.") The propaganda arose from the intellectual lobbying in favor of a course of action without adequate consideration either of alternatives or of the shortcomings of the plan itself.

The new style of education in war-peace problems is very sensitive to the defects of these earlier attempts to promote the reform of international society. Great attention is now given to a systematic study of the period of transition between one international system and

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another. The ideal plan for world peace is seen as one of several possible outcomes of current political trends in international life, and emphasis is put on how the constraints and opportunities in the present international system can be altered to shape conduct and influence attitudes in the direction of accepting the model. Some understanding is sought of why it is so difficult to change the structure of international society in an inter-war period, of why the inertia of the political bureaucracy in large states is so great that no change of any significance seems likely to become politically feasible.

This substitution of analysis for advocacy means that peace education today is more akin to a critique of current forms of international politics, and tends to be much less optimistic and idealistic.

The educational task is usually conceived as a double one. First, the possibilities of reform within the existing international system are examined. Such an outlook is essentially conservative and devoted to system-maintenance, *i.e.* the Limited Nuclear Test Ban, the United Nations Resolution prohibiting the deployment of weapons of mass destruction in outer space, the "hot line," and electronic locks to prevent unauthorized use of nuclear weapons.

The second approach examines the possibilities for transforming the existing international system. It is here that models of world order—the traditional preoccupation of peace education—are explicated and appraised. In this more radical context of system-change, the educational effort is primarily to imagine coherent models of world order and to study transition strategies for bringing them into being. These strategies analyze the obstacles placed in the path of progress rather than, as was the case earlier, to ignore the existence of these obstacles.

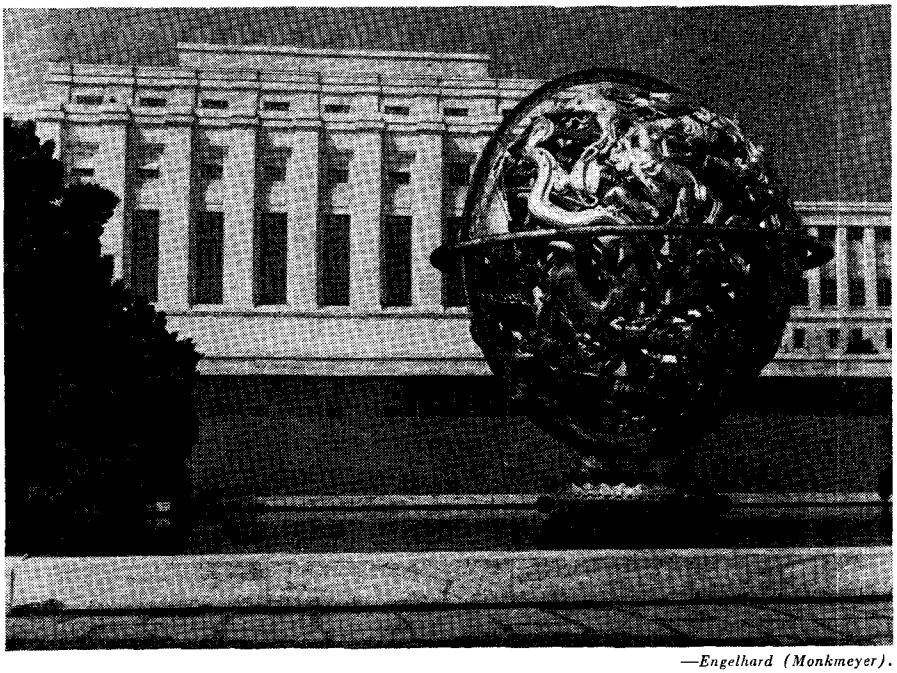
This search for politically relevant forms of peace education is the essence of the educational endeavor. Such political relevance is achieved, above all, by the adoption of an informed and rigorous set of intellectual tools for the analysis of international behavior. The attitude toward peace education is coming to resemble the attitude so successfully fostered with regard to education in matters of national security and military strategy. The literature on strategy in the nuclear age has contributed a framework for thought and decision-making about security, useful even to critics of established policies. We are beginning to get the same sort of framework for the study of problems of world order. Such a framework makes no suppositions beyond a commitment to minimizing the place of war in world affairs and can be adapted for educational work at all levels of sophistication and training. It does not have, or at least it does not need to have, an ideological tone or bias.

Despite this new intellectual climate, relatively little is being done in the United States to educate the student generation about the problems of world order. Some scholarly attention, it is true, has been devoted to applying new techniques in the behavioral and social sciences to the study of war and peace. These techniques involve the application of game theory, laboratory simulation, and bargaining theory to the systematic study of the control of international conflict. Some of the most notable work along these lines is being done at the Center for Conflict Resolution at the University of Michigan, and in the project on Studies in International Conflict and Integration at Stanford. This is, on the whole, pretty esoteric stuff that does not very often percolate into the normal educational experiences of students in high schools or universities. Yet, a constructive view of world affairs is surely an essential ingredient of good citizenship in the nuclear age.

The World Law Fund, a small private educational foundation, has set itself the task of remedying this educational deficiency, and in the five years of its existence it has made an impressive start. The problem, though, is a gigantic one, affecting the entire student population of the world, and only a first step has been taken.

THE Fund has determined to act as a catalyst, bringing to life a latent interest in problems that come with world order in the nuclear age. A considerable vocational inertia, however, tends to keep teaching and research within traditional confines which do not easily find a place for the study of world order. The subject, to the extent that it is dealt with at all, is fragmented into the separate perspectives of law, economics, politics, international organization, and, occasionally, arms control and disarmament. These more established divisions of pedagogic labor can be eliminated only by an enterprise of sufficient strength to weaken the hold of vested intellectual and vocational interests. The Fund is undertaking this enterprise in a small but symbolic way by sponsoring teaching and research designed to attract students and their teachers to a new academic discipline devoted to the systematic study of world order.

The intellectual history of the World Law Fund is itself a dramatic example of the emerging new sophistication. At its inception in 1961, the Fund devoted itself to an adult-education program centering on an examination of the structural defects of existing peace-keeping machinery and an analysis of the workability of the Clark-Sohn world government plan. However, the study of alternative models for improving world order, inquiry into the Clark-Sohn plan's political acceptability to various governments and their populations, and—what is very critical—analysis of the transition process by which we change the present international society into a new one, were largely omitted from its educational program. The earlier work of the Fund did not have a wide impact as it was not very responsive to the setting within which political action is taken. It failed to give the student anything much more substantial than one version of a new



—*Engelhard (Monkmeyer).*

Palais des Nations in Geneva—United Nations, formerly League of Nations—"We know now that political predispositions reflect values expressive of an entire world-view, and are not capable of being changed very much by argument and appeals to reason."

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world order—and a necessarily remote version at that, since the transition problem was overlooked. A plan for world order, however reasonable, is not enough to illuminate the prospects for reform.

In 1962, six months after it was established, the Fund abandoned its original emphasis on adult education. It then started to devote its main attention to the task of bringing the study of world-order problems into the regular curriculum of high schools and universities throughout the world. This ambition was accompanied by a more inclusive and analytic approach to the study of world order. In particular, the study came to include inquiry into a series of alternative systems of organizing international society (and not just the Clark-Sohn proposals). The difficulties of achieving transition from the existing international system to some preferred new system were given prominence in this new approach, as was the need to develop legislative alternatives to war in a disarmed world. Such interest in the causes of war stimulates inquiry into the uses of military power to uphold national security in a world of conflict and hostility. Such an orientation helps students to understand why many statesmen regard the military deterrence of a potential aggressor as the only reliable basis for the defense of the national system. As a result, the students develop an awareness of the assumptions underlying conflict and security in the present international system. This allows them to give responsible consideration to the relative merits of the alternative methods of handling conflict and security through the creation of a new system of world order.

To create a proper basis for the study of world order, the World Law Fund commissioned Saul H. Mendlovitz, a professor of international law at Rutgers University, to prepare a set of readings under the title *The Legal and Political Problems of World Order*. These materials, although presented as temporary and preliminary, met with rather incredible success. Over 150 courses at 115 colleges and universities have been built around them. The Fund has received further reassurance that it is on the right track in a series of meetings at which the teachers of the new courses report on their experiences with the Mendlovitz materials. Encouraged by this experience, Professor Mendlovitz and I have collaborated on a more extensive attempt to do the same job. The result is a set of four volumes, recently published under the title *The Strategy of World Order* (see box on page 77).

The Fund aspires now to increase the course offerings at all educational levels. By stressing the intellectual, as distinct from the ideological, value of education in world order problems, it may be possible to reach a broader audience. The outcome of such education can be an increased sensitivity to the world dimension of international affairs and some sense of steps that can be taken to create both a safer type of world order and one that accords more fully with the values of human dignity.

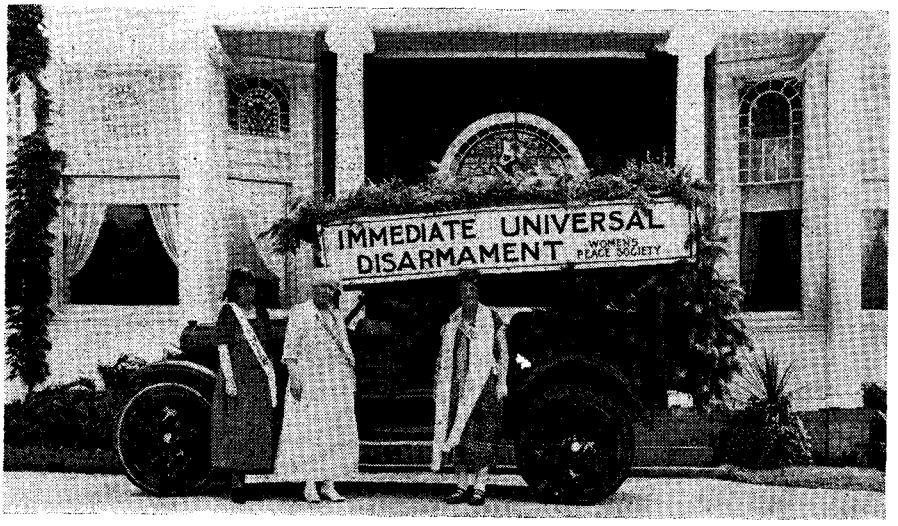
The development of such heightened sensitivity is a sophisticated approach to education and also a more demanding one if good results are to be achieved. The objective must be nothing less than reshaping the perspective of the citizen toward such basic issues as the use of power and the attainment of national security. To make such an objective realistic it is essential to reach the maturing mind before uninformed attitudes toward the world are set firmly. The World Law Fund has started an ambitious program to develop teaching materials suitable for study in high schools, combined with an equally ambitious program to provide social studies teachers with the background necessary for successful teaching of this subject matter.

THE Fund's program is also impressive because of its cautious recognition that "the arts" have something to contribute to the creation of a peace-minded citizenry. One short film has been made, television writing and graphic arts contests sponsored, and workshops for writers and editors organized. This effort to reach many levels of man's mind is a refreshing contrast to the peace education of an earlier generation which regarded its task completed when it had formulated a rational argument designed to appeal to reasonable men. We know now that political predispositions reflect values expressive of an entire world-view and are not capable of being changed very much by argument and appeals to reason. To the extent that the Fund seeks to convince people of the need to alter national behavior from war-prone patterns to peace-prone patterns, it is correct to rely on the arts to do most of the job. To the extent that the Fund seeks to enlighten people about the nature of world order issues, to analyze problems, and to clarify issues, it is correct to rely on the best tools of thought being developed by social scientists and international lawyers.

The impact of peace education must, of course, be global. A change in the outlook in the United States alone is not enough. Here the Fund has again played a pioneering role, organizing workshops among educators, international lawyers, and other leaders of opinion in such countries as Germany, Japan, India, and Tanzania. The Fund encourages and finances foreign-based scholars to work out materials of their own on world order problems, and does not attempt to persuade non-American groups that the materials prepared here are fully adequate. What's good for the United States is not necessarily good for Africa or India. Each major participant in international society should be encouraged to develop, in effect, its own Clark-Sohn plan. Many points of convergence will, it is hoped, be discovered, but on the basis of defined self-interest rather than on the basis of the presupposed interests of others. The colonial experience gives the states of Asia and Africa considerable cause for suspicion of Western-sponsored plans for world order. If a political climate favorable to the improvement of world order is to appeal to the citizens of the Afro-Asian world, the plan for its development must have their confidence, and to have their confidence the plan must be not revealed but rediscovered.

But these countries are not likely to finance and maintain the effort on their own, absorbed as they are with the immense challenges of nation-building and economic development. World order

(*Continued on page 77*)



—*Culver.*

"An earlier generation of peace educators attached their hopes for world peace to an ideal plan."

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Daniel Gladstone

PERSONAL OPINION

High School Students Have No Voice

On this page, each month, an educator, writer, or critic of education is given an opportunity to express his views freely on a topic of his own choosing. The opinions expressed by the author may differ sharply from those of the editors.

By DANIEL GLADSTONE, *a freshman at St. John's College in Annapolis, who wrote this article shortly after graduation from a large suburban high school in New Jersey.*

DURING THE past academic year college students dramatically redefined "academic freedom." What previously denoted freedom for professors to teach independently was invoked to mean freedom for students to advocate political issues and to participate in determining the courses universities and colleges offer.

That this redefined academic freedom is a reasonable demand on the part of students has been indicated by the success of demonstrations in its behalf. At Berkeley thousands of students came to Free Speech Movement rallies and, on one occasion, 800 were arrested. The demand has also received faculty support. Most conclusively, its soundness has been accepted officially at the University of California. There, starting last July first, "students . . . have the right of free expression and advocacy" although the University is able to regulate the time, place, and manner of such advocacy.

But what of high school students? In comparison with college students they are obviously younger and consequently less mature; because usually only the top half of high school graduates go on to college, they are, on the average, less intelligent; and because they have not studied politics and government as much, they are less knowledgeable in these fields. Nevertheless, both high school and college students attend institutions of learning, some to learn skills needed upon graduation, some to prepare for further study. Though there are quantitative differences, there are qualitative similarities.

Despite these similarities, the freedom of political advocacy that college students have asked for and have to some extent received, does not exist in high schools.

Four years ago in my high school, a large suburban school, students wore armbands during a Civil Defense drill to express their disapproval of such measures. They were told that they had to remove the armbands or face disciplinary action. A few months ago I asked the school's Director of Student Activities whether an outside political organization might co-sponsor a lecture with the school's World Affairs Club. She told me that this absolutely could not be done, and she further explained that, in effect, no student political advocacy is permitted in the school. Students may wear political buttons only because they are "innocuous."

Yet many states have realized that contemporary political issues belong in the ken of high school students and in the curriculum of high schools, and have instituted required courses in contemporary affairs including Communism. But student political advocacy could educate students vividly in these topics. If such advocacy existed along with impartial analysis of these courses, the influence of student agitators would not be excessive. Such freedom, instead, would provide politically motivated students with the opportunity to participate in activities related to these topics, and it would stimulate interest and opposition in other students.

As students in my school are not permitted to advocate political issues, they are not allowed to wield any actual power in governing their school or in appraising it. In the high schools with which I am acquainted only two organizations offer students the opportunity to act in these areas: the student council and the school newspaper.

Recently the student council of my school organized a committee to investigate an unsatisfactory cafeteria situation. The committee formulated several plans of varying complexity and expense for improving the lunch period. The administration rejected all the committee's suggestions and refused to talk to them beyond telling them not to bother with this problem, but to look into the trivial and probably insoluble matter of discarded silverware. The discouraged student council decided to ask permission of the administration to ask exactly what its powers were. Permission was granted, the question was asked, and the administration told the organization that the student council, a revocable privilege granted to students, is permitted to charter clubs, operate a lost-and-found, and survey situations with the consent of the administration.

I once wrote a review of a history textbook for my high school newspaper. In it I established criteria for textbooks and showed how the book failed to meet them. Because the sponsor of the newspaper was not in school the day articles were sent to the printer, he did not see the review until it was published. Then, he, the vice-principal, and the chairman of the history department all told me that I had acted "out-of-line" in writing the review, and that I had no right to criticize an action of a faculty member or group.

When I spoke to the chairman of the history department, he told me that he agreed that the book was poor, and that replacements for it were being considered. When I asked him whether students might help select texts, he said no. But surely, if students had been able to help select the history text, this childish book would not have been chosen. Furthermore, if students were allowed to help choose all textbooks, and if they were allowed to help determine such matters as library selections, assembly programs, and student regulations, and if they were allowed to evaluate their education, the effect would be positive. They would be involved, and consequently more interested in their education. They would help choose teaching materials more interesting to them and help implement regulations fairer to them.

It is an unfortunate irony that in a school that is designed solely for the student's benefit the student has no voice.

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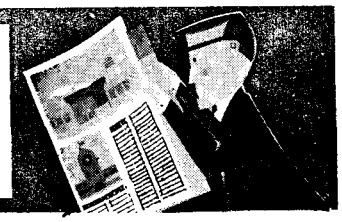
Schools Make News



Pleasure books, books to be read just for fun, are seldom seen, much less owned, by children and adults from disadvantaged areas. None lurk on shelves in their homes to be picked up and browsed through at odd moments. Books are largely alien to their environment.

To counter this deprivation, in the belief that the presence of books is a most important stimulus to human minds, the Fund for the Advancement of Education has announced grants to finance a series of experiments designed to "encourage the reading and owning of pleasurable books by disadvantaged children and adults." Of the total $486,500, the largest single grant—$200,000—was made to Volunteers In Service To America (VISTA), the domestic Peace Corps, in the hope that the experiment would have the broadest kind of impact.

VISTA has more than 2,000 volunteer workers throughout the country, working in urban slums, in poverty-stricken rural areas, on Indian reservations, in migrant worker camps. They work with people of all ages, from preschoolers to the elderly.

The funds will equip VISTA workers with portable libraries whose contents will vary according to the needs of the people the volunteers are working with. The volunteers themselves will have a hand in making the selections. It is hoped that VISTA will have the books by the end of the summer.

Another major grant, of $158,000, went to the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools to establish small libraries of high quality paperbacks at predominantly Negro colleges and universities. When the books arrive at the campuses, they will be made readily accessible to the students, in a special corner of the library, in dormitories, or in the student center, and will be loaned out on the honor system. On many campuses, the student government will be responsible for operating the experiment, with the help of faculty advisors or the college librarian.

A number of other, smaller grants went to state educational organizations to be distributed to school children through various means.

"Cluster colleges" are one answer to the problem of preserving the advantages of the small college while allowing an institution to expand to university proportions. Universities comprised of several semi-autonomous small colleges—each with its own specialty—are increasing in number and size. The University of the Pacific at Stockton, California, has just announced the addition of a third cluster college to its complex.

Callison College, as it is named, will emphasize history and the social sciences, with special attention given to the non-Western world. Scheduled to open in the fall of 1967 with eighty students, the college will eventually have a maximum enrollment of 320 students served by approximately twenty-five faculty members.

A special feature of Callison will see one entire class spending a year in India. Although this experience will be under the supervision of the Callison faculty, there will be several scholars from Indian universities on the teaching staff of the overseas campus. The College will not require students to pay extra for this year abroad—there are no fees beyond those covering ordinary tuition, room, and board on the Stockton campus. Air transportation will also be furnished at no additional cost.

Following the year of residency abroad, the students will return to the Stockton campus where they will develop a major in one of the following areas: history, political science, international relations, sociology, economics, business administration, English language, ethics, or religion.

The two older cluster colleges are similarly specialized. Raymond College, established in 1962, graduates students in three years. Three courses are given per term, three terms per year. Emphasis is on seminars, tutorials, and independent study, modeled in part along the lines of Oxford's tutorial system.

Elbert Covell College (founded, 1963) is Spanish-speaking in its entire curriculum; English is taught as a foreign language. Latin American students and North American students live and study together.

In addition, the University of the Pacific has a fourth liberal arts college, College of the Pacific, which offers a traditional comprehensive curriculum.

Jobs—where they are and how to get them—was the theme of a day-long conference for seniors last month at the Borough of Manhattan Community College. It could be said that this is also the basic theme of the college itself, whose stated objective is "to provide the business community of New York City with graduates trained in specific skills."

BMCC is one community college which has set out specific, limited goals for itself. And now as the first crop of seniors prepares to graduate, the administration feels these goals have in large measure been achieved.

Although there is a liberal arts curriculum leading to an Associate of Arts degree for those who wish it, the core of the college's main program is the Cooperative Education Program (work-study), under which business, industrial, and government organizations in New York employ students in part-time internships. These internships are directly related to the students' courses of study and are concurrent with full-time class work. Salaries are not less than $1.50 an hour, and most students work fifteen hours a week.

This experience is essential to their training. In the world of increasing automation, even the simplest jobs demand refined training and considerable experience beyond the high school level. Since many BMCC students come from somewhat disadvantaged backgrounds, the college offers them necessary experience and training they could not get elsewhere, and at the same time provides guidance and counseling to help them over the first difficulties.

Since the business community is often reluctant to hire students on a part-time basis, the success of the work-study program is based on a continuous public-relations effort by the college administration. However, as Mr. Edward S. Lewis, Director of the Cooperative Education Department, points out, "They know we're doing them a favor, too, by selecting and training these young people for them."

An important criterion for admission is motivation. Most of the students know pretty well when they enter what they want to go into, be it accounting, secretarial science, marketing, data process, or something else. A few students flounder a bit, and for these there are special counseling services to find where their talents lie and to help them make the most of their abilities. Always the practical goal of finding a place in the working world is the aim.

The Career and Placement Conference in April was the beginning of the transition from college to permanent job. Students met with employers and personnel managers, whom they may see again on job-hunting rounds, and they questioned them about what the job would entail and what the employer was looking for in the applicant. The businessmen, for their part, were very frank about the advantages and disadvantages—pay, chances for advancement—of various positions, and the students learned what they would be up against in the great "out there."

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A Living Laboratory of Human Relations

By BILL FRANCOIS, *Assistant Professor of Journalism at Marshall University, Huntington, West Virginia.*

ALTHOUGH West Virginia State College is a fine educational institution, this is not the reason that its image has been projected around the world by the State Department and the U.S. Information Agency. Just recently a full account of this seventy-five-year-old college appeared in a journal published by a new African nation; and, during the past ten years, many similar articles have been printed in Europe, Asia, and throughout Africa, thereby helping to counteract some of the poison left in the minds of people abroad by school integration crises in Little Rock, Clinton, Oxford, and other communities.

Through action—not words—this college, with a student population one-tenth the size of most Big Ten schools, has done much to demonstrate the democratic concepts of equality and fraternity among men; yet it came into existence in a state where Civil War battles were fought, where the 1872 state constitution forbade the mixing of races, and where Dixieland sympathies still exist.

Founded in 1891 as a land grant school exclusively for Negroes, and located in the town of Institute, in the chemically rich Kanawha River valley only a few miles from the state capital of Charleston, the college was prepared for the role it would play in a great social drama by men of unusual vision and understanding. A former president, Dr. John W. Davis (1919-1953), was one of those who helped to pave the way when he declared: "The function of a Negro college in a democratic society is to work itself out of a job."

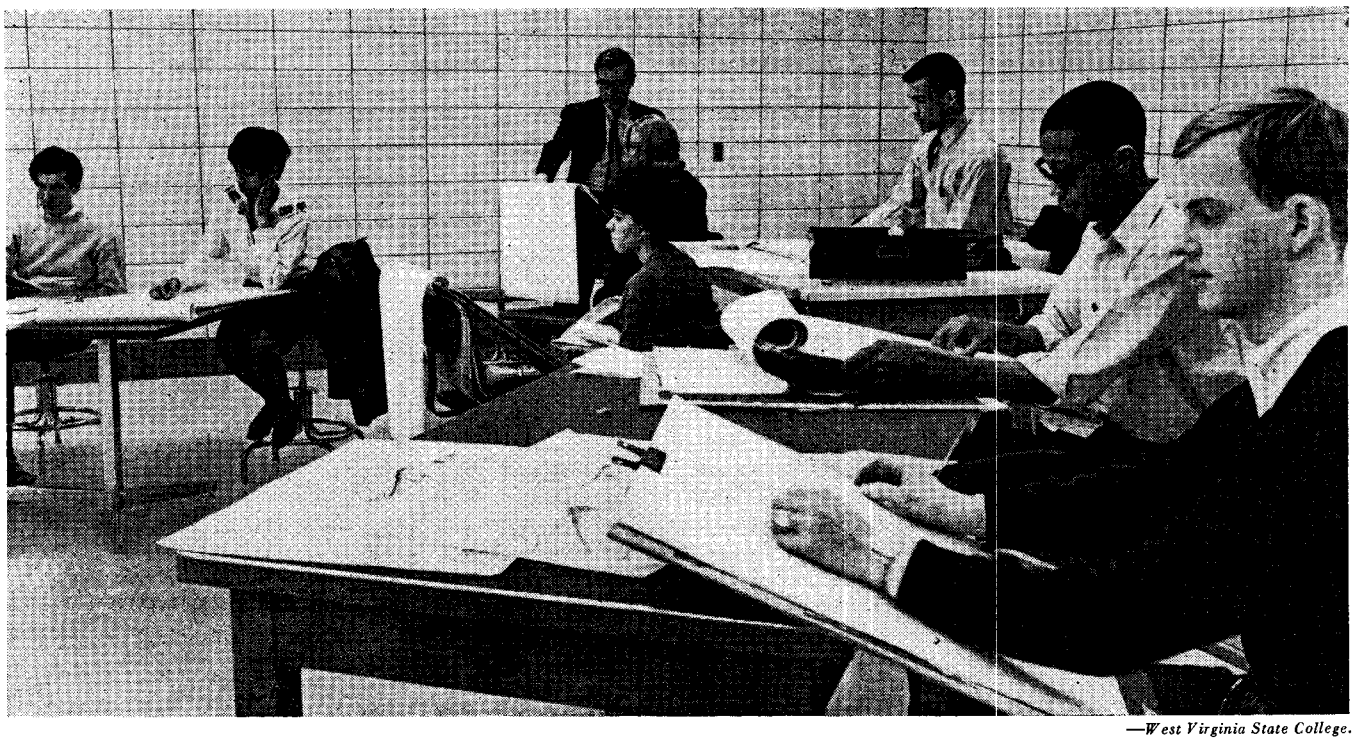
Dr. Davis, who later joined the staff of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, crystallized the basic philosophy that would guide the college after the Supreme Court's desegregation ruling of 1954.

WITHIN four months of that momentous decision 182 white students sought admission to State—which, at that time, had a student body of 800 Negroes. By February, 1955, another contingent of 400 Caucasians was enrolled. The influx of white students took place because there is only one other four-year college in the heavily populated Charleston area—a privately owned, church-supported institution (Morris Harvey College) with tuition fees three times those charged at West Virginia State. Thus, many young men and women who might otherwise have been denied a higher education because of financial difficulties turned to the formerly all-Negro college.

No one was quite prepared for such a large number, but in that valley where Booker T. Washington had spent his childhood and first began to teach, energetic steps to cope with the influx were taken by the new college president, Dr. William J. L. Wallace, himself a Negro. He cautioned the already integrated faculty and staff to be on the alert "for potentially explosive situations so that action could be taken before trouble began"; and, without fanfare, the policy of full integration was implemented.

The stage was thus set for an experiment in human relations on a large scale. From segregationists came muted warnings of dire consequences. If, as they hoped, trouble developed, they would have fuel for the fire of hate that they sought to kindle.

Initially the first contacts between men and women of different races proceeded as expected. As a Negro profes-



—West Virginia State College.

"If the students learn to manage inter-personal relationships across the lines of race, they will be equipped not only for a job in the world of tomorrow, but for the personal competencies that will be required."

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sor observed, "The white students acted just like Negroes who go for the first time to a place formerly denied to them. They would stand outside the classroom until several had gathered, then they would come in and sit together."

A white student from nearby St. Albans described his early experience in this way: "When we assembled for our first classes," said Richard Callard, "whites and Negroes were formally polite to each other. Everybody was very cautious not to say anything which might hurt someone; but the ice soon thawed and it became apparent that we could talk without constant fear of offending. After a few sessions, our classmates became our friends and the place regained the usual college spirit of good-humored banter. We relaxed, went to work on our studies and forgot race problems completely. The color barriers had evaporated."

But more than just good-natured bantering and friendliness developed during those early days of reverse integration. A great enthusiasm was generated among the students because of the uniqueness of their school and because of their desire to make the experiment in race relations successful.

"They wanted to be a part of something of national significance and international importance," said Dean of Men James Kelly, Jr.

As with anything of real value, there were problems that had to be overcome. Negro students at first were surprised at the large number of whites who suddenly appeared on the eighty-three-acre campus. A few showed feelings of insecurity—as in a fight between two students of different races that prompted a recommendation of expulsion from the classroom instructor. The administration, however, took the view that students have fought before and not been expelled, so why make an exception in this case. Both students were brought before a disciplinary committee, received reprimands, apologized, shook hands, and remained in school. In this way a troublesome situation wasn't twisted into a racial incident.

But for each such problem there were countless episodes that showed how people of different races could work and relax together in harmony. Many friendships developed that went beyond the classroom.

There are many instances of members of both races holding positions of social, athletic, and academic leadership. White students, who at first were leery about running for elected positions of leadership, received encouragement and support from their counterparts. One such student, urged on by a Negro member of the Student Council, was surprised and delighted when he won election to that body.

As the students say, "This is a college where the professors don't see any colors and neither do we."

Within the past two years, however, a different situation has developed on campus. At present there are 1,725 full-time students and among them a fifty-fifty racial ratio has been achieved. But among the 1,000 part-time students, the ratio of Caucasians to Negroes is sixty to forty, and this has caused some uneasiness among the "minority" members.

Although Dr. Wallace agrees that there are some feelings of insecurity—as there were when the college was first integrated on a large scale—he believes that this can be traced to today's increasing pressures, both academic and otherwise, on students. Furthermore, he says that such feelings are vanishing. Even if this were not the case, the college president has repeatedly pointed out that Negroes cannot remain a racial entity. "They do not have a vested interest in State remaining a Negro institution," he said.

THERE have been no problems directly attributable to race, he added. "I can say that relationships which reflect racial attitudes are at their highest level."

This does not mean that Dr. Wallace is satisfied with maintaining a status quo. Although the 600 students in the men's and women's residence halls are totally integrated, he would like to see more progress made toward integration along social lines. "We believe this is a natural process so we're not too much concerned," he said.

However, he pointed out that *some* fraternities and sororities are not yet totally integrated. "They are integrated in the sense that they do not bar white students, but they have not enthusiastically sought members of other races."

Another problem area at State—and it's a bothersome one at many other colleges—concerns students who commute to classes from their homes. It is difficult to generate enthusiasm among these students or to involve them in anything except academic affairs. Their interracial contacts are therefore limited to the classroom – the level where the least amount of interaction and friction are likely to occur. Surprisingly, the administration would prefer more personal and social contacts even at the risk of creating some friction.

"The possibility of problems increases," Dean Kelly said, "as contacts between the races become more genuine, sustained, and meaningful. As long as these contacts are polite and superficial, there are few problems. Genuine understanding is not easy to come by and, for that reason, interpersonal relationships are very important to us because we want them to be genuine."

An ideal situation, he believes, should follow the pattern of dating. "From the initial contact there can develop more lasting relationships, yet the possibilities of misunderstanding and friction multiply."

A third area of concern goes beyond the campus and involves the attitudes of parents. Some white students have asked what to do about pressures from home aimed at discouraging them from taking part in social activities. They are advised that such decisions must be made within their own value systems; and they are sometimes asked if they can face the consequences of ignoring the wishes of their parents. However, an important matter such as this is not left to happenstance. Structured experiences are utilized to modify the attitudes of students and parents alike, such as a college concert where those who attend need not wonder about the role they are to take. People feel more comfortable during this kind of structured experience. They are able to relax and it is easier for them to meet one another after the concert, talk about the performance, shake hands.

"After all," said Dean Kelly, "it's hard to maintain prejudices with face-to-face contacts. A myth is easier to retain when it lacks contact with reality. Many parents come from a religious tradition and a rural background which have precluded their meeting Negroes, except for janitors. They need this wider acquaintanceship."

In this way, and in many others, efforts continue to broaden the base for understanding between men of different color, and at all levels there is general agreement that West Virginia State has done a remarkable job.

OTHER colleges, including those that formerly served only Negroes, would do well to study the example set by West Virginia State, which remains unusual because most Negro colleges now being integrated have only a small number of white students compared with the number at State.

As for the future, Dean Kelly believes that if the experience of students at the college is positive across the lines of race, and if they learn to manage interpersonal relationships across these same lines, they will be equipped not only for a job in the world of tomorrow, but for the personal competencies that will be required. Both groups will be better for having come to know each other.

Alexander Pope once said that the proper study of mankind is man. In this field of study there is no question that the students at State deserve an "A." They are the ones who have made their college "A Living Laboratory of Human Relations"—which are the words printed at the bottom of each letter mailed to the outside world from the small college in Institute, West Virginia.

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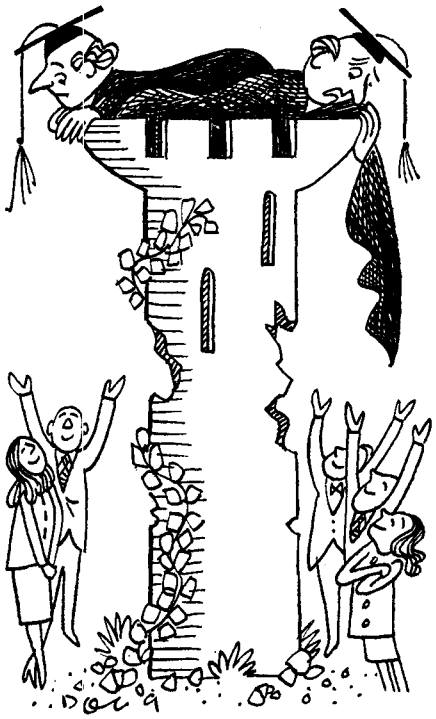
The Ivory Tower Crumbles



By GEORGE W. BONHAM, *President, Science and University Affairs, communications consultants to higher education.*

WHAT happens when Wall Street and Madison Avenue intersect on the quadrangles of our thousand colleges and universities? As James Reston of the *New York Times* sees it, "Front men and money raisers have taken over the direction of our universities." This view seems unnecessarily dour, however, and it misses much of the point of the new academic enterprise. Public relations and fund-raising professionals, to be sure, are now part and parcel of our academic landscape. But whether they are the masters or the servants of the universities remains a question. In either case, their importation into academia signals some vital changes in higher education as a whole.

Even the most private of institutions have been thrust unceremoniously upon the market place, and are taking on some of the responsibilities and challenges of public utilities. Colleges and universities are accepting the new state of affairs with widely varying degrees of grace, but retreat to simpler times seems no longer possible. Indeed, the successful "selling" of education, academic strategists are increasingly convinced, may have become as crucial to institutional survival as federal support.

The true impact can be measured in part by the number of academic purists who already see their once hallowed grounds fearfully compromised. "Some educators cringe at the searching brightness of the white lights of public attention, interest, and concern," observes former Chancellor Herman B. Wells of Indiana University. "Others see it as the most dramatic opportunity in all educational history. Some see it as the crumbling of their ivory tower, and as the destruction of the life of the mind. Others rejoice with the prospect of a broadened appreciation of and participation in the power and beauty of trained intelligence."

If the ivory tower is indeed crumbling, a growing number of leading educators are helping to bring it about. The new public attention focused on education is now assiduously cultivated by the colleges and universities themselves. While American colleges have found themselves in a congenitally mendicant position since their early days, their present needs have reached a new and awesome magnitude. To illustrate, Harvard – the richest of them all—carried an operating budget of $119 million last year, compared to a mere $15 million twenty years before. While Harvard's $1.13 billion endowment fund exceeds the national product of some countries, the university's search for new money is no less insistent than that of many an underdeveloped nation.

Put into historic perspective, the new needs are indeed chilling. Two hundred years ago, benefactors could have whole colleges named after them for the princely sum of $5,000. There were few takers. Today, the University of Chicago, an institution of modest size, has embarked on a campaign to collect $360 million in new money. Others, such as Duke, Yale, Stanford, and New York University, have reached, or are reaching, $100 million goals.

Together, the nation's universities and colleges must in the next ten years create again as much in new faculties and facilities as they have developed in all of the last 150 years. Tuition and endowment income will obviously not double in this time, nor should federal contributions grow so huge as to obscure all else.

Who then will foot the bill? Out of last year's operating budget of $6.5 billion for higher education, $1.3 billion came from private sources. Social commentators quite rightly point to such private largess as eloquent testimony to the American spirit, but they are chary of predicting the future. Neil McElroy, industrialist and president of Harvard's Board of Overseers, puts the case simply: "The estimated size of the total gap in the year 1970," he says "is $2 billion. The time is short, and the need imperative for development of greatly increased assistance from non-governmental sources."

The pressing need for money, however, does not wholly explain the new public relations effort. Educational institutions now exist under a rapidly changing modus operandi. Having lost much of their once preciously held autonomy, they survive and prosper increasingly at public sufferance. One college president confesses that "it's like living in a goldfish bowl." Just one "God is Dead" theologian on one's faculty, a political scientist opposed to U.S. foreign policy, a Birchite or Communist sympathizer as a campus speaker, and the fat is in the fire. News travels fast, and rarely accurately. Potential donors may turn away and politicians deplore academic freedom as the source of all evil. Questions are raised in legislatures and in press editorials. For today's institution, there remains no place to hide.

The compelling truth is that while the academic community has become the object of intense public fascination, it is still too little understood. The true nature of academic freedom (insufficiently comprehended even *on* the campus) carries little if any meaning for the majority of the public. The role of testing, advanced placement, admissions policies, publish or perish, the future course of graduate education—all are crucial educational questions which carry poor public echoes, or none at all. "The average American gives little attention to what goes on in schools and colleges outside his immediate sphere of interest," says Dr. James B. Conant. Assistant Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Francis Keppel is no more optimistic when he warns that "we overestimate the public awareness of the aims and problems of higher education."

The changes must begin on the campus, and work outward. Today's academic president, to be regarded as effective, must be sophisticated in the uses of public relations as well as education. His trustees and alumni tell him to be mindful of his public as well as his academic family, to say and do what may bring in funds and preferably leave out all which will not. For this reason, if for no other, today's president is not noted for speaking out on matters not considered "safe" or not of immediate concern to his institution. Whatever news headlines emanate from the American campus they

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are not likely to originate with the top administrator.

Significant new faces have joined in helping the president bring his institution to confront twentieth-century realities. Foremost among these is the chief development officer, who, under various euphemisms, may rank just behind the President and Vice President for Academic Affairs as a leading administrative spokesman. He is also likely to be among the best paid of the entire academic community; salaries of $25,000 to $35,000 are no longer so uncommon as to cause much of a stir in the large institutions. If he helps alma mater bring in sizable sums of money, such an investment is considered sound.

Moreover, his functions are likely to spill over into other areas of institutional policy and execution which have little if anything to do with fund-raising. The development officer may serve as prime liaison with the local community, with Washington, with the alumni; he may oversee public events and extension services, and in general act as public spokesman. If he represents a state or municipal institution, he is also likely to spend time in smoke-filled anterooms to drum up legislative support.

OTHER specialists have joined the development office to create large departments for institutional advancement, which may equal or exceed in size the faculty of even major academic departments. A significant commentary on the new state of affairs, perhaps, is the fact that a good many universities today carry on their payrolls development-public relations staffs which are larger than all but three of this country's corporate public relations firms. Some university staffs range from thirty to eighty professionals, while college staffs are considerably more modest.

Boston University's Vice President for University Affairs, for example, presides over a staff of more than fifty people, which includes specialists in public relations, university relations, government and alumni affairs, publications, and broadcasting. Annual operating costs come to $350,000 which does not include direct fund-raising costs.

New York University maintains a staff of similar size, but also resorts to outside professional services such as photography and publications, and retains a large corporate public relations firm. Stanford University maintains a staff of thirty-five in fund raising, fifteen in university relations, seven in alumni relations, and one in Washington. The University of Michigan's professional communications staff exceeds seventy.

Characteristic of more modest operations is the University of Texas's staff of twelve professionals, and Oberlin's seven. Smaller institutions content themselves with one or two people, who often wear several functional hats.

Just how good a job is academia doing in showing its new public face? On the whole, higher education remains years behind industry in the effective use of communications techniques. All too many college trustees and presidents, trussed by intellectual rigidities and a heavy-handed parochialism which stymie many innovations, are responsible for this communications failure. In some institutions, salaries for communications personnel approach that of chambermaids. The results match.

Two national organizations, the American Alumni Council and the American College Public Relations Association, seek to advance the interests of development and public relations people, as well as of higher education as a whole. The latter group grew out of a nucleus of college athletic news bureaus fifty years ago, and today counts among its 3,000 members 500 college presidents and vice presidents. Serving their institutions with professional skill that varies in quality as much as the institutions themselves, many academic public relations people still spend much time seeking acceptance of their own "management." In this sense, they differ only little from their colleagues in corporate crystal palaces.

One has only to look at some of the front-rank universities and colleges, however, to recognize what this new breed of experts can accomplish in the service of higher education. Where men of large vision preside over institutional fortunes, and where the president, trustees, and faculty recognize their new temporal responsibilities, the contributions of the new campus communicators prove an enriching experience for all concerned. These men are not high-pressure promoters. They make as vital a contribution as the faculty and the rest of the administrative team. Charles U. Daly, Vice President for Public Affairs at the University of Chicago, and a former White House assistant, typifies this new order of things. "I believe," he says, "that public relations and development personnel in academic institutions must do their share to maintain a climate in which the intellectual may speak out freely. The effective public relations man must guard against pressures, both private and public, which seek to minimize the hard-won areas of freedom so vital to the health of an academic community."

The university particularly is now serving multiple publics. Stanford University, to cite one example, presides over a student body as international in composition as that of the United Nations itself. Lyle Nelson, Stanford's Vice President for University Affairs, who took a key role in last year's White House Conference on Education, keeps his eye on a Stanford-built and -operated two-mile linear accelerator, on the threatened condemnation of 500 acres of university land (to make way for a flood control project), Stanford's Industrial Park, the jointly operated Palo Alto-Stanford Hospital, and the long-term disposition of 8,600 acres of university-owned land. Last but not least, Nelson labors to overcome the general impression that Stanford and Fort Knox are one and the same institution and that no further financial support is necessary.

So much for "publics." The matter of academic "image" is not as easily dispensed with. The compelling fact remains that it exists. While few educators are wont to admit to it, a good image helps play a central role in attracting more funds, a better and more representative student body, and better faculty. Putting labels on things, accurate or not, is still a favorite American pastime.

Whatever their variations, certain laws of nature apply to all academic imagery. The first one is that only rarely are fact and the image identical. They may momentarily coincide, but no instrument has yet been devised to record that seismographic event. Colleges and universities are variously ahead of or behind their public image—some as much as twenty years. No school has ever gone on record to complain that its image is ahead of its actuality. "The brand-name imagery of a college," attest sociologists David Riesman and Christopher Jencks, "like that of a car, is a complex thing. As competitive free enterprises, individual colleges have not been willing or able to do much in the way of explaining themselves."

As human institutions, colleges and universities should perhaps be allowed their share of vanity and a few unrealistic self-concepts. The mirror psychology is as operative in academia as elsewhere. College catalogues, generally speaking, are a splendid example of campus imagery. Many are of such striking similarity that one suspects that they have been prepared by the same cook. One

(*Continued on page* 73)

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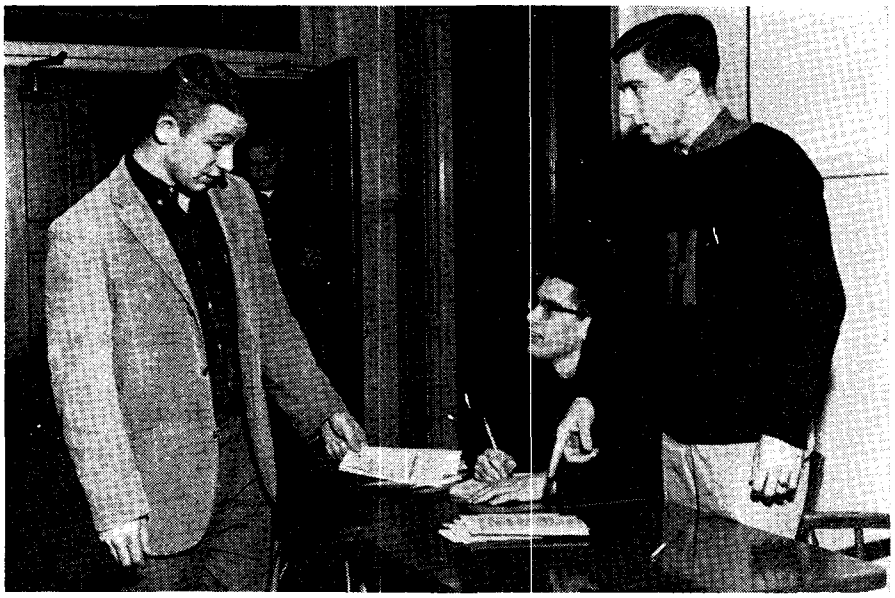
CHEATING CAN BE STOPPED

Dishonesty in the classroom is by no means new, but there is considerable evidence that it has been increasing in recent years. Concerned for many years with the most effective means of coping with the problem, the author of this article has talked and corresponded with college presidents, teachers, and school administrators all over the country. Mr. Dabney is the widely respected editor of the Richmond (Va.) Times Dispatch.

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY



—Haverford College.

Haverford student turns in his final examination—"Cheating is greatly reduced when the proper atmosphere is created."

CHEATING by students in high schools, colleges, and universities throughout the United States is widespread. The shocking scandal last year at the United States Air Force Academy, which resulted in the withdrawal of 109 cadets, sounded a nationwide alarm as to conditions in our academic institutions. A recent *New York Times* survey indicated that cheating in high schools is widely prevalent and getting worse in some areas.

Young people are acquiring questionable habits and attitudes in our schools and colleges which carry over into later life. Disturbing tendencies, involving both public and private morality, are in evidence. The "fast buck" philosophy permeates important sectors of American politics. Fraud in the business world is distressingly prevalent.

More than half of the 5,422 students in ninety-nine colleges and universities from coast to coast who answered a questionnaire from William J. Bowers of Columbia University's Bureau of Applied Social Research admitted having cheated. Other surveys put the prevailing percentage of academic dishonesty considerably higher.

A number of factors contribute to the prevalence of cheating today. The pressure to get into college stimulates some students to cut corners, and the problem is compounded by teachers and counselors who are willing to falsify student grades. The craze to field winning athletic teams leads to violation of rules that convinces young people that their elders are engaged in deliberate deceit. Arthur Daley, *New York Times* sports writer, has declared that colleges and universities teach young athletes "how to cheat, even before the kids have left high school." And Jesse Abramson, of the New York *Herald Tribune* writes that immorality "starts with college bidding for the bluechip schoolboy athlete."

How does one attack the cheating problem in the average high school or college? A fact which emerges from many examinations of the causes of cheating is that it can be greatly reduced if the proper atmosphere is created, and the wrongness of the practice is made clear to all. Where, on the other hand, dishonesty on tests and examinations is condoned by teachers and students, effective measures are virtually impossible. The teacher is often the key to the problem.

Authorities in this field say that the teacher must make it abundantly clear to all pupils that he considers cheating wrong, and that he is determined to put an end to it in his classes. He can then adopt one of two courses. He can explain that he is trusting the pupils to behave themselves, and will not spy on them, thereby appealing to their better natures. Or he can make it plain that he will keep a close watch on them at all times.

In any event, there is agreement that swift and certain punishment must be given to cheaters. In the small minority of colleges, universities, and private preparatory schools with smoothly functioning honor codes, the penalty is usually expulsion. In public high schools, which normally operate under compulsory education laws—expulsion is difficult if not impossible.

However, there are ways of dealing effectively with the problem in high school. For example, one teacher announced at the opening of the session that anybody caught cheating in his class would get zero, the offense would be entered on the record, and the parents notified.

Teachers can also give tests and examinations that, as far as possible, develop the pupils' analytical powers and make them less dependent on remembering isolated facts. Lists of facts or dates can be readily stuffed into a sock for future reference or copied from the paper of the student at the next desk.

Parents, too, can be extremely important in efforts to end cribbing. In the first place, they should leave no doubt in their children's minds that they would prefer honorable failure on a course to passing through dishonorable means. (Pressure from home for high marks is one of the chief reasons why boys and girls cheat.) Parents can also mold their children's characters by setting the right sort of example themselves. Those who chisel on their income tax or swindle their neighbors can hardly expect right conduct from their sons and daughters.

At the high school level, violations of honor codes can be handled with more flexibility than is possible at the college level. Not only are penalties in high school much less severe, but the teacher rather than the pupil usually has the principal role in detecting violations. However, there are many possible variations in the application of a high or prep-school honor code—as, for example, where the student alerts the teacher to the fact that cheating is going on, but without mentioning any names. In some schools, suspects are tried by fellow-students, but in most they appear before the principal, who fixes the penalty.

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In at least one public school—Great Bridge High School, Chesapeake, Virginia—it has been found possible to operate an honor system much like that of a college, with pupils playing the major role in its implementation. Yet the penalty for violations is never expulsion, and is fixed by the administration, after guilt is determined by the Student Honor Council. Fourteen cases of cheating at Great Bridge High School were tried by the council during the session of 1964-65. Eight of these were reported initially by students. D. C. Eley, the principal, is confident that cheating has been sharply reduced at Great Bridge since this system was adopted in 1960. "As far as I know," he says, "the entire faculty now believes that the honor code is better than the conventional method employed by many high schools to deal with student cheating."

At famous New Trier High School, Winnetka, Illinois, a somewhat different approach is used. Members of each class (English, math, or what-not) are given an opportunity to vote on whether they wish to go under the honor system. If the vote is affirmative, tests and exams are not proctored, and each member of that particular class signs a pledge that he or she knows of no cheating on the test. If a member *is* found to have broken the pledge, the guilty one is not identified or punished, but it is made known that there has been a violation. One more chance is afforded the class, and if integrity then is maintained by all, the honor system remains in full force and effect for that class.

"We have here the pressure of colleagues for moral standards by consensus," says William H. Cornog, the principal at New Trier. "It works well because it puts the pupils on notice, and it is part of our pattern. We put a lot of responsibility on the pupils. For example, the study hall and the library are student supervised, and the boys and girls respond."

Other high and preparatory schools in various parts of the United States are considering the adoption of honor systems, partly as a result of leadership shown by Paul Conte, a senior at Huguenot High in a suburb of Richmond, Virginia. Conte was instrumental in obtaining the adoption of an honor system at Huguenot by a student body vote of over three to one. Its chief feature is that it "attacks the offense rather than the offender" by providing that every violation of the system is reported to the Honor Commission, but without the name of the accused. This approach has won wide appeal.

Opposition on the part of students in school or college to reporting violations by other students is one of the major problems. Much of this is based on aversion to what is caustically termed "squealing" or "ratting." An undergraduate at a great Eastern university described the reporting of students by other students as "institutionalized finkdom."

Such descriptions are unjustified. As an undergraduate I served on the Honor Committee at the University of Virginia which has one of the nation's finer honor systems—in operation since 1842. At Virginia and at other institutions with similar systems, "squealing," "ratting" or "finking" is no part of the plan. The procedure is for the student who witnesses a violation to go straight to the suspect and demand an explanation. If the explanation is not satisfactory, he tells the suspect to leave the institution or stand trial before the student Honor Committee. The verdict of that committee is final. This, I submit, is the opposite of "squealing" or "ratting." It is manly; it is direct; and it involves no third party, unless the accused demands a trial.

At such institutions as Princeton University, Stanford University, Washington and Lee, and the United States Military Academy, which have long-established and highly successful honor systems, the reporting of violations by students is an essential part of the code. However, it calls at those centers of learning for no immediate confrontation of the suspect by the student or cadet who suspects him, and the procedure is for a report to be made to the undergraduate Honor Committee. Conviction by the committee means permanent dismissal.

At Princeton, Washington and Lee, and West Point, as at the University of Virginia, the code holds that any undergraduate who fails to make such a report is himself a violator and subject to dismissal. This is the clear understanding and commitment of all students as they matriculate. In the words of the Princeton Honor Committee: "It is the common understanding among Princeton men that where the Honor System is concerned, each individual's obligation to the undergraduate body as a whole transcends his natural reluctance to report a fellow student."

California Institute of Technology has

(*Continued on page* 77)

Haverford's Exam Program

A unique extension of an effective honor system is the final term exam program at Haverford College. Under this program each student is allowed to schedule his own exams to be taken when and where he prefers. About a month before the ten-day exam period, he completes a simple form indicating his courses, the instructors, and the date and time he wants to take each test. Certain basic qualifications must be met: exams must be started either at 9 a.m. or 2 p.m., senior comprehensives and tests requiring special facilities have priority, and courses or sections which entail the reading of more than twenty papers by any single professor must be completed within the first week.

Before the exam period, students submit to the Registrar's Office an envelope for each test on which is indicated the course, student's name, examination time and date. Meanwhile, the Registrar's Office prepares lists that will allow each professor to know which students are taking exams that day. Anyone who fails to file envelopes has his test schedule prepared by the registrar—an offer which has had few takers.

Using the lists prepared by the Registrar's Office, examination papers presubmitted by professors are inserted in the respective envelopes, along with any special instructions—since professors are not present to answer last-minute inquiries at the time of examinations.

Fifteen minutes before each student has scheduled his test, a student committee distributes the sealed envelopes to the examinees. They then complete the tests, unmonitored, anywhere in either of two buildings (or elsewhere if it is a "take-home" exam). Student committee members subsequently receive the completed exam and question paper returned in the original envelope, and turn each over to the Registrar's Office, where professors pick them up.

The advantage of this system to the student is an exam schedule which distributes the exam load over a period of time according to his desires and needs of preparation. The faculty, meanwhile, is freed from administering examinations, and can utilize the ten-day period as members see fit: for vacation, personal research, grading term or project papers, or planning next semester's work.

Haverford students are well aware that giving or receiving any aid is a violation of the Honor System and will be dealt with as such regardless of whether it is done consciously or unconsciously, accidentally or intentionally.

June 1966 will mark the eighth exam period conducted under this plan. Since May 1962, there have been only a handful of violations, student-reported, resulting in Students' Council disciplinary action up to and including suspension.

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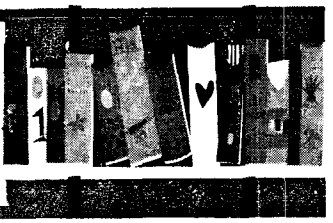
the Editor's Bookshelf



ALIENATION is a word currently fashionable, not only with literary critics but also with psychologists and sociologists. Perhaps it should be classified as one of the terms identified by Fowler as "vogue words," which owe their popularity to the joy of showing that one has acquired them and to the ease with which they can be substituted for any of several more precise words, thus saving the trouble of choosing the right one. In any case it seems clear that some of those who write about college students use the word too loosely.

Political protest, however vigorous, is not necessarily symptomatic of alienation—George Washington, who led a revolutionary war, was not an alienated youth. Most of those who participate in civil rights demonstrations are not alienated—they are on the side of the U.S. Constitution, the Supreme Court, the Congress, and the majority of the American people. Nor can it be assumed that unconventional dress, manners, and living habits are proof of alienation. Often the beatnik is merely conforming blindly to a subculture of which he is eager to be a part. He wears long hair and sandals for the same reason that a fraternity brother wears a tie and accepts a paddling—these are the requirements for membership.

But every college campus today houses at least a few individuals who are alienated from all mankind and a larger number who are alienated from the adult world. A rejection of adulthood—at least of conventional adulthood—seems to be the definitive characteristic of the new alienation. The Berkeley student who said, "We don't trust anyone over thirty," was expressing his denial of the adult role and his contempt for adult society. And he was not alone. Such youths choose perpetual adolescence because they believe that adolescents have a truer vision of the world and a superior sense of values that is lost when one sells out by accepting the conventions of the adult world and becoming a part of the hated "system." Rousseau would have applauded. The only adults who command the respect of such youths are those who join them in their attacks upon the establishment. If asked why they admire such middle-aged spokesmen as Paul Goodman they are likely to say, not that they are followers of Goodman, but that they like him because he is on their side and is following them.

In exploring the nature of alienation, a novelist has the advantage of being able to devote an entire book to a single individual, as J.B. Salinger did in *Catcher in the Rye* and as John Hersey has done more recently in *Too Far to Walk*. But a psychologist is better able to analyze and compare a number of such individuals as Kenneth Keniston has done in ***The Uncommitted*** (*Harcourt, Brace and World*, 500 *pp.*, $8.50)—a study of a small number of Harvard undergraduates selected because their alienation was extreme.

Keniston reports that the subjects of his study were "in many respects *too* alienated to be beatniks—a stance which, after all, involves accepting an identity, a sense of solidarity, and a set of expectations about one's 'beat' behavior." And he found few "politically active" students among the alienated. "The quests of most alienated Americans," he says, "are private quests—for personal sentience, for intensified subjectivity, for kicks and stimulation, for individual artistic expression—the alienated express themselves more to achieve self-definition than to persuade others. . . ."

The new alienation, says Keniston, takes the form of "rebellion without a cause, rejection without a program, of refusal without a vision of what should be. . . . Finding out what the alienated are *against* is easy: they excel at scorn, derision, hostility, and contempt, and any statement opposing almost anything will elicit agreement from them provided it is worded in a derisive or scornful way—but finding out what they are *for* is harder . . . few alienated young men have clear and positive values, readily articulated goals, nearly described life plans. Theirs is an ideology of opposition, and the world offers so many targets for their repudiation that they have little energy left for the development of affirmative values."

Although he chose the extreme cases for his study, Keniston argues that "the major themes in the lives of these alienated youths are but extreme reactions to pressures that affect all young Americans . . . the alienated are responding not only to the idiosyncracies of their individual past but to dilemmas of upbringing, to social stresses, and to historical losses that affect their entire generation."

Education at Berkeley (*University of California Press*, 230 *pp.*, $3.25), is the report of a select committee of the Faculty Senate which presents a somewhat different view of alienated students. The authors use the term "alienated commitment" to describe the posture of those who, although alienated in some respects from the adult world, prefer noisy protest to ironic withdrawal. These are the students often described as "activists"—a misleading term because carrying a banner through Sather Gate or staging a sit-down in the administration building is not quite the same thing as "doing something" to improve evil conditions, unless it can be assumed that such demonstrations are likely to end the fighting in Vietnam or to alter the behavior of Klansmen in Mississippi. The word "activists" might more appropriately be restricted to the much smaller group which deals more directly and effectively with the problems of the world.

Berkeley seems to differ from the Harvard described by Keniston in that a substantial number of Berkeley students combine the private quests of the alienated with the garb of the beatniks and the protests of the "activists." But the Berkeley authors agree with Keniston that the new alienation, however defined, is found among the over-protected offspring of upper-middle-class parents in an affluent society who have had no direct experience with war, poverty, hunger, or physical labor. These youths feel no need to struggle to get ahead in the world because they were born ahead. But they do not like the world or the values of their parents.

While the alienated Harvard students described by Keniston act independently, the authors of *Education at Berkeley* make it clear that the students on their campus are joiners. They seldom act as individuals; instead they form groups to organize acts of protest. "To join a cause is a part of the anxious search for a new 'sense of viable community' that makes this generation seem hardly less other-directed than its elders."

In their search for a cause, students have challenged the establishment on a curiously assorted variety of issues: sexual freedom, university rules, civil rights, Vietnam, the draft, the quality of instruction in the university, the right to use marihuana and LSD, and the right to carry signs bearing four-letter words. Aided and abetted by dropouts and nonstudents, some of those at Berkeley have lashed out wildly against the administration, the police, the courts, and even the President of the United States—who was hanged in effigy after this book went to press.

Some of these protests are silly, some are misguided, and some may border on treason. But the Berkeley professors concede that too many intelligent and sincere young people have participated in one demonstration or another for them to be dismissed out of hand. They concede, too, that *some* of the evils against

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which the students direct their protests are real enough. Adults are aware of these evils, which include many forms of man's inhumanity to man, but "Members of the older generation are more willing to tolerate the evils of the world, believing they can be reduced but never entirely eliminated. They may find these students immature and impatient; the students retort that to be willing to tolerate and explain is a sign of middle-aged compromise. There is need to create a dialogue between these two points of view."

The "Select Committee" recommends a number of changes in the university in order that such a dialogue may be established and sustained. I shall comment on these proposals—some of which are far reaching—in a later column.

The Berkeley Report will not satisfy student extremists who have demanded the liquidation of all administrators. (A minority report, in which one member criticizes the others for being too permissive, will please them even less.) But such extremists are in the minority, even at Berkeley. The majority of undergraduates, who have a vision of a better world but whose immediate goal is a good education, will find encouragement in the report. It gives evidence that the Berkeley faculty understands its students better than they understand themselves and is wrestling conscientiously with the problems of mass education in a confused world.

But one wonders what is to become of the growing number of alienated students who are individuals of high potential or even of great talent. When they pass the magic age of thirty and find themselves reluctant members of the "older generation" it will be their fate to discover that older people, no less than adolescents, must live "in a world we never made." If they withdraw completely, or if they continue merely to complain, protest, and demonstrate, their talents will be wasted. And the world cannot afford the loss. But if they take an active part in the world's work they soon will find themselves a part of the hated "system" and the target of attacks from a new generation of adolescents, including their own sons and daughters. And this will be the ironic fate of many, just as it has been throughout history. —PAUL WOODRING.

Pre-School Education Today (*Doubleday,* 150 *pp.,* $4.50), edited by Fred Hechinger, education editor of the *New York Times,* is an excellent collection of authoritative papers on the problems of providing education for children of three, four, and five years. It includes a comprehensive bibliography of books and articles on pre-school education for disadvantaged children.

The view that six is the proper age for starting to school is so firmly fixed in the minds of many people that both legislators and taxpayers have been reluctant to use public money for the education of younger children. But in his introduction, Mr. Hechinger makes clear the need for earlier schooling for many who do not now get it: "All the evidence today indicates that children from a home background that not only is economically and socially at the lowest level but lacks family orientation toward formal learning are virtually excluded from success in school. They are preconditioned for failure. The school, attuned as it is to the middle-class majority, seldom helps such children catch up; it often actually (though unwittingly) widens the gap between success and failure." —P.W.

Still Not a Casual Experience

Sex and the College Student, *by the Committee on the College Student, Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry (Atheneum, 178 pp., cloth $4.50, paper $2.45), offers a perspective on sexual issues on the campus and presents guidelines for administration policy and understanding. The reviewer is President of Sarah Lawrence College.*

By ESTHER RAUSHENBUSH

TO SAY SOMETHING about this book, and what it is about, it is necessary to say something of what it is not about. The title is something of a misnomer, because the book deals with only a special segment of the subject—that which rouses the passions of students, administrators, and the public most—and it seems to speak of this part as the whole. But in that sense, of course, the titles of many fine books are misnomers.

I am not able to suggest a better, save in the long language of eighteenth-century novels: "An Account of the Problems Raised for Students in College when the Demands of their Impulse Life result in Sexual Behavior Creating Serious Consequences for Them, Both Psychological and Physical, and Raising Serious Social and Educational Issues for the College."

This book is not about the total kind of concern with sex that college students have. Taken as a whole, their interest is marvellously complicated and, for many of them, is intertwined in creative ways with their academic life, affecting their reading of poetry, their attitude toward social problems, their concern with philosophy, religion, psychology. A sad fact of education is its failure to recognize the powerful sexual component in students' response to the arts or literature or philosophy, and so to fail to use them to aid emotional growth. The book does not deal with this.

But it is about something important that is not treated, usually, with either the understanding or the compassion one finds here. It discusses the experience of sex among those students who have found their way to the psychiatrists' attention; and the light that a psychiatrist's understanding can cast on the feelings of such students. And it gives colleges and other lay audiences suggestions for dealing with the consequences of such sexual experience—which they cannot safely either avoid or deny.

All college students are interested in sex—and the range of their interests is as wide as the sexual interests of any other part of the population, including their parents and teachers. But students are more vulnerable in all ways than their elders, because their impulses during the ages between seventeen and twenty-one are high, and so are the inner and outer prohibitions they encounter. Concern about intellectual, psychological, social, and moral values now taking on the shape that will control their adult lives is strong in young people. For thousands these concerns intensify the problems their impulses create, constrict their emotional growth, and fill them with anxiety. For many thousands these same values assert healthy controls on their impulse life, and they grow, during these years, in the personal maturity that will give them a chance at a deep and fulfilling personal life.

It is no accident that the sexual life of college students has occupied so many columns of newsprint in the past few years. It is a central issue in their growth; it becomes a symbol of all the complicated decision-making needs which beset human beings in a time when the possibilities of choice are enormous, and the consequences are cloudy and uncertain.

Adolescent sexual experience is an act of consent, rebellion, expectation, escape

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from isolation, search for human companionship, that is more dramatic and intense than any other; and since, in our culture, the opportunity has become vastly greater, and the personal consequences vastly underrated and unknown, the sexual act follows hard upon the impulse. It does have deep-reaching consequences. It is not, even today, a casual experience, like washing one's face, as one student put it. (Others have said this, too.) Contraception may decrease illegitimate births and abortions, but will not decrease the possible consequences of easy or unconsidered sexual experience to the developing inner lives of young people. As teachers and administrators we do need to be concerned about illegitimacy and careless bringing to birth, about marriages based on the accident of pregnancy, and about abortion and its dangers to the body; but we can be most useful in enlarging the possibility of making good choices.

While they do not say this in so many words, I believe it is this responsibility that governs much of what the authors do say. For example:

> Sexuality is an important force in every personality. . . . Throughout the life cycle, sex is an evolving, dynamic force that can be understood only in relation to the rest of development at any particular phase.

The book states a four-fold purpose: to describe some sexual aspects of individual development and to relate these to issues of sexual behavior on the campus; to discuss dynamics of sexual behavior among college students; to explore the relationship between official college policies and student behavior; to suggest guidelines, both theoretical and practical, for understanding and for formulating policy toward student sexual behavior in the college setting.

The light these psychiatrists throw on the relation of sexual behavior to individual development is important for all administrators—to whom the book is most directly addressed—for many reasons, but not least because it reminds us that the printed rules of conduct and lists of penalties will not by themselves ensure approved behavior by students, or necessarily lead to wise judgments by authorities. The discussion of the dynamics of sexual behavior will enlighten many administrators who are not, merely by virtue of their office, necessarily wise on this subject.

It is general opinion that sexual life is more common among adolescents than it was a generation or two ago. Changes in manners and customs, growing moral relativity, a sense of the fleeting and uncertain character of life, newspaper advertisements and rapid transportation, higher education revealing new ideas and new possibilities in life on all fronts—all this has come about at the same time that more and more boys and girls between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one have moved into a common life on college campuses, and into much easier terms of relations with each other.

I do not know of a book (there may be some) on the role and responsibility of families in the sexual life of their adolescent children these days, but there has been a flood of articles and books on what the responsibilities of colleges are.

THE two principal services performed by that part of this book concerned with the relation of college policies to student behavior, and with guidelines for administrators, are that it grasps the nettle, and talks about a whole range of problems relating to the sexual life of college students as these affect the college; and that it describes alternatives that should be examined. (As is customary with the men of this profession, they do not, except in a few instances, express their views about the values involved in one decision or another. That is the reader's job.)

The issues on which they give guidelines are those every college has to cope with:

Privacy: "The student's privacy requires respect. . . . In a dormitory situation, regulations are necessary to maintain order and to control behavior that impinges upon the freedom and privacy of other students." This is one of the places in which the reader is left to his own devices. The "privacy" that sexual experience should have, in this reader's opinion, for instance, is impossible in a dormitory, however circumspect students are. It would be interesting to know whether the authors of the book, in making their statement about privacy, would take this view. It is only one of the reasons against condoning sexual experience on the campus.

College Rules: This is one of the places where the authors do give important guidance: "It is desirable for the college to make explicit its attitude toward sex on the campus. The absence of direct confrontation on the sex issue invites students to disregard, interpret, misinterpret, and make what they will of campus regulations. . . . Students would benefit in their attempt to make responsible choices on their own if the college were to make its own position clear. . . . In the face of strong emotion and its attendant pressures, clarity of judgment and carefully considered decisions assume special importance. These are more likely to be fostered when administrative review of a case can be undertaken in a framework of policy carefully and realistically developed in advance of crisis."

Student Participation in Policy Development: The authors urge that the administration, in developing policy, enlist student support, and consider student views. "To avoid misunderstanding about the scope of student and administrative spheres of responsibility," they add, "it will be useful to make explicit the reality that while students' views are taken into account, ultimate responsibility for policy and resulting action remains in the hands of the administration."

Enforcement: The authors point out the fallacy of automatic penalties—"specific disciplinary actions are more likely to evoke a thoughtful considered response from other students if they have confidence that college authorities will attempt to make fair and intelligent judgments," and "general observance of rules is more likely to occur when infractions are handled with respect for individual differences within a framework of explicit principles." It is a good guideline for dealing with any deviant behavior.

The statement, made a number of times and in a number of ways that will arouse the anxiety and disapproval of parents in many walks of life and administrators in many kinds of institutions, is that "private sexual behavior need not become the direct concern of the Administration." Ideas, attitudes, values, personal perplexities of the student with regard to this subject *are* the concern of the administration, as they are with regard to other subjects. The actual behavior of students in the matter of sex while on the campus is also the concern of the authorities who should make clear their views and their expectations.

As to students' sexual behavior outside the jurisdiction of the college, blanket prohibitions and therefore automatic punishments are not tenable. Any "prohibition" that cannot be enforced should not be made. The freedom young people have, often from early adolescence, to move about socially, to travel alone, to find friends and live among their age-group and outside the jurisdiction of either parents or administrators, makes such general prohibitions wildly unenforceable.

It makes better sense for parents and teachers alike to do all they can to help young people discover values, learn judgment, understand as fully as they can what the consequences of their acts might be. It is the business of a college to help students learn to make, not the most uncontrolled, but the largest use of the life force that is in them, to value themselves as persons, to learn little by little the value of love—and to be compassionate when they make wrong decisions.

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Ivory Tower Crumbles

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would also guess that the cook got his training in Harvard Yard.

College publications as a whole, including alumni magazines and a resplendent array of campus literature, have reached impressive heights of graphic expression. They win many prizes among institutional peers, but as works of cerebral stimulation still leave much to be desired. But where publications are good, they can be superb. John Hopkins, Carnegie Tech, and the University of Chicago are three examples of excellence, as is tiny Goddard College, which publishes lean and significant tomes on educational themes of broad pertinence.

There is more than a little evidence that institutions as a whole have failed to communicate successfully either their financial needs or their central academic purpose. In a new 2,000-sample interview by the Opinion Research Corporation, 52 per cent of all college graduates were not aware of their alma mater's need for financial support.

The emergence of a large number of essentially national colleges and universities has vastly increased the institutions' need for "dialogue" with a national audience. Their lay and essentially nonacademic reputations thus can be almost as important as their scholastic ones. A positive editorial treatment by *Life* or *Look* or CBS may do more for alumni support than years of needling from the alumni office. It may influence corporations and foundations in making grants. Such national visibility plays a unique and unquestionable role in the human art of value judgments.

Major failures, as well as successes, can be recorded. If a big story goes sour, the institution's administration may declare itself a disaster area. A hint of what can transpire behind smiling administrative façades can be seen in a television listing of a recent NBC documentary on a large eastern university: "A worthwhile glimpse of one aspect of our urgent educational problem—one which by and large reflects well on the university, some of whose top officials unwisely tried to keep this program off the air."

If the romance between higher education and the major communications media springs an occasional leak, the fault rests as squarely with the institution as with the media. The failure is rarely due to the institution's lack of substance, but often to its inability to deal intelligently with mass communications. If institutions are staffed by skilled communications experts they usually fare much better. Some time ago, the University of California Medical School at San Francisco sponsored a symposium on the role of women in the modern world. It received widespread national attention, and produced a happy afterglow of substantial benefit to the institution. When the Graduate Center of the Southwest in Dallas held an International Symposium on Gravitational Collapse, scientists as well as the general public read about the budding institution all over the world.

Small institutions benefit just as importantly from well-planned national visibility. Shimer College in Illinois, with the help of professional public relations counsel, has been blessed with repeated national editorial attention, which Shimer's president calls "enormously helpful" to his fund-raising efforts. St. Johns College in Annapolis, after being the subject of a particularly compelling magazine portrait on the school, measured highly significant improvements in both the quality and geographic distribution of its freshman applicants. And Eisenhower College, which will not open its doors for two years, recently received national recognition in *Time*. "It was worth a million dollars," comments Dr. Earl J. McGrath, head of Teacher's College's Institute for Higher Education and Eisenhower College's new chancellor.

Part of the general inability of institutions to communicate through national media comes from the simple fact that the nation's center of communications lies in Manhattan, while most institutions are elsewhere. An occasional visit to New York by campus representatives is rarely sufficient to stimulate serious editorial attention. Cornell University recently took a notable step to bridge this gap by establishing an outpost in the center of Manhattan. The effort has already paid off. "In establishing its office in New York City," comments President James A. Perkins, "Cornell recognized a growing need to be more consistently and effectively in touch with a number of

groups, not the least of which is the important concentration of editors, writers, and producers specializing in the fields of education, science, and cultural affairs."

Could Cornell's move be the precursor of things to come? "We may be approaching a period," predicts Perkins, "in which most major institutions will recognize the value of more direct liaison with the New York-Washington concentration of influential persons and organizations, whose opinions and activities so greatly affect the future of higher education in so many different ways."

Other educational leaders are beginning to realize that taking the academic head out of the sand may no longer be enough, and that institutions now urgently need to seek broader support and understanding. Some of the old shibboleths will die in the process, if they are not already dead. Professor Lewis B. Mayhew of Stanford, one of the most thoughtful campus observers, puts the new needs as follows: "There needs to be more communications within the institution, and certainly considerably more with the larger society. I have a notion that this is going to be forced on us, as a matter of fact."

"During the Forties and Fifties," adds Professor Mayhew, "secondary education was put on the pan, and I think rightly so. My prediction is that higher education during the last part of the Sixties and Seventies will be subject to the same serious kind of scrutiny. One response will be better interpretation of higher education to the various publics."

Higher education is now beginning to respond to this growing public scrutiny. When done with determination, and within the bounds of truth, modesty, and a sense of proportion, such efforts are very much worth making, not only for the individual institution, but for education as a whole.

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Last Hurrah

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questioned pay raises for custodians, had challenged special increments for other non-academic employees, and had never spoken about "our dedicated teachers."

Mrs. Hicks had. The 1965 campaign, and the year of protests and boycotts preceding it, elevated her to the role of prime defender of the teachers and the protector of "our children." A large woman who likes wool suits with fur trim, Mrs. Hicks was, with most of the present Committee, first elected in 1961, partly on a reform campaign to restore the Latin School to its past glory, partly on the strength of her many contacts and friends in South Boston, and partly on the name of her father, a South Boston judge important enough to have a boulevard named for him. A lawyer, married to an engineer who meticulously avoids the limelight, she has now become a symbol not only of neighborhoodism, but also of resistance to exploitation and oppression, whether they have to do with racial balance or the placement and treatment of teachers. She is proud that she helped initiate a program for returning dropouts, that the city's program for retarded children has been expanded, and that compensatory education for disadvantaged children has been introduced. But her major theme is constantly the protection of the children in their own environment, her concern with the "cultural shock" that busing would produce, and her effort to provide special care where necessary. As she speaks at a gathering or from her seat at the School Committee, she makes it clear that *she* is concerned about all the teachers and all the children. She has become Boston's head mother.

The image is important, and entirely consistent with a system that values obedience and respect for authority as much as intellectual achievement and a questioning temper. Boston was among the last cities in America to permit married women to teach, and it still employs a substantial number of elderly maiden teachers and principals. Graduates of Boston Normal (now Boston State College), or of Regis or Emmanuel College, they take pride in instilling character and discipline, good conduct and citizenship. For two generations, teachers of this type—as well as the men who came from Boston College in the Depression—set the tone in the Boston schools. And the tone persists.

Neckties are still mandatory dress in most of the public high schools, corporal punishment is still permitted, and cleanliness and order still seem to be among the first things pointed out to a visitor. One hears relatively little about individual development, about teaching children to question or to enjoy, or about anyone moving at his own pace. In the high schools, while a number of teachers are instituting new materials and approaches, especially in the sciences, the older hands are likely to operate from traditional textbooks, and to adhere faithfully to the one they like. "I wish I could get some of them to use more than one book," said a high school department chairman. "But they all want to work with the one they've used." This kind of conservatism is, in some measure, built into the structure of a city and school system as civil service-minded as Boston, for the very procedures preventing political abuses also tend to stamp new personnel with the old image. Boston's teacher examinations, often cited as proof of the city's selectivity, are oriented toward traditional styles, adherence to textbooks, and the conventional wisdom. In American history, for example, applicants are asked:

> On an outline map of the United States:
> a) Trace the route of the Erie Canal, naming and locating its terminal cities.
> b) Trace the route of the Santa Fe trail, naming and locating its terminal cities. . . .
>
> Match each of the individuals listed in the first column with the historic incident or book associated with him and listed in the second column:
>
D. G. Farragut	The Alamo
Davy Crockett	Black Friday
Jim Fiske	Capture of New Orleans
(etc.)	(etc.)

> Why is the Senate a much more influential body than the House of Representatives?
> What aspect of the make-up of the Senate is open to serious criticism?

Each of these questions can be answered by someone who has studied a high school textbook; none requires genuine historical skills, ability to deal with historical materials, or any real sense of the techniques and limitations of the field. At the same time the examinations—especially in the primary grades, where they seem more relevant—insure a measure of competence, and prevent either political or educational atrocities that might otherwise have taken place.

The gem of the Boston system is the Latin School, which, along with the Girls' Latin School and the Technical High School, draws students from all parts of the city. (All three are academically selective, as compared to the nine district high schools, which must admit all students living in a particular geographical area.) At the Latin School, more than at any other city institution, high standards and quality are associated with rigor and discipline, with carefully structured classes, and with hard work. At Latin *everyone* is prepping for college, not only for the customary suburban status reasons, but because success here means *economic* advancement. The students, many of them from working-class families, report that the pressure is phenomenal, that homework averages about three hours a night, and that genuine deviation is difficult. Overwhelmed by the Emersons, the Brookses, and the Adamses on the one hand and by parental pressure and college ambitions on the other, the 2,000 boys at Latin are in many respects far more reminiscent of those at a staid private academy than at a public high school.

AND indeed, in its own way, that's what the place is. "The Latin School," said Wilfred L. O'Leary, the present headmaster, "is a state of mind. It's the jewel of education in Boston; if it's nothing, the rest is nothing." Located in a forty-year-old building near the Harvard Medical School, and surrounded by other educational and medical institutions, Boston Latin is almost like a separate enclave in the city system—a special ward with a powerful constituency, a scholarship endowment close to $500,000, an uninterrupted relationship with Harvard, and a reputation so weighty that its organized alumni association, with several hundred active members, can still make itself heard downtown. O'Leary—who sometimes speaks of the school like an old New England headmaster, and sometimes like a ward boss—hopes to raise his scholarship endowment to $1,000,000, to find still better teachers through, among other things, a raiding process he calls "cannibalism"; and to build new classrooms and a new library. "I'm going to see the Mayor," he said, "and I'll tell him that if he gets us the new library I'll name it after him." In the academic realm, he said, "we're willing to try anything. We're using the new mathematics and the new physics. But I think the pendulum is swinging the other way, back to the older approach. In math you've got to have answers."

But to O'Leary the most important problem is neither physical nor academic, but moral. "Our biggest job around here is the inculcation of ideals,"

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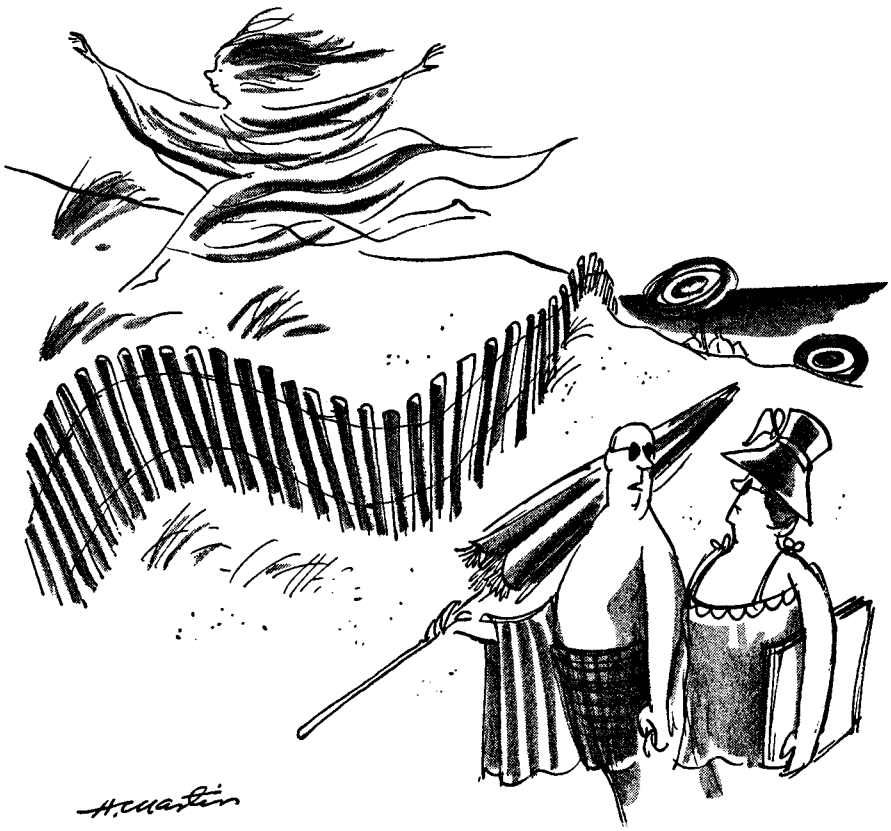
he said. "We need people who are willing to defend the ramparts, the strong middle-of-the-roaders who get things done. The people who can confront the tough jobs are the ones who haven't always breezed through everything, who are used to difficulties. They're the ones who are the strength of the society."

Most of the district high schools tend to reflect—though not necessarily to match—Latin's style. They have never really broken from patterns established years ago, have never really undergone a major transformation; until recently, little in the system had. Although the high schools offer programs far more diverse than the Latin School—art majors, commercial courses, industrial programs—they also enroll substantial numbers of students in diluted "college" courses sometimes composed of only semi-relevant material lifted from the traditional curriculum. In some instances, as at Dorchester High School, while older teachers still look back to the days when students were better motivated, and when they were not two to three years behind in their reading ability, teaching styles seem not to have changed significantly, and the curriculum—with certain major exceptions—still mirrors the Latin style. (Dorchester, now part Irish, part Italian, part Negro, was once 65 per cent Jewish).

Nevertheless—and despite complaints like the Boston *Herald's* that "rigidity is the rule"—the system has begun to change. In several schools teachers recalled days not too long ago when children were not allowed to speak in the classroom at all (except in formal recitation), and when "all they ever did in Latin was parse, parse, parse." There are now, side by side with the elderly men and the schoolmarms, young faces talking about "teaching processes, not memorizing facts," using the techniques of modern mathematics, discussing the merits of ungraded classes, and instituting the programs of the Biological Sciences Curriculum Study, Chemstudy and other new courses; student volunteers and practice teachers from the surrounding universities are working in some of the elementary schools, and budding experiments with team teaching, with programmed materials, and with new approaches in other areas have been launched.

Most innovation and planning—including a growing federally financed program of compensatory education and experimentation—have been centered in a new Office of Program Development (essentially a research and development staff) directed by an imported outsider named Evans Clinchy. Clinchy, who had been associated with Educational Services, Inc., an independent non-profit organization of curriculum developers, and with Educational Facilities Laboratory, a Ford Foundation offshoot concerned with academic architecture and equipment, is every inch an Ivy Leaguer—a crew-cut, pipe-smoking, six-foot-four-inch anomaly in a system administered by civil servants who came up through the ranks. So far, according to Ohrenberger, who first proposed the office, the transplant has been successful. Clinchy has begun to build a staff, to plan a saturation project in a ghetto district and, apparently, to gain the confidence of the administrators. Although it is still far too early to see results, even from the compensatory program, which started long before Clinchy was appointed, he has established himself as a major link with the outside as Boston's Ambassador to Washington and Cambridge. The very fact that he is *there*, and that he is helping to bring in federal funds, practice teachers from the neighboring universities, teaching materials from Educational Services, and specialists and ideas from almost everywhere, indicates that something new is under way.

And yet the city's problems remain immense. Children in the Negro ghetto, where teacher turnover is often high, fall progressively farther behind as they move through the schools. Buildings are substandard. There is little ability grouping in the elementary schools or in the high schools. The city ranks low in the percentage of high school graduates continuing to higher education (about 25 per cent). Administrators are conservative, and new curricular ideas have thus far had only marginal impact. But the most serious problems are built into the system itself. Although 40 per cent of Boston's pupils attend schools that are more than fifty years old, and although funds are available for new construction, no buildings have been started for over two years, partly because final authority rests in a separate commission controlled by the Mayor, partly because the School Committee, with its penchant for political and personal grandstanding, has failed to act. (For over a year the Committee argued about the site for a new 5,000-student campus high school first proposed in 1962. In February of 1966 it passed an order designating the location but—to suit its only Yankee member, a maverick named Joseph Lee—it had to vote that the school must be built with gymnasiums accommodating *all students at once.*) The Committee's fortnightly deliberations, attended by genial bureaucrats greeting friends, interrupted by irrelevant questions, by lengthy interrogations and by *ex cathedra* declarations on everything from urban renewal to the merits of physical exercise, make it clear that the whole system functions as much to impede as to foster change. Although the current chairman, Thomas S. Eisenstadt, a young attorney, has made attempts to keep the discussions



"There's something about the shore that sets Agnes Mermont free."

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moving (he was elected chairman on a promise to be brief) he has had only partial success. And yet, despite the endless discussions—many of which could be handled far better by the staff—many Bostonians agree that this is one of the best Committees they've had. "This is the first group," someone said, "that I'm convinced is absolutely honest."

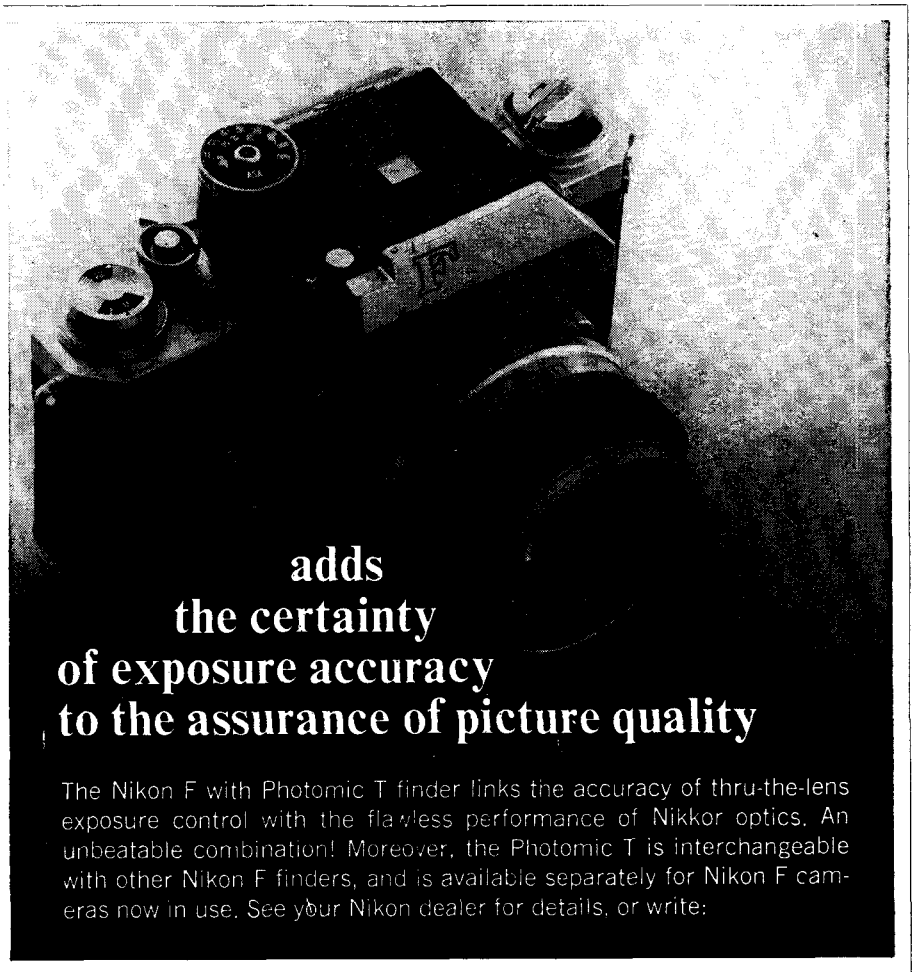
And yet, while there has never been evidence of political interference or favoritism, there are employees who believe that "it helps to be known downtown," that merely being seen at School Committee meetings may facilitate a future promotion. In a system as small as Boston's, where the senior staff knows almost every administrator and many teachers, and where one can always find people who once played football together, or who were classmates at B.C., it would be surprising if the personal style that pervades much of the city did not occasionally make a difference. At the same time, the cozy criteria of friendship may not necessarily be worse than the mechanical ones of civil service.

Beneath the obvious problems—the smoldering issue of racial imbalance, the inability to start new schools, the budget restrictions (all increases require the Mayor's approval)—is the agony of the city itself. Surrounded by jealous suburbs with a large voice in the legislature,

and suffering from divided authority, Boston, more than most major cities has been robbed of the talent and the concern it requires. Serving a population of under 700,000 in a metropolitan area exceeding 2,500,000, the city's schools have become politically and socially decimated. The excellent school systems of Newton and Brookline, of Wellesley and Lexington, are the beneficiaries of Boston's departed middle class, of its inadequate tax base and of its legislative weakness. Without the city's encumbrances, its inherited problems, they drew, and continue to draw, on the best the city had. Not surprisingly, most of them have achieved far more educational recognition. (Recently some of the suburbs offered to bus ghetto children into the predominantly white schools, but it is unlikely that they will ever accept a genuine metropolitan district—as recently proposed—that fully integrates children, taxes, and the concern of the community.)

The Boston schools are a product of this decimation, of the exodus of the middle and upper-middle classes, of the dominant Irish—who, a Negro leader said, "still act like a minority"—and of the civil servants who ran the system for years without a major complaint from anyone. Competing for support with parochial schools (whose patrons have to pay double for their children's education) the schools have been dependent on the interest and commitment of ethnic groups that have had relatively little regard for intellectual achievement, and who have often followed other routes to advancement. These groups may well have associated quality with stern inflexibility and repression (for what models, other than the Latin and the parochial schools, were available?) and to have directed their urban radicalism not only against the minions of the First National Bank and Beacon Hill, but also against the cultural standards they represent. "There isn't any Windsor Castle around here," said a person long familiar with Boston. "So where do you direct that hostility?" As a consequence, the schools were only as good as the civil servants, working with an inherited structure, could, or would, make them, and only as good as their political School Committees would allow.

Now, for the first time in years, other groups—the absent Yankees, the civil rights leaders, the managers and promoters of the New Boston, even, in its own way the Church, are beginning to take an interest in the affairs at 15 Beacon Street and in the system it controls. The small alliance of old and new Protestants (Yankees and Negroes) is being joined by liberal Catholics who have shed their ethnic politics (Cardinal Cushing, a major Boston influence, has become a vocal critic of segregation), and by others who have heard the message of urban renewal, civil rights, and better education. There is a small but growing understanding that urban redevelopment is useless without good schools and that the problems of the city are equally the problems of the periphery. But while these considerations are applicable to any metropolis, Boston—the Hub—remains in many respects unique, with its own problems, a place shaped by the Irish while the suburban Yankees doodled, a Last Hurrah of education.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LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

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Peace Education

Continued from page 61

considerations, in the main Western sense of war prevention, seem rather remote to the satisfaction of their interests. Thus the stimulation of a non-directive educational program of the sort being developed by the World Law Fund may make a great contribution to the level of awareness of the emerging leaders in this important group of countries.

The same sort of point applies, oddly enough, to the oldest group of nations active in world politics—the leading states of Europe. These states, constricted by defeat in World War II or by the process of decolonization, seem strangely Eurocentric in concern, and need to be prodded into a more active contemplation of their responsibility in the reform of international society.

If the hypothesis is entertained that World War III can be prevented only by giving international institutions control over the use of military power through voluntary action by the principal nation-states, then it is also necessary to convince the leading Communist states—the Soviet Union and China—of this conclusion. China must discover this on its own. Persuasion from outside will not help. The new education in problems of world order, symbolized by the work of the World Law Fund, aims to establish contact with Soviet scholars and teachers in the international fields. The goal is to initiate programs of study and interaction across boundaries. Eventually we must add to our self-interested image of world order the images of others, even bitter rivals, in order to perceive both the limits and opportunities for the reconstruction of international society along cooperative lines.

Ideally, of course, a genuinely international body of opinion may begin to grow, not crystallized around a particular ideology or national outlook, but shaped by a commitment to global welfare and seeking only to promote the unity of mankind. If there should be any permanent shift in political disposition impelled by the new outlook on world order, it will be a shift in the degree, at least, of patterns of loyalty from the sovereignty of the nation-state to the solidarity of all men. But a precondition for a healthy universalism is a carefully considered provincialism. We must first know what we want for ourselves in the way of world order before we can search for the modes of reconciliation. It is by such an emphasis that the advocates of world order might eventually build a bridge from cynical-realism to old-fashioned utopianism. Such a connection would seem to give the greatest hope that a system-changing view of world order might take hold in the mind and heart, and cast its influence on the shape of things to come.

The Strategy of World Order, Vols. I-IV, edited by Richard A Falk and Saul H. Mendlovitz (*World Law Fund, cloth $14, paper $10*), brings together material dealing with international relations, international law, international organizations, arms control and disarmament, and economic development. The volumes consider the world's major social problems (for example, rich nations versus poor nations; apartheid) and examine most of the lines of plausible solution (from schemes for redistributing wealth to United Nations intervention in support of human rights).

These volumes concentrate upon the process of transition from the present system of world order to the Clark-Sohn system considered as one model of a new basis for world order. Such a concentration highlights the political obstacles that block the revision of international society. *The Strategy of World Order* attempts to provide students and readers with the best available tools for the analysis of world order. It is not concerned with "selling" the Clark-Sohn plan except to the extent of commending it as an aid to understanding the control of violence in a new international society organized around much stronger international institutions.

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For further information regarding the Fund's educational programs and publications, write: World Law Fund, 11 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

Cheating

Continued from page 69

a fifty-five-year-old honor system which differs from most of the foregoing in certain respects. Violations are reported by students to the Student Board of Control, which tries each case and recommends a penalty; but the final decision as to penalty is made by the faculty administration. The code goes well beyond dishonesty in the classroom and extends to behavior on the campus in various fields. Flagrant breaches bring dismissal, but others do not.

The idea of adopting honor systems is beginning to catch on with other colleges and universities. Dartmouth adopted an honor code in 1962, thus emulating Amherst and Williams, both of which have had such codes for a longer period. Notre Dame did so in 1964, and the Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, the president, says that there has been a "resurgence, not only of honesty and integrity, but also of excellence, freedom, and maturity among our students."

The Community Role: Convinced that community sentiment is an essential part of any successful drive to eliminate cheating in schools and colleges, the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce (Boulder Park, Box 7, Tulsa, Okla.) has launched a nationwide campaign called "Honesty Today and Tomorrow." One of its purposes is to alert local civic groups to the need for action in behalf of ethical conduct in the classroom.

A number of topflight women's colleges, including Smith, Bryn Mawr, Sweet Briar, and Hollins, operate under the honor code. Such codes at women's colleges tend to be more inclusive than at other institutions. At Princeton and Stanford for example only *academic* dishonesty is covered by the code, but at most women's colleges the system embraces not only cheating on tests or exams but also stealing, personal behavior, and the breaking of campus rules. At several colleges the violator is obligated to report herself, especially for rules violations.

Honor codes vary greatly from institution to institution. They frequently have proven to be a most effective means of curbing the spread of cheating. For any honor code to be successful, however, it is essential to create a climate of opinion among students, and especially student leaders, on behalf of honorable conduct in the classroom. Everyone concerned must understand the harm the cheater does to himself, to others, and to society.

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MAY IS indeed the cruelest month—a peak month in the ulcer season. If you're among the 10% of the population who have ulcers, now that May's here your required reading should be Dr. G. S. Serino's helpful new book, Your Ulcer: Prevention, Control, Cure. $3.50. Order from J. B. Lippincott Company, East Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for men and women over 25 seeking liberal arts education. B.A. degree may be earned through series of six month study cycles combining two week seminars on campus twice yearly with independent study at home. Openings in new cycles starting in July 1966 and January 1967. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

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PERSONALS

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THE ARTS CENTER AT GODDARD COLLEGE is a time and place for adults seriously interested in chamber music, painting, sculpture, ceramics, dance, drama, to work alone and together with a skilled staff. Stay for a week or more in July or August. For information write to Ray McIntyre, Director, The Arts Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

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PERSONALS

PUBLIC RELATIONS EXECUTIVE AVAILABLE—a 50-year-old PR expert with diversified worldwide experience. Press relations, editing, writing, special events, promotional tie-ins, community relations, corporate know-how, financial talents, counseling, management skills. Courage, imagination and ingenuity, tempered by the practical judgment of mature experience. Interviews arranged. NYC. Box P-860.

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RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 79)

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ARTS-HUMANITIES "Grants Indicators #1"—Planned categories and dollar amounts. How to apply to U.S. Arts Foundation. $2. "Grants," 115 5th Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

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SENIOR OR GRADUATE college student. Live aboard 42 ft. family cruiser as crew. June 15th through September 15th. Location Shelter Island, N.Y. Write Dr. D. L. Jaffe, 43-20 34th Street, Long Island City, N.Y.

FREE RENT, NYC. East 50th. 1½ room apartment—July 1st-August 1st in exchange for use of car. Box S-935.

GLOOMY? Cheerful singing crickets—house, food, literature—$5.00. Arniel Products, 102 N.W. 21st, Portland, Oregon 97209.

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CHALLENGING, PIONEERING WORK with youth anywhere sought by mature, experienced, professional woman, degree clinical psychology, education, sociology. Box S-915.

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BABYSITTER, EXPERIENCED, under 50. Must drive. Care of 3 year old boy. Live in. Own bedroom. July 4th to Labor Day, Easthampton, Long Island. Telephone 212-249-2341.

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For Sale

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SMALL ESTATE—Writer's 18th century 8 room improved home, 1½ baths, fireplaces, patios. 7 acres, old maples, 1 acre pond with waterfall, dock, swimming and boat. 50 miles NYC. Asking $40,000. See Flynn-Move In, Inc., Washingtonville 8, N.Y. or dial 914-496-3616.

EXECUTIVE'S HOME. Superbly built, '30. Tudor. Has received T.L.C. only. 6 large bedrooms, 4½ baths; living, dining rooms; hall; library; sunroom. Servants' quarters. 3 car garage. 3-plus acres lawns, woods, brooks. R.I. town, 6 miles beaches; 20 minutes New London, Connecticut. Also, local demand admirably suitable small inn. Owner, $65,000. Baker, 44 Summer Street, Westerly, R.I.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale—Furnished

LAKE WILLOUGHBY—Cozy 5 room, all year cottage, furnished, garage, cedar hedge borders lawn, right of way to lake, 7 acres. $12,500. Strout Realty, Barton, Vermont 05822. Phone 525-6251.

For Rent

FOR RENT: Small cottage, Long Island estate. Ideal for retired couple fond of animals. Box S-263.

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BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—Beautiful house by sea—20 acres. Box S-306.

TWO HOURS NYC. Weekend vacation cabin in 220 wooded Connecticut acres. Living room, fireplace, 3 bedrooms, electric kitchen. Simply furnished. One of several secluded cabins on spring-fed, bass-stocked lake. Each cabin has dock, aluminum rowboat. For people who enjoy privacy plus the satisfactions of simple country living. Yearly rent $1,000. 914-WHite Plains 6-9382.

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ON LOVELY ISLAND 120 miles from New York City. 2 acres, oceanfront 3/4 bedroom house, July 20th to August 3rd, August 15th to September 15th. Box S-840.

VERMONT RENOVATED FARMHOUSE near Appalachian Gap. Swimming on premises, golf nearby. $125 first week, $100 succeeding. Stark Mountain Farms, Starksboro, Vermont 05487.

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CAPE COD COTTAGES—Seasonal to bimonthly. $390-$1,000 monthly. Covering several seashore villages and towns. For detailed descriptions, write or call Nauset Summer Rental Center, Dept. D, Orleans Center, Massachusetts. Phone 617-255-0552.

"HILL-TOP" HOUSE, CHALET, 150 acres, pond. Chester Inn, Chester, Vermont 05143.

CAPE COD COTTAGES—furnished. Pamet River. July. Frank Dickerson, Truro, Massachusetts.

FISHKILL, N.Y., 68 miles Manhattan. 50 acre estate, private lake. Unusual 8 room house, duplex living room, fireplaces, etc. $1,500 — pro-rate part season. 212-GR 3-5776.

STOWE—Chalets viewing Mt. Mansfield—long or short term. Swimming and tennis. Area 18 hole golf and summer theater. Logwood, Stowe, Vermont 05672.

CHICAGO GOLD COAST town house. Large, elegant, expensive. June 6th to September 6th. Box S-905.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

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SHINNECOCK HILLS, L.I.—Spacious 3 bedroom cottage on Peconic Bay. Private beach and grounds. Available by the week. Box S-930.

FRANCONIA, N.H. Delightful summer resort long before skiing appeared. Choice homes available now for season rental. Consider cool, pollen-free WHITE MOUNTAINS for your summer vacation. Contact Mrs. Eugene N. Foss, Post Road Realty, Sugar Hill, N.H.

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DELIGHTFUL room and bath, Hilltop House, Hillside Park, Brewster, N.Y.

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CAMPS

EUROPEAN CAMP—Switzerland. Coed. 6-16. French language instruction. Sports. Excursions. Josephine McCarthy, 4705 Henry Hudson Parkway, NYC 10471.

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REST AND RELAXATION. Vacation resort with meals, on Lake Wentworth. Modern cottages. Outdoor sports. Bass fishing. Color folder gives complete information. Point Breeze, Wolfeboro, N.H.

ALASKAN ADVENTURE: Virgin wilderness. Fishermen's and nature enthusiasts' retreat. Thayer Lake Lodge, Alaska Coastal Airlines. Juneau, Alaska.

ENJOY YOUR VACATION at THE LAKESIDE RESORT with your family in New England. All facilities. Entertainment. Dining room. Housekeeping cottages. Forrest Durkee, Wolfeboro 18, N.H.

SHAWMUT INN. AAA. Oceanfront resort. Charming, restful, informal. 60 rooms. 18 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 20th. Kennebunkport 19, Maine.

LAKE PLACID has Art, Music and Theater colonies, fabulous scenery, summer ice skating, water sports, golf courses. We have adequate library, heated pool, unrivaled bar (59 beers, 40 Scotches, 200 wines), exotic meals, art gallery, all modern conveniences. Jack'n Gretel Wikoff, co-conspirators. SUN & SKI LODGE, Lake Placid, N.Y. 12946.

EVERY SEASON there's a reason. Fishing, boating, hunting, skiing. Pleasant Mt. Chair Lift. For FREE booklet write Box 236E, Chamber of Commerce, Bridgton, Maine.

ROCKPORT. You will love this photoscenic year 'round New England seacoast town. Sea birds, flowers, the leisurely pace, rockbound coast and clear, crisp air appeal to artists, photographers and vacationers. For free guidebook write: Board of Trade, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

NASSAU, BAHAMAS. Now is the time—crowds gone, rates down, weather is fine. Cable Beach Manor Apartment Hotel—each has kitchen, bath, veranda, air-conditioning. 1-2-3 rooms. Private beach, double $70 week. Write Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn, apartments and motel with or without meals. Open through November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

THE DANA PLACE—completely New England, in the White Mountain National Forest. An informal inn for those who prefer something special in cuisine, atmosphere and people. Exciting mountain climbing on the Presidential Range, leisurely walks, swimming, all-weather tennis courts, golf privileges, music and reading library, afternoon tea and cocktails on The Terrace. Folder available. R. P. Whipple, Innkeeper, Jackson 3, N.H.

MOUNTAIN RESORT—STOWE—Scenic and unspoiled. Great golf, tennis, swimming, scenic tours, cultural events. For details, brochures or reservations at this delightful vacation spot, write Stowe Area Association, Inc., Box 206R, Stowe, Vermont.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

(Continued on page 82)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 81)

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

WILD LOONS CALL, unique family camp, Indian Lake's unspoiled shores, rustic Adirondackania, 52nd year. Peruse brochure. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y.

CRESTMONT INN—95 Lake Drive, Eagles Mere, Pennsylvania. Complete family resort. Tennis, golf (par 3, 18-hole regular), swimming (heated pool, lake), theater. Tot, teen programs. Rooms, cottages. Fine food. Moderate rates. June 17th-September 19th. Folder.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, shelling, birdwatching, tennis and instructor, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Duncan Hunter, Owner, Islamorada. Phone 664-2811.

THE YODLER—Music Festival, golf, heated pool, efficiencies, chalets. Stowe, Vermont.

HOUSEBOAT VACATIONS. Command your relaxing cruise on the Finger Lakes, Erie Canal, Mohawk River, miles of varied, historic waterways. Private, comfortable, carefree—and safe for children. Insured. Completely equipped galley, head, living for six. Novices welcome. Fingerlakes Houseboat Vacations, 508 Beechwood, East Rochester, New York.

SALT BOXES ON CAPE COD. Large, private, sandy, saltwater beach. Dock, boats. Sailing, fishing. Excellent golf and tennis nearby. Modern design cottages on Bass River in quiet pine woods—each with kitchenette and fireplace. Duplexes and separate cottages for 2 to 6 persons. Maid service. $6 to $10 per person per day. Convenient to all Cape activities, stores, restaurants. For brochure, write: Lilian S. Kenrick, South Yarmouth. Massachusetts. Phone 398-2821.

ISLAND FAMILY ADVENTURE: run away with your parents for a summer of adventure at Adventure Inn on subtropical Hilton Head Island, S.C. While they relax on a 13-mile secluded beach, play tennis or golf on championship courses beside the sea—you can go blue-crabbing, horseback riding along plantation trails, bird-watching, exploring old forts and tabby ruins, hunting for sea turtle tracks and sand dollars, learning to sand sculpt under the supervision of our expert Arts and Crafts Director. Parents stay 6 days, 5 nights in a double room for just $81 each including breakfasts, dinners. Children are only a little extra. Write for brochure, Adventure Inn, Box 15, Hilton Head Island, S.C. Call 803-785-3372.

TIKI—YOUR TROPIC ISLAND HOME on lush Sanibel Island, Florida. Rent new, furnished cottage. Private Gulf Beach. Ideal swimming, fishing, shelling. Utilities, linens included. Week, Month, Season. Brochure. MAyfair 1-3252, L.I., SR Box A-90.

UNIQUE CHARM—Ravencrest chalet offers "Old World" charm in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Lovely accommodations—fine food—refined service. Brochure. P.O. Box 1470, Estes Park, Colorado.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts.

CONNECTICUT'S CHARMING SHORELINE. Cultural attractions. Cool, restful surroundings. Delectable food. American Plan. Weekly. $65.50 to $75. Brochure. Elm Terrace Lodge, West Haven, Connecticut 06516.

"YOU CAN'T HARDLY GET them any more." Exceptionally fine country inn overlooking village green of picturesque Brandon. Near library. Elevator. Sprinkler. Well appointed, immaculate, comfortable, charming. Fine food, wines, liquors. Cookouts, golf, heated pool, garden, fishing stream, shuffleboard. Scenic and historic drives. Antiques, auctions, memorable. Folder. Brandon Inn, Brandon 6, Vermont.

MAINE COAST'S BEST! Four safe, sandy beaches. Surf bathing. Sailing. Deep-sea fishing. Golfing. Yacht and boat facilities. Smart shops. Historic Colonial Village accommodations for all tastes and budgets. For details, write Chamber of Commerce, Box 7, York Beach, Maine.

GLOUCESTER'S only Motor Inn with private beach directly on the Atlantic. Pleasant sun-drenched rooms with private baths. Limited number of efficiency apartments. For brochure, write Good Harbor Beach Inn, Thatcher Road, Gloucester, Massachusetts.

VACATIONS

TEN MILES AT SEA: a small, tranquil inn on a serene outer island. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Box S.

BACK LOG CAMP, on Indian Lake, Adirondacks, New York, attracts those who love the unspoiled wilderness and actively welcome escape from civilization's "advantages." July 1st to September 5th. Reductions for families and longer visits. Brochure: Mrs. Henry J. Cadbury, Haverford, Pennsylvania.

CAREFREE. Your cottage in lakeshore pines. Delicious food, good beds, fireplaces, sailboats, sundecks, sauna, lobster bakes, fishing, water skiing, canoe trips, tennis. Children and pets, yes. AAA. Write Chute Homestead, Naples 7, Maine.

FLORIDA KEYS — ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

LINEKIN BAY SAILING RESORT. Fleet of sailboats, two masted schooner, heated pool, water skiing. Write for folder. Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

GRACIOUS LIVING in beautiful seacoast village. Fine food. Entertainment, own boat and auto trips. $12.50-$16.50 daily includes 3 meals. Folder. Direct service from New York. Paul R. Hurlburt. Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine.

ENCHANTING LAKESIDE VACATION, deep woods, two connected lakes, boating, tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, croquet, ping-pong, Hi-Fi concerts (indoors-outdoors), barbecues, packed lunches, hiking, etc. Rustic lodge, cottages and honeymoon cabins. Moderate, informal, relaxed. Open May 27th. Near Tanglewood. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

FALL UNDER THE SPELL of the sea as did many literary greats at this distinguished resort on Cape Ann. Quiet, restful. All rooms, suites with private baths and telephones. Broad porches. Excellent food. The Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rockport 2, Massachusetts. Telephone 617-546-6321.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, scenic inn. Salt water pool. With or without meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA Mobile Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport 3, Massachusetts.

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages (non-housekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. $85 to $115 weekly includes 2 delicious meals daily. Lower June rates. Write D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—West Townshend, Vermont 05359. Quiet country inn. Old magazines. Good food. Folder.

NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, only one hour by air from New York or Boston: White sand beaches, surf bathing (water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE—concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000' beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

GARDEN GABLES INN, Lenox, Massachusetts. Charming rooms. Breakfast. Extensive grounds, in town. Swimming pool. Convenient restaurants. Tanglewood 1½ miles. Taxi, bus. Folders.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $60 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

VACATIONS

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT—Attractive four-season vacation homesites on small highland lake. Can build to suit buyer. Jack Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

HIGHEST EASTERN RANCH adjoining magnificent Great Smokies National Park. Unlimited riding, pack trips, other activities. Fine cuisine, informal atmosphere. Reservations requested. Cataloochee Ranch, Waynesville, North Carolina.

RIVERSIDE HOTEL-MOTEL. Informal seaside relaxation. Bountiful meals. Near beach, art colony, golf. Moderate rates. Color folder. Ogunquit 2, Maine.

LIKE SWIMMING, GOLF, SPORTS, Excellent Meals? You'll thoroughly enjoy vacationing at this delightful country Inn on 250 acre estate. Children's supervised summer program. Informal entertainment. $13.50-$25.50 day includes meals. Family rates. AAA. Color folder. Open all year. Telephone 413-498-5341. Edwin Finch, Manager, The Northfield Inn, East Northfield 46, Massachusetts.

RELAX-BY-THE-SEA at superb Maine resort less than two hours drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, championship putting green, swimming pool. The Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

PROSPECT HOUSE Hotel-Motel-Golf Club. Reasonable rates! Panoramic, cool lakeside setting near Rutland (opposite Alexander Woollcott's island). GOLF, fishing, safe beach, boating, riding, tennis, dancing, movies, antiquing, special events. $65-$95 weekly. The Charles Bakers, Hosts. Write: Color Folder, Box 90-G, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

PEACE--REST—REJUVENATION. Intimate, charming old-world "pension." Only five guests. Beautiful hill country. No TV. House on the Hill, Worcester, N.Y. 607-EX 7-6218.

INFORMAL FAMILY VACATIONS, erudite clientele, children's haven. Lake Shore Farm, Northwood, N.H.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theater, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For Information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

EAGLE MOUNTAIN HOUSE, Jackson 16, New Hampshire. Overlooks Wildcat Valley. Square mile estate with golf, swimming pool. All summer sports, social program. Excellent meals. June 24th-October 13th. Color folder.

RESORT LUXURY in the North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip adjoins. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge and Motel, Moose River, Maine.

GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good country living. One housekeeping cottage.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Drawer 569, Ely, Minnesota.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. Children under 12- or 24-hour care. Excellent counselors. Planned activities. For adults: canoe trips, sailing, water skiing, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, antique auctions, summer stock. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10010.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Special summer rates. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

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VACATIONS

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DISCOVER AMERICA—A vacation at home is as good as gold. Ideal family setup. Located on mountain fishing stream, 30 miles north Yellowstone Park. Ox Yoke Ranch, Emigrant, Montana. Telephone 406-333-4452.

DO YOU SOMETIMES DREAM of finding the ideal vacation spot? For 50 years folks have been finding it at HIRAM BLAKE CAMP, still off the beaten path on East Penobscot Bay, Cape Rosier, Maine. Couple and family cottages; lodge; American Plan or housekeeping; tent-trailer facilities; passenger boat; sailing and small boats; lobster picnics; nature trails; good Maine food; informal; cool days and nights. By advance reservation only. Write M. Venno, Director, for informative BEACONS, Harborside P.O., Maine 04642. Mid-June to mid-September.

AUTUMN VACATION? See the Rockies in September. Shining mountains, golden hillsides, sparkling days. Ride, hike, fish, relax at our small secluded mountain ranch. Snowmass Lodge, Box D-802, Aspen, Colorado.

CELEBRITIES AND PUBLIC FIGURES seeking privacy enjoy "deluxe roughing" in Provincetown's unique waterfront INN at the MEWS. Phone Nicky, 487-1500.

COLONIAL LONG ISLAND, at Amagansett, The Ocean Dune Apartments offer luxuriously furnished, charming 2- and 4-room seaside suites with kitchenettes, daily maid service, private sun decks, swimming pool, private ocean beach, tennis and golf privileges. Rates and brochures, BO 9-7299 or 516-AM 7-3406.

SWISS RESORT, AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports, Swiss cuisine, excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Telephone Conway 603-447-2818.

FOR DELIGHTFUL, TALENTED, creative guests. Folk Dancing. Art Classes. Day Camp. Tennis. Swimming. CHAITS, Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone 914-626-7373.

YORK HARBOR GUEST QUARTERS—Pleasant lodgings. Early Maine seacoast homestead overlooking yacht basin and ocean. For brochure and rates: Harriette Lusty, York, Maine.

QUIMBY'S CLUB AND INN—Opening mid-June—"Unspoiled Wilderness" — Uncrowded lake area — Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Main lodge, recreation buildings for dining, sociability, entertainment. Rates include rooms or cottages, memorable meals, pleasing service, boats, every water sport, real fishing, tennis courts, children's counselors. Saddle horses extra. Golf nearby. Write for color folder, Averill 4, Vermont.

MAINE'S LAKES AND MOUNTAINS. Your private lakeside cottage with fireplace, in a beautiful American Plan resort. Color brochure and rates: The Barker, Rangeley Lakes, Maine.

MONADNOCK REGION. Beauty, charm, relaxation, towering pines, swimming pool, shuffleboard, your own lodge, delicious meals. Open May to mid-October. Write Palmer Lodge, Keene 4, N.H.

VACATION at The Cliff House & Motels. Quiet, informal. No hay fever. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated pool. Golf. Ocean fishing. May 27th to October 9th. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

TIP TOP INN, Cuttingsville, Vermont. Old fashioned country inn. Mountaintop location. June 15th-October 15th. Folder.

DELUXE OUTFITTING for unique, exciting wilderness canoe trips. Friendly, detailed planning for experts and beginners. Gunflint Northwoods Outfitters, Grand Marais 14, Minnesota.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

THIS SUMMER Go Painting in Blue Ridge Mountains. Excellent food. Top instruction drawing, painting by George Solonevich, internationally known. Classes never larger than 12 with two instructors. Brochure: Blue Ridge Art Studio, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia.

STUDIES ABROAD

COLLEGE ART STUDY ABROAD—PARIS. Year-round. 261 Boulevard Raspail, Paris, France.

STUDYING ABROAD THIS FALL? Be briefed on European university life aboard an air-conditioned student ship in July, August or September. Improve your language fluency, attend art lectures, debate international issues. Low fares, free orientation. Council on Student Travel, Dept. SR-12, 777 United Nations Plaza, New York 10017. MO 1-0310.

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SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

SHAKESPEARE STUDIES IN ENGLAND—August 1st-27th. Two 3 credit graduate courses, with lectures by British scholars. Plays at nearby Stratford. Trips to historic sites. Residence in ancient Wroxton Abbey, modernized as Wroxton College. Write Dean Haberly, Fairleigh Dickinson University, Rutherford, New Jersey 07070.

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LIVE, TRAVEL, STUDY in Mexico. 6 weeks—June 18th-July 30th. Enriching experience for high school students interested in Spanish (12 boys, 12 girls). First class accommodations. Inclusive fee — $825. Write: Horizon School, Box 17680, Memphis, Tennessee 38117.

PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Summer in France, July 1st to August 9th. For information: 25 rue Saint Didier, Paris 16, France.

"EUROPE TODAY." Combined tour/summer school for students 16 to 18. Tutorial, discussion, lectures, concerts, theaters, sightseeing, etc. Particulars from John Paine, M.A., Noble and Greenough School, Dedham, Massachusetts.

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TRAVEL

SCANDINAVIA. Three week trips by private car May through September. Groups limited to seven. Swedish-American guide. Travel and discussion. Brochure and details write: Roy Peterson, 117 Remsen Street, Brooklyn, New York 11201.

MAINE WINDJAMMER CRUISES—6 memorable days carefree, exhilarating sailing on Schooners MATTIE and MERCANTILE. $99, June and September. $119, July and August. For free folder write Capt. Jim Nisbet, P.O. Box 617D, Camden, Maine. Phone Area 207-236-2938.

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TRAVEL

UNIQUE EUROPEAN CULTURAL EXPERIENCE for mature teenagers. Experienced, well-traveled leaders with intellectual backgrounds. Groups, coed, limited to eight. For information contact: Orbach, Seminar on Wheels '66, 10 East 8th Street, NYC 10003. 212-CA 8-8931.

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EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $125 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696, Camden 7, Maine.

SAIL THE MAINE COAST. Historic Schooner, "Stephen Taber." Relaxed and informal vacation. $125 weekly. $100 in June and September. All inclusive. Write Stephen Taber Cruises, Box 561, Camden 7, Maine.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

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EUROPE: August. $649—everything. Brochure. Kullberg, 97 Gaporal, Cranston, R.I.

THIS AD + $7.00 daily entitles you to real value New York. Next time try HOTEL CENTURY, 111 West 46th Street, convenient theater and everything; 350 rooms, all with bath, radio, TV, air-conditioning. Double, add $3.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

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GUIDED TOUR throughout 13 countries, with stopovers in many fascinating places. Duration of journey about 60 days. All inclusive rate $1,367. Departure September 1st, 1966. The trip for those who like the unusual. Ask for detailed information from Gian Monsch, Switzerland-Nepal Overland Tours, CH 7076 Parpan/GR., Switzerland.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL VACATIONS: Yucatan, Southern Mexico, 15 days, $325. Mexivac Tours, 19W241 14th Place, Lombard, Illinois 60148.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1676

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A quick movement of the eye; scintillant.	124 122 96 26 182 36 68 188 159
B. Carrying away by violence; causing transports of emotion.	139 56 171 49 127 39 116 23 100
C. Important German hygienist, one of whose great services was establishing a method of distinguishing bet. human and animal blood (1870-1957).	129 101 81 164 89 125 76 138 43
D. Current TV "family" in which Fred Gwynne plays *Herman.*	8 161 173 91 113 55 45 179
E. Music chords played rapidly by single notes, esp. on piano and harp.	140 74 186 21 111 53 99 80 65
F. Neoplasm; fresh green appearing in spring from most plants (2 wds.)	135 18 166 118 156 75 177 6 95
G. Dresses of a particular period or locality.	174 58 130 183 110 162 143 119
H. Greek ecclesiastic known as "Father of Orthodoxy" (4th cent.)	25 42 98 92 52 109 10 61 187 73
I. English architect who revived the art of vaulting, employing geometrical type of Gothic (1817-97).	97 71 14 22 107 149 9
J. Specifying a planographic printing process.	152 148 30 19 105 70
K. Human feature which, as belonging to Eve, William Collins called *breathing,* but as belonging to his *Last Minstrel,* Scott called *grey.*	20 72 44 190 57 46 154
L. Propagates.	194 120 150 33 141 85 168 19 54
M. Blind alley; cul-de-sac.	88 168 155 145 29 102 170
N. Reporters — legmen — for the daily papers.	158 181 13 123 103 134 17 24 37
O. Evincing the less pleasing characteristics of the very young.	79 184 35 128 16 157 178 167
P. Unjust or cruel exercise of power, esp. in imposing burdens on a victim.	82 63 106 32 172 137 27 51 176 69
Q. Clumsy (comp.)	144 132 153 41 112 48 93 90 66 193
R. Work clothes made of a certain coarse fabric made of East Indian cotton.	147 5 59 142 40 11 180 185 160
S. Zebus; persons of the highest Hindu caste.	1 115 192 131 47 84 146 151
T. Machines used for certain clipping (2 wds.)	108 28 87 50 62 86 67 126 165 60
U. Advertising's compound adjective describing foods specially prepared for speedy cooking (used for several years, but still unlisted).	64 34 12 169 83 114 4 136 189
V. Those who, Virgil said, *will more subtly mold the* breathing bronze.	121 3 78 104 175 133
W. Fried cake made from yeast-leavened bready batter.	94 31 2 77 191 117 7 38

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 S	2 W	3 V		4 U	5 R	6 F	7 W	8 D	9 I	10 H		11 R	12 U
13 N	14 I	15 L	16 O		17 N	18 F	19 J	20 K	21 E	22 I	23 B		24 N	25 H	26 A	27 P
28 T	29 M		30 J	31 W	32 P		33 L	34 U	35 O	36 A	37 N		38 W	39 B	40 R	41 Q
	42 H	43 C	44 K		45 D	46 K	47 S	48 Q	49 B	50 T	51 P	52 H	53 E		54 L	55 D
56 B	57 K	58 G	59 R	60 T		61 H	62 T	63 P	64 U	65 E	66 Q		67 T	68 A	69 P	70 J
71 I	72 K	73 H		74 E	75 F	76 C	77 W	78 V		79 O	80 E	81 C	82 P	83 U	84 S	85 L
86 T		87 T	88 M	89 C	90 Q	91 D		92 H	93 Q	94 W		95 F	96 A	97 I	_	98 H
99 E	100 B	101 C		102 M	103 N	104 V	105 J	106 P	_	107 I	108 T	109 H	110 G	111 E	112 Q	113 D
114 U	115 S	116 B	117 W	118 F		119 G	120 L	121 V	122 A	123 N		124 A	125 C	126 T		127 B
128 O	129 C	130 G	131 S	132 Q	133 V		134 N	135 F	136 U		137 P	138 C	139 B	140 E	141 L	142 R
143 G		144 Q	145 M	146 S	147 R		148 J	149 I	150 L	151 S		152 J	153 Q		154 K	155 M
156 F	157 O	158 N	159 A		160 R	161 D	162 G	163 M	164 C	165 T		166 F	167 O	168 L	169 U	
170 M	171 B	172 P	173 D		174 G	175 V	176 P	177 F	178 O		179 D	180 R	181 N	182 A		183 G
184 O	185 R		186 E	187 H	188 A	189 U		190 K	191 W	192 S	193 Q	194 L				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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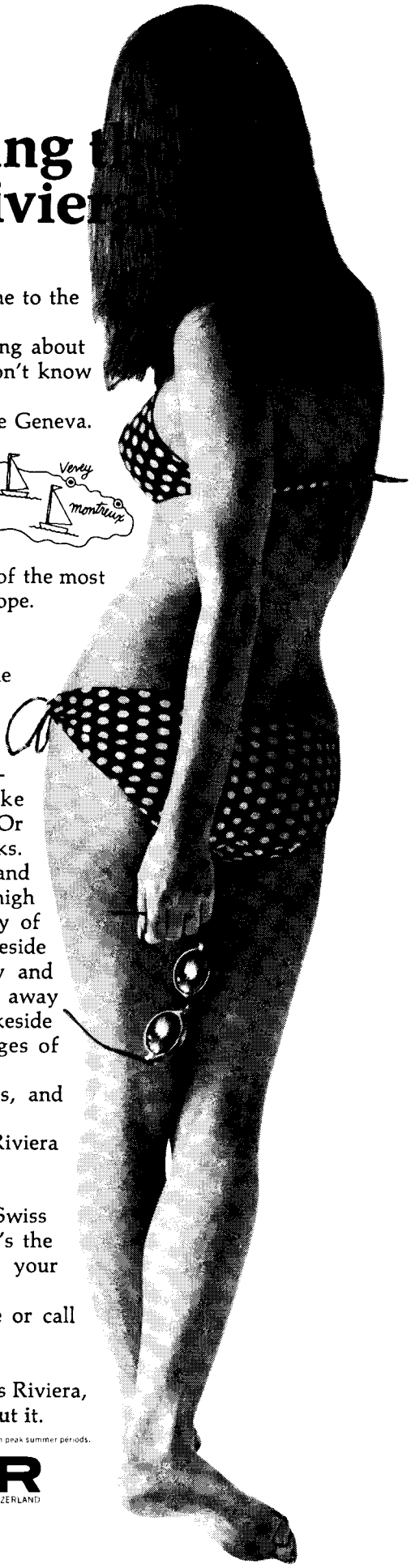
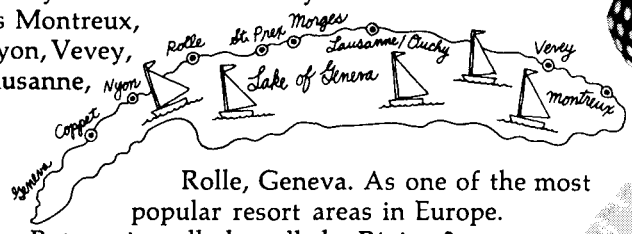
Introducing t
Swiss Rivie



Last year thousands of Americans came to the Riviera, and didn't even know it.

That's because the Riviera we're talking about is the Swiss Riviera, and most people don't know it by that name.

They know it as the sunny side of Lake Geneva. As Montreux, Nyon, Vevey, Lausanne,



Rolle, Geneva. As one of the most popular resort areas in Europe.

But can it really be called a Riviera?

Yes. And no.

No, if a Riviera has to be situated on the Mediterranean. Yes, if it means a certain way of life.

But no matter what name you use, you won't find it easy to forget the Swiss Riviera. Not the breath-taking blue of Lake Geneva. Or the sun-drenched beaches. Or the snow-capped Alpine mountain peaks.

In all there are 25 resort cities, towns, and villages. Some right on the lake, others high up in the mountains. There's the gaiety of Montreux where you sip cognac at lakeside cafes, or rub elbows with the wealthy and famous at the casino, or dance the night away in a wine-cellar night club. There's the lakeside promenade of Vevey, the earthy villages of Vaud, the international city of Geneva.

There are sailboats, and golf courses, and mountains just small enough to climb.

Why not begin your trip to the Swiss Riviera by jetting Swissair non-stop to Geneva ($360 round trip*).

Once on board, you'll understand why Swiss service has become a legend. With us it's the little niceties that count: Like serving your meals with real china and silver.

For more on the Swiss Riviera, write or call Swissair. Offices in principal cities.

Or call your travel agent.

If he says he's never heard of the Swiss Riviera, *please* do us a big favor. Tell him all about it.

*14/21 day economy excursion fare from N. Y. valid Mondays through Thursdays except during certain peak summer periods.

SWISSAIR

SWISS-CARE WORLDWIDE ON THE PRIVATELY OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND

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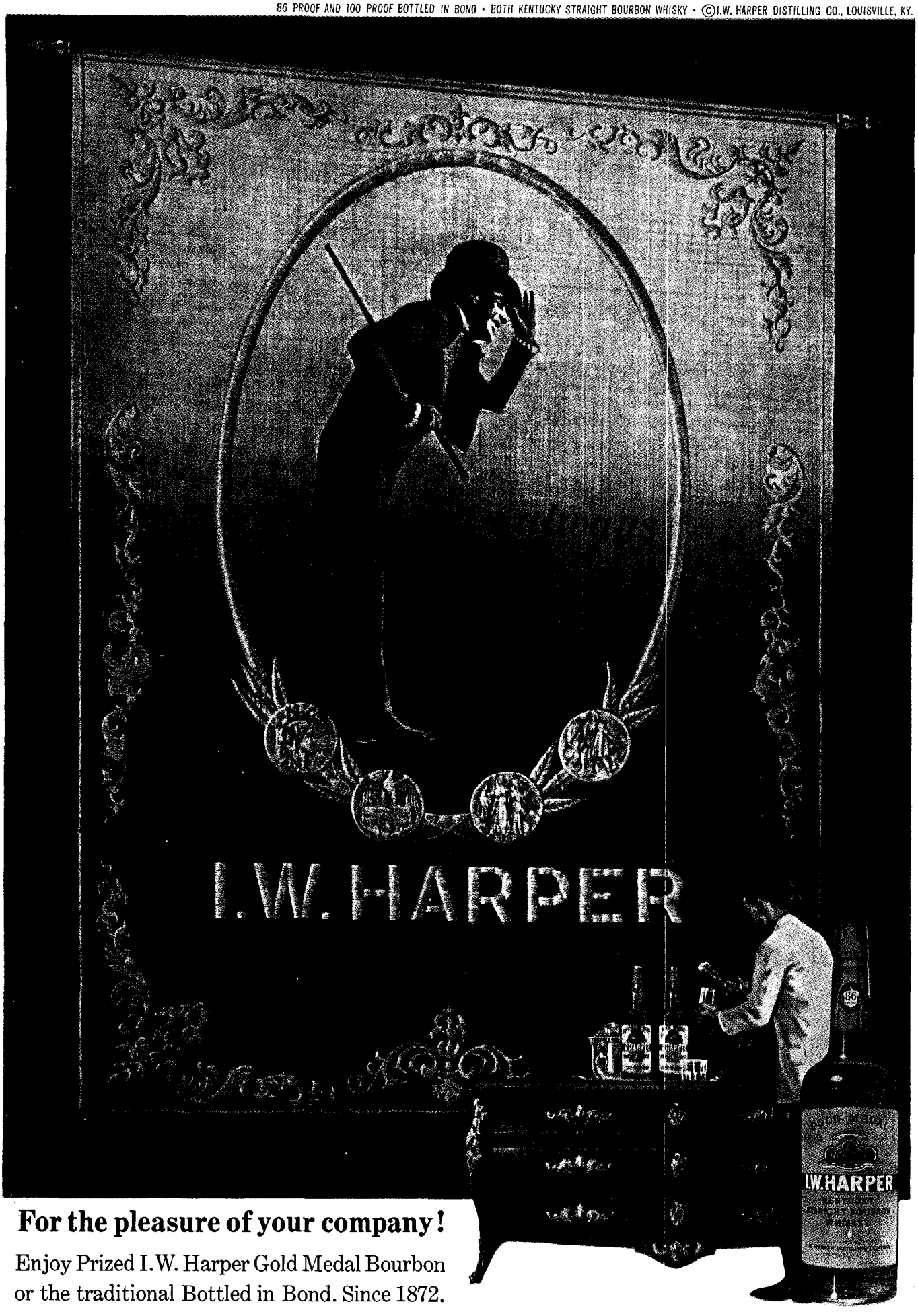

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Enjoy Prized I.W. Harper Gold Medal Bourbon or the traditional Bottled in Bond. Since 1872.

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